PAUL JONES;

A ROMANCE.

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AUTHOR OF

"SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL," "TRADITIONAL TALES," &c.

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit:
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.

BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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PAUL JONES.

CHAPTER I.

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies.
BURNS.

To the kingdom of France, cloudless suns, odorous winds, flowers ever blooming, birds ever singing, grapes dropping wine, and a perpetual holiday of light and life, love and gladness, are by popular belief ascribed; while to my native island the same authority imputes a variable climate, shrouded in constant fogs, drenched in perpetual rains, with grapes yielding vinegar instead of wine, and to which the four winds of heaven, in place of wafting health and fragrance, come with human misery on their wings—depression of mind and the spirit of self-destruction. From the island of snow and fogs, the prize frigate of Paul Jones was now fast retiring. As the shores of England grew dim behind him, the kingdom of France grew bright before: her cities, castles, palaces, and vineyards, crowded one by one into the growing landscape, and her mariners, unable to contain their joy, shouted, "France! lovely France!" and danced on the decks for gladness.

Paul smiled at their raptures, though he returned with diminished numbers, and had left the ship with which he conquered at the bottom of the sea. Still he he returned victor,—a name welcome to all nations, and more particularly to France, where he hoped to be received with applause equalling the classic triumphs of old. He stood on the deck of his frigate in the dress which he wore during the battle, his pistols black with powder, and his cutlass stained with blood.

Macgubb, after a fruitless attempt to wash the stains of the battle from his dress and hands, looked at himself from head to foot, and muttered, "Aweel, fancy's all! There's Tibbie Fowler, wha broke the hearts of three skippers, never to speak of the havoc she made among God's common mariners,—Tibbie aye said, cleanliness was a sweet thing in either sow or sailor. But the dames of France think differently. They think it a brave sight to see a man kneeling at their apron-strings, with the foulness of seven unwashen murders on his hands. An enemy's blood on a seaman's jacket is an embroidery new in the French marine, and ony rags will be worshipped here if they come on a victor's back; so Paul may be right. But I couldna love a French dame, and that's God's gude truth; though black-eyed, bright-witted, quick o' the leg, and light of behaviour, they winna suit Robin Macgubb of the Mull, whose father was an elder of the parish, and whose uncle rung the kirk-bell."

A French sailor, close to whose ear this speech was uttered, stared at the unceremonious mariner, and answered, "Ah! Robin de Macgubb! you will so love the fair dames of France,—they are lovely,—dark-eyed, and free-witted, and what do you call it?—condescending to the brave hearts of the age. Ah! they will so fondle you and follow you, and kiss you and caress you, that you will have no other wish all your days but to kill English to oblige the debonnaire dames."—"Atweel," said the Galwegian, "meikle a Caledonian cares for the berry-brown belles of the Seine and the Loire. There was Jenny Ewbanks of Barscraig; I would take Jenny now against the Queen of France and all her painted and jewelled madams. I met her ae May morning,—her coats were short,—her legs white,—her waist an armful of delight,—her eyes didna look, for they shone, and yielded light like the stars. The very finger-marks of divine perfection were visible on her cheeks,—ye would have thought it the morning of creation, and that Jenny had run glowing away the moment she was made. I got her all in my arms, and saw nae mair for an hour, I was sae blinded with her

beauty. There, could the saffron-necked, madams of France do a feat like that, think ye?"

"Ah! Robin de Macgubb," said the patient Frenchman, "this Jenny—what-do-you-call-her—Ewbanks? is a shiner, a rosy dame; but then the madams of my country, they are the world's marvels, with their looks so bright and their locks so brown. Ah? come and see them, and then speak."—"I have seen them, man," said the Galwegian, "and I can neither endure their persons nor their manners. If ye bid them walk, they'll dance; and if ye bid them listen, they'll lend their lips instead of their lugs; frankly, I dinna like such condescending sonsies. Then, for the country,—it's a land of strange grimaces and ludicrous bows—of sad confessions and merry sins—of pursy priests and short masses—of large churches and undevout congregations—of saucy dames by day and sinfu' dames by night—of heavy diligences and dirty voitures—of thin drinks and everlasting soups. I like neither the land nor the lasses."

Meanwhile the land of France burst fuller on the view. The summit of its verdant hills glittered in the morning sun, and its castle-tops and palaces sparkling with the moister of the night-air caught on their battlements and spires the horizontal light of the luminary. Along the shore, town crowded upon town, wood towered above wood, green fields and extensive vineyards were mingled in varied beauty, while here and there the waters of some wide and noble river rolled brightly towards the sea, the course marked out by tower, and palace, and town. The French mariner, Louis Groset by name, glanced his eye proudly on Macgubb, when the splendid scene before him had silenced the loquacious Scot who with his hands held over his eyes, and standing on a dismounted cannon, surveyed a country which one may see often, and still think fair and beautiful. Macgubb felt the loveliness of the land, and thought how mean the brown moors of the Mull, the narrow glens of Galloway, with their thatched cots and humble kirks, appeared in the comparison with a country to which nature had done as much as the hand of man.

But he was resolved that cold and barren Caledonia should not be depreciated while he could maintain her pre-eminence.

"Weel, now Louis Groset," he said, "if I had not seen the haughs of Dee, the glens of Galloway, and the rich holms of Nithsdale, I should have deemed this country of thine a passable place. Here, ye see, the whole land is as level as an onion-bed, as smooth as a wooer's chin shaved with the scythe and levelled with the roller. Ye have nae such a thing as a bonnie brown moor, fragrant with heathen-blossom and swarming with bees; and where's there an odorous wilderness of long yellow broom moving with the morning wind, and strewing the shepherd-maiden's road to the ewe-bughts with its ripe and plenteous blossom? A bonnie green knowe, white to the summit with sheep, is a jewel that's not in your king's crown. Were I king of France now, I would make war on some country that could spare a hill for my land and a rock for my shore. It is no wonder the French fail in all their battles with the English,—they have not a country worth fighting for. When I want to strike a deadly stroke, I aye think on the Mull, and up flies my cutlass and down drops the foe. But then the Mull is in a manner a twice-made place, it is a garden of lilies, and Ireland is where the rakings and riddlings were thrown."

Against the obstinate belief of the Galwegian, who was in the practice of recommending his opinion by a blow, Louis Groset opposed patience and reason. He abandoned his defence of the fertile provinces of France and posted himself on what he deemed tenable ground, with full hope of victory. He shrugged up his shoulders so high, that his head seemed in danger of disappearing between them, and observed, "Ah! Robin de Macgubb, you hold a strange opinion about the beauty of nature,—you prefer a bramble to an olive-tree, and sour sloes to drop-ripe grapes. But what say you to our palaces and cities?—Has your bleak land a city like that, rising with all its towers before us, or a palace like yonder one, now lending the sun an increase of light

from its domes of gold. Aha! Robin de Macgubb, is your Edinburgh or your Holyrood as magnificent as these?"

"Edinburgh, man!" exclaimed the staunch Scot, "Edinburgh's a bonnie place, but it is little better than a dog-kennel compared to some of our Scottish cities;—and I have seen a fairer town than that French ane pulled down in Galloway for the sake of getting a sight of my native Mull. Did you ever see the city of Lochmaben, man?—that's what I call a finished town,—a place built so perfectly that another stone will never be laid in't frae this till doomsday. Two navigable rivers run through the city, and over these are built four-and twenty bridges of bone and ivory—ye never saw sic splendour. The castle stands there that was never conquered,—the lake flows there that line never fathomed,—and there the fish swim which are sae dainty and delicate that they can live nowhere else,—they gild the man's teeth that eats them inch-thick of pure gold, and ye might bottle his breath up for perfume to the princes of the earth it is so fragrant.—I have a bottle on't myself to push my fortune with at your court.—The very gentleman of the place—for there are nae common-folk live there—have a charter of liberty to rise at the last day a stricken hour afore all other people. Talk nae to me of your French cities, man."

The extravagance of Macgubb was stopt in its full flow by the sudden discharge of many pieces of artillery,—by the innumerable pennons which came streaming on the wind at once from battery, tower, and mast-head,—and by the eager crowding of multitudes of people in boats and barges, upon battery and beach, hailing, with many a startling shout, the British flag reversed, and those of France and America floating above it. The streets swarmed with people, and the harbour was moving with countless boats. Paul felt that all the martial vanity of his nature was in arms to welcome this general expression of applause and wonder in the good people of Havre de Grace. He stood on the prow, subduing the swelling of his heart, and gazed on town and bay and people with the eye of a conqueror, assuming something of the port

of a monarch of the sea. In this he was aided by his associate Landais, who contrived to subdue the sloop to which he was opposed, and now sailed side by side with all the dignity of a hero of romance. He felt that the fame of Paul was suffering an eclipse since the Bon Homme Richard was in the bottom of the sea, while the Ranger was floating with the fruits of her good fortune behind her. But the vanity of the commander of the Vengeance rose above them both. To himself he imagined that the chief glory of the victory belonged, and, covering his ship from deck to topmast with streamers and flags, darted suddenly into the bay, and, standing conspicuously on deck, was the first to receive, with many a bow and smile, the applause which his countryman profusely tendered.

"Ah! welcome back, gallant Denis Ricot!" shouted a meagre citizen, whose body, buried in the innumerable folds of his clothes, stood at the rate of a pound weight of man to seven yards of cloth,—"ah! welcome back, gallant Denis Ricot, with thy conquering Vengeance. Ah, my God! how your balls have bored that proud island-ship! We shall lay her up dry, and let the doves of Havre bring out their young ones in the shot-holes." And he flung his hat into the air, which threw behind it a strong scent of mingled oil and pomatum fit to have suffocated a vulture. "And welcome back, gallant Captain Ricot," said a young Gallic lady, whose head carried a tower of feathers and gold, while the rustling and scented silk in which she was dressed was so stiff with embroidery that she looked more like a princess embalmed in her robes of state than the daughter of a staid merchant;—"ah! welcome back, Captain Ricot, to the bosom of the belles of France.—Where is the dame who will not be glad of your smile?—Peeresses will be proud to touch that victorious hand, and the way from Havre to Paris will be lined with beauty to see you go along."

A maritime veteran of Havre eyed the ships, and said,—"A truce with your pretty words, Mademoiselle—this Denis Ricot is but a holiday captain—a man for a queen's barge—but not the man for the moment when ships lie side by side, with their cannon touching and their co-

lours nailed to the mast.—See! his ship comes home whole,—his men muster strongly on deck,—he has not tasted deeply of the hot and fiery spirit of England.—Ah! there is the ship which bears all the tokens of a gallant foe upon her. Look at her shattered sides,—her rent sails—her crippled masts—her bloody decks—and her wounded crew.—And mark that man on the deck,—where he ruled there the smoke rolled darkest—the cannon flashed fastest;—there the bravest would contend, and the blody corse dropt frequent into the sea. He has the stamp of a warrior on him,—But he is not of France. Alas! the marine heroes of my country are such men as Denis Ricot and Roy Landais. We have no Thurots now."

While the veteran spoke, Paul entering the harbour, obeyed the call of the Governor of Havre, and hastening ashore, was welcomed by the whole array of civil and military authorities. Flowers were showered upon him as he passed along; the windows and doors were crowded with youth and beauty, and one of the native songsters added to the list of brave names in the district-ballads those of Paul Jones, Ricot, and Landais. To Paul, fiery by nature, incensed at the insolence of his captains, and stung by the praises which the people bestowed on them, this poetic compliment was unwelcome, and he sought to intimidate the strolling bard by a stamp of his foot and a frown of his brow; but, depending on the divinity of his art, the minstrel continued his song, and, walking side by side with Paul, he sung how Chevalier Paul Jones had fought three days with the navy of England,—how, his guns being all silenced and his men slain, he nailed his colours to the mast, and sinking his own ship, leaped sword in hand into the Serapis, and by this maritime stratagem captured the enemy. Of Denis Ricot and Roy Landais the second portion of the ballad treated, and to their united prudence and bravery the minstrel was ascribing the whole glory of the victory, when he received a blow from Paul's sheathed sword, which silenced and prostrated him at one and the same moment.; while his harp, upon which he fell, sent from its disabled strings a sound at once ludicrous and dolorous. The multitude, inured to the insolence of the

army and navy, shouted and clapped their hands, and Paul proceeded on his way without farther molestation.

When Paul reached the abode of the Governor of Havre, he was made to feel the importance of official rank and the pride of a long pedigree. Claiming his descent from one of the peers of Pepin, and boasting of veins filled with blood from sixteen royal and noble sources, the Marquis Chamont was possessed with the vanity of all his ancestors. For the duties of his situation he inherited the family-scorn; to eat, and dress, and drink, and dance, and fight, he deemed the only actions worthy of his descent; and nature bore him out in the boast, that he was incapable of comprehending the calculations of arithmetical minds. Britain he called a land of merchants, and her king the island pedlar, whose crown was a tax-gatherer's toll-dish, and his sceptre an ellwand deficient of measure. For this sally of wit he obtained the government of Havre-de-Grace. Louis was a hater of England; and, since he could not reach her with his sword, he sought to touch her purse, and her spirit by taking her mutinous children to his bosom, and by heaping favours on her bitterest enemies. The Marquis retired to his government with his only daughter, an old domestic, and a favourite baboon,—the only things which prodigality had left him at the age of sixty-five.

Paul found the Marquis Chamont reclining on a satin couch, stuffed with the feathers of parrots and scented with the rarest essence. He wore a brocaded night-gown, and a waistcoat, figured over with gold, while his person was surmounted by a costly peruke built storey above storey of innumerable curls. To preserve the elaborate finish of this crowning appendage he sat like a figure cut in alabaster. When he moved his head he moved his body also, and it cost him some thought to lower it into something like a bow to Paul, who now stood before him. But the words of the wise are precious; this peer of princely descent opened not his mouth, save to take sip after sip of a cup of coffee which smoked at his side on a table of ivory and gold, or to speak to his favourite baboon, which sat beside him with something of the demure look of a family-chaplain.

"Ah! Monsieur Baboon," said the Marquis, "you drop down your brows at the Chevalier and grin. See you not that he comes from the land where Lord Monboddo says there are creatures found among the hills which have not wholly grown out of the monkey into the man; But courage! you are not of a kin: he is from the sea and you are from the wood; and he has besides that maritime sort of savour about him which suits not the nerves of a nobleman." This was spoken with that pleasant sort of air, and in that gentle tone of good nature, which seldom give lasting pain. Paul walked up to the couch where the Marquis and his favourite sat, and with a low bow said, in the same tone, "Most noble Marquis, I come from the high seas with two of the enemy's ships of war and twelve of their richest merchantmen. May my deeds meet your approbation, and may you have the goodness to permit me to proceed to Paris to pay my respects to his Majesty,—these are his commands to that effect." So saying, and making a low bow, he offered the letter of Louis to the companion of the Governor.

The Marquis Chamont sprung to his feet: his well-powdered wig squandered a pound of perfumed flour on the baboon as he rose: he seized Paul by the hand, and, half choking with laughter, cried, "Well and wittily done, brave Chevalier Paul Jones!—most of your puddle-blooded islanders would have grown sulky had I served them so. But wits, Chevaliar, understand one another,—wit answered by wit is de Chamont's motto. You have not breakfasted—come a—a cup of coffee from a gold vessel which cooled the thirst of Louis the blessed on the burning sands of Palestine will do you no harm. All brave men love the sight of such things; and our greatest maritime warrior will be pleased to drink from an ancient hero's cup. All gallant spirits, Chevaliar, are of good descent,—the Chamonts can look on their tree of genealogy with the proudest in France,—a growth of fifteen hundred years without one rotten branch. You have no such lineages in your little mercantile island, Chevalier."

"We have lineages, so please your Excellency," said

Paul, "to which the proudest in France is but a descent of yesterday. We have the pride of Wales, the vanity of Ireland, and the romance of Scotland,--long lines of imaginary monarchs, whole dynasties of barefooted barbarians, and the shadowy images of northern kings, who fill up the regal procession from Fergus down to Kenneth. France has nothing so old and absurd as our island pedigrees."--"Ah! Chevalier Paul Jones," answered the Marquis, laughing, "your cold and foggy island has spared us one gallant warrior, one pretty wit, and I thank it. But you must see my daughter, Chevalier, the last of the ancient line of de Chamont." He moved a small silver bell, and presently the rustling of satins and the titter of maidens' tongues announced her approach. The folding doors flew open, and with sails spread and colours flying, the daughter of de Chamont sailed into the centre of the room, and placed herself along-side of her maritime visiter with all the freedom of one who disregarded etiquette, and who thought easy gayety and unabashed address the true tokens of natural as well as descended greatness.

This noble dame scarcely awaited the end of introductory ceremony and greeting, and Paul had obtained but one glance of her beautiful person and splendid dress, when she thus addressed him:—"I bid you welcome to France, Chevalier, from the island of long pedigrees and dames who love devotion. You are now in the land of true gallantry and polite philosophy; so be seated, Chevalier, and tell me, do the dames of England laugh with Voltaire and weep with Rousseau, and have they discarded paint, patches, and pomatum? All men, Chevalier, are by nature equal—are born in innocence—and, following the ways of nature, they arrive at the pure majesty of truth. The majesty of truth leads to the revelation of equality, fraternization,—to universal liberty and national citizenship. A crown, Chevalier, is but dirty gold, a mitre is valuable only for its metal and gems,—devotion is but the dull daily observance of religious etiquette,—rank, upon which the noble de Chamont prides himself, is in his daughter's eyes no better than the tarnished embroidery of a worn-out gar-

ment,—and the ceremonious embarrassment which the church opposes to the free intercourse of the sexes is an impudent toll levied by presumptuous priests on the noblest passion of our nature. Truth, freedom, and fraternization, these are the gods man should bow to, and to which woman should be priestess. Come, Chevalier, confess yourself a convert from over-scrupulous Calvin to the new philosophy."

Full sorely was Paul perplexed in shaping a proper answer. In the young lady's speech he discovered something like his own democratic notions run mad. "I must indeed own, noble lady," he answered, "that my wish is for man to hold rank in the world according to his genius and his usefulness. Rank has much idle embroidery about it,—religion many ridiculous and unessential ornaments,—and the matrimonial contract between the sexes has sometimes held hearts together for their mutual misery and torment. Yet rank is a proper institution were it restored to its original purposes,—religion, were it disencumbered of the glittering trappings and golden restraints of man's invention. would be a blessing to the earth,—and marriage, I am afraid, will ever be needed as a protection for beauty and virtue against the wickedness and wiles of men."

"Bravo, most reverend father in God!" exclaimed the young lady; "you can preach as well as fight. Indeed, divinity and slaughter have always kept together, and the church militant is a brave church,—when a true saint takes up the sword, he smites full sorely. You are on your way to court, where you will find that the new philosophy has loosened the rusty chains of chivalrous etiquette; our ladies are grown approachable creatures, and will set themselves gladly to the conversion of a proud islander. An Englishman soon surrenders his antique and semi-barbarous opinions to the persuasions of a handsome dame whose heart has been opened by the new philosophy." "You hear, Chevalier Paul Jones," said the Marquis, "how eloquently my daughter can talk of this new feeling which has come upon old France. Ah! she pours out her persuasive words sometimes for a whole hour while she distributes alms

to wandering philosophers at our gate, and the more ample her largesse the louder is their applause. She demeans herself, too, in the spirit of her doctrine; to some of the handsomest of the rustic youths of the district she gives the fraternal embrace par example, and a universal hug runs through Havre, tending much to exalt the new philosophy and augment his majesty's subjects." He paused, shrugged his shoulders, elevated his eye-brows, turned to his quadruped companion, and said, "Ah! Monsieur Baboon, you come from the greenwood, where man and beast run free as fair nature made them. Open your lips then and preach up the new philosophy,—you practised it long you know. Baron Monboddo will hail you as a brother, and, utter what you will, you cannot speak more foolishly than he writes, and on that he grounds his argument. Speak, Monsieur philosopher Baboon,—aid brother Monboddo,—your empire is about to be re-established on earth, and you and all your tribes will eat your nuts in freedom if you munch them in the spirit of the new philosophy."

The Marquis uttered this with a bitterness of heart which he was unable to conceal. Between him and this new philosophy, which seemed in a fair way of carrying his daughter off her feet, there appeared little sympathy. His domestic repose had been invaded by the demon which misdirected learning let loose upon the earth. All that had animated him in youth—rank, honour, and religion—seemed on the point of being overflooded by a torrent which came to destroy rather than to purify, and he thought the hour at hand when the noble would have to contend with the clown for precedence and power. The war into which his country precipitated herself, more from a hatred to England than from love of freedom and sympathy for America, took the demon by the hand, and hurried it on its way. Resistance to oppression and the rights of civil liberty were freely discussed by an eager and enthusiastic people. The liquor was strange and delightful which was held to their lips, and no wonder they became intoxicated. They could not but see that the grievances of which America complained, and

for which they freely perilled life and all, were shadows compared with their own. All honour, all office, all influence, were usurped by the Bourbons. Rank in the army, like the prophet's rod, devoured all lesser enchantments, and the only way to the heart of the monarch was the military way. The people beheld with envy, and then with resentment, this ridiculous love for show and glitter. As learning showed them their strength, and the example of America read them a lesson, they began to despise oppression, and question the power of one man over another; and, plundered by tax-masters, insulted by the army, and oppressed by their nobles and their sovereign, they hailed every chance of change as a blessing. Thus they were ripe for the reception of all opinions which taught disobedience to kings, which proposed to restore man to his natural dignity, which sought to sap the strength of the strong, and free the people from the tyranny of the court and army, and the dominon of legions of monks, who were to the bestial train of despotic government what the sting is to the scorpion.

After many a ducking nod from the Governor and smile from his daughter, and admonition respecting the new philosophy, Paul left Havre-de-Grace behind, and pursued his way on horseback towards Paris. He saw on all sides as he went the tokens of ignorance and despotism. He could not help contrasting the image of slavery before him with that of independance, which he had left among his native hills; and it required that he should recall in bitterness of spirit the oppressions of provincial tyrants to brighten the landscape on which he now looked, and to render it endurable. The end which he wished to attain hallowed in his imagination the means, and he considered the might of monarchical France, now freely employed in the contest for American independance, as a dexterous application of a dangerous remedy, and a kind of calling of lightning from the cloud to kindle a fire which might warm without consuming the hand which conducted it. This warfare for liberty, he thought, would impart to France some of the lessons of freedom which she was aiding America

in teaching England, and he had in his own mind given her a limited monarchy and a free constitution, when his reverie was interrupted by his countryman, Macgubb, who rode side by side with his commander, careless of all etiquette due to rank, and feeling that in his own esteem no man was his superior.

"Now, Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the Galwegian, as a clump of oak and elm rose green before him, "we are in the land of civilization at last. Yon green tree bears the fruit of the law. I see the dark outlines of two scoundrels who infested the surface of the earth dangling between me and the blue sky. Mistress Mercy is a capital lass; But Justice Gibbet,—blessed be the gift of discovering right from wrong!—follows in the track of education as crows follow the plough, while it turns the furrow to make a meal of the worms. We have no trees which bear such fruit in Scotland; but then we are not half civilized. Hilloah! I see a whole forest of such fruit-trees,—let all praise be given to the grand Monarque; he finds out many ways to exalt his subjects."

Paul looked, and beheld along the winding bank of the river a round dozen of human figures blackening in the sun and wind; while beneath them the vine-pruner sung amid his vines, and beside them the recumbent shepherd carolled to his flock. "For what crime, friend mounseer," said Macgubb to a shepherd reposing himself in the shadow of the gibbets, "are these honest fellows doomed to feast the flies of the air and keep the sunshine from you?" The peasant turned himself lazily, and replied, "Cannot just say—for murder or some such thing, I believe; but the King knows better than I." And with a look of pain, like that of the prophetess in the Norse song, he closed his weary lips, turned quietly back to his old position, and answered no farther questions. To a similar question the Galwegian obtained a more elaborate response from a girl, who shaded her eyes with one hand as she gazed on the strangers and held her under-garments mid-leg high with the other. "They were all good mariners, Sir; and for not knowing the difference between the lions of

England and the lilies of France, they were hung on the river bank. There is to be a dance beneath them to night on the green ground; and, if you will condescend to stay, you will see them beautifully by torch-light."—"I thank you, my pretty damsel," said Macgubb, "but I like not the dance in which dead men mingle."—"O! I thought, Sir," said the lass of the Seine, "that your country's curiosity was upon you. The English who pass here admire the woodland scene, since it reminds them they say, of their own thrifty land, where they gibbet their mariners on the coast as marks in navigation."—"God, kimmer," muttered the Galwegian, "were ye in pantaloons instead of petticoats, ye should bide a buffet. Who would think that the follies of the southron would be a reproach to an honest Scotchman on the banks of the Seine? The curse of the Union has come on us now."

Macgubb rode on, smothering his indignation with all his might; and it was soon evident, from the strange contortions of his face, and half-visible smile about the corners of his mouth, that some curious matter was present to his fancy; at length he broke out, "Weel, weel, an it maun be, e'en let it be,—the man that's born to be hanged is proof to steel and water: I have seen that fulfilled. Now, Paul, lad, save in the single article of valour, I do frae my soul believe us to be twa doomed fools, born gomerels, nursed to the full inheritance of folly, and in a fair way of dancing a French cotillion with nothing firmer under our feet than the passing air. Sae, if we are born to die on that aerial dancing floor, we cannot control our fate; what maun be maun be—a proverb's a standing prophecy." Paul smiled and said, "Go on, Robert,—go on; your wisdom is not all yet delivered,—I see advice in your looks."—"Weel then" answered the other, "even let us turn our bridles about; let us not run blindfold into the Kings baited trap. Ye hear, these men of Bourbon hang up the lads who cannot distinguish between the lily and the lion: and I maun e'en confess I have confounded them in my day. I never was gude at drawing distinctions, and when at school I could not discover

that division was different from multiplication. So nature was to blame in this; but how shall I get these obstinate men of France to comprehend my innocence! Ah, man! if, instead of selling gude Scottish blood for foreign pay, ye would e'en hoist ony flag ye like, and scud away in among the balmy islands of the west, we would make ourselves into little kings by the cannon and the cutlass. We would give these Bourbon lilies a plucking,—we would strike the thirteen stars of America pale. What say ye man? how like ye't?"

"Speak cautiously, friend Robin," replied Paul; "bushes and trees have ears as well as stones in the wall. The Scotsman who told the Pope to kiss his big-toe was at Saint Andrews when he said it. But why seek honours in the West Indies? The brave man makes any land his Indies; and what country lacks good resolute mariners more than France? Her people are brave but unskilful in maritime matters: and her rulers are seeking men who can lead their spirit and direct their strength. Those who can do this will speedily obtain honour and rank. Robin of the Mull will found a French dynasty."

"Now, Paul," replied the Galwegian, "I think that same speech of yours smacks more strongly of worldly sense than your fine romantic stories about freedom and fraternization, and all the long weelsounding words which were bandied between you and yon daft hallukit quean de Chamont. God, she's in a fair way of having something curious to confess. I thought ance she was about to give us baith the fraternal embrace. But, between you and me, this vision of French maritime glory is all morning mist. Ye may as well try to make bramble-bushes bear damson-plums as seek to make mounseer into a bauld fearless sailor. And wherefore no? ye'll say. I shall answer ye. A cat likes trouts, but did ye ever see her weet her foot for ane? She seizes the mouse in the grass and the bird on the bough; but dare she dart on the bonnie burn-trout swimming amid the sunny water? She sits winking and stretching her claws on the streamlet-bank, but darena venture. The water's an element unnatural to a cat and

a Frenchman, and that's the God's truth of the matter. Sae, ye see, we maun think on some new line, of life,—that cock winna fight."

During this conversation, Paul and his companion approached Paris: and the increasing beauty of the scene around at last imposed silence on the stout Galwegian. He stood up in his stirrups, and looked long and earnestly. The sun was glowing down from an unclouded sky, and the whole land seemed one entire garden.—The corn was green and in its summer growth, the olive-trees were in full promise, and the vines shot out their long tendrils in vast profusion, bearing in every direction the thick coming clusters of grapes. Among the whole the husbandman walked, admiring less the free and profuse bounty of nature, than calculating the probable profits from his vineyards and his fields, and pausing on his way to compare the hope of the present year with the produce of the past.

At length Paris came crowding into the landscape, with all her towers and edifices, rising brightly over her dark-green groves, her ample gardens, and sunny vineyards, Paul, to whom the scene was not unknown or unfelt, rode gravely onward, indulging only in the moderate joy of genteel life, which sets a guard on its smiles and rapture, and would think it vulgar to be much moved by any thing. The decorum of polite society had laid no such restraint on the feelings of Macgubb; for as the sun shone brightly out, and the breeze from garden and lawn wafted away the bitter smoke of wood which hung blue and wavering over the city, he laid his bridle-hand on his horse's neck and exclaimed. "So this is Paris! the dwelling-place of the grand Monarque! the royal den, to which brutes of all nations and two lambs of Scotland are e'en hasting. Lord! I thought my een would have been dazzled out of my head with the towers of silver and domes of beaten gold! Paris and London are both of a kin. The capital of the southron is thirty square miles of big brick-stacks. I would not give one glance down her sea-broad Thames, with its groves of masts, for all the lanes and alleys of brick and mortar which her pudding-

headed merchants have built on the banks. I never can see these royal cities between me and the clear blue sky as I can do a Scottish town or a Galloway mountain. We have the sense to set our cities where they please the eye and ornament the land; but what hope is there in foreigners?"

Paul heard, indeed the sound of his companion's voice, but he heard no more; his whole thought was on his situation. He had battled with his country, had returned victorious, and brought fame to France from an element on which she had gathered but few laurels. Though he hoped augmented honours, and saw titles in the vista of futurity, and fame for which he was so eagerly contending, he felt that his success and his maritime skill would make him enemies in the French marine; and when his horses' hoofs first clattered on the pavement of Paris, he was awakened from a long sleepless dream, in which doubt had a larger share than joy. His fame and his actions had flown before him, and the populace came pouring out to welcome the maritime warrior. Their eager rush and clamorous applause assailed him on all sides; the men shouted, and the women threw handfuls of flowers on man and horse; his progress along the street had all the essential materials of a public triumph. Paul bowed repeatedly to the people; though his heart fluttered with joy, he maintained a grave deportment, and repelled, by a glance approaching to austerity, the familiarity of the multitude.

To the Galwegian the scene was new, amusing, and acceptable. He encumbered himself with the wreaths of flowers which the young dames of Paris showered upon him; he endured many a hard and prolonged squeeze of the hand from the hard palms of handicraftsmen, and he was even so condescending as to stoop to the eager salute and cordial embrace of some half-dozen damosels of the public street, whose favours the citizens were so generous as to purchase. But popularity has its own inconveniences; and more particularly a maritime, military, or political popularity, which unlooses on its victim the vulgar and boisterous admiration of the mob, and reduces him to the condition of servant or slave to the

meanest of mankind. So fared it with the man of the Mull. In vain he saluted the readiest and rosiest lips,—in vain he embraced the fairest of the obliging ladies of the city,—liberal and unscrupling as he was, he could not diffuse his affection and his favours over all, and matters less soft and less odorous than flowers began to mingle with his garlands.

But honest Robin was ready to take offence, and was as fearless in resenting it: he cared little for consequences when his blood was up, and a small matter raised it. He sat upright in his saddle, quietly surveying the chief movers of the tumult which was fast thickening around him, and marking out from whose hands he received favours which diffused over his person an odour less fragrant than frankincense. He sprung at once from his saddle, rushed through the crowd, and confronting a tall citizen, whose hands were still perfumed with the missile he had thrown, bestowed upon him a blow with such right good-will as prostrated him on the pavement. Magubb walked quietly over him as he lay, caught hold of the snow-white apron of a perfumer, who stood crying "Sacre!" on his own threshold, and, wiping his face and hands, shoved the crowd aside, sprung into his saddle, and followed Paul.

They now reached the middle of the city, and men of more dignity and ladies of greater decorum came upon the scene,—the avant couriers of the gay and luxurious court of Louis the Sixteenth. But though of more elevated rank and better education than the mob of Parisians through whom he had in a manner fought his way, the character of the nation was stamped visibly and alike on all. For sedate and grave stateliness he looked in vain; the men wished to be for ever young and gay, and the ladies desired to be for ever blooming, and charming, and enchanting. Volatile and vain as peacocks—and as brave as vain—astonished at every thing new, and attracted by every sparkling trifle—obeying every impulse of good and evil, and obeying nothing long—dividing their affection and their applause between the latest conqueror and the last puppet-show—capable alike of generous clem-

ency and ferocious cruelty—of all that was noble and all that was mean—fit to become the greatest of nations, if they could think for one hour one way—and the wisest, if they had followed wisdom as much as they worshipped folly;—such were the men. The ladies,—how shall I describe them? Those Cynthias of the minute are too meteor-like and changeable for a dull pen, dipt in ordinary ink to draw. Beauty, with her patches, paint, and jewels on, is awful and unapproachable; and whatever my courage might be in the presence of natural loveliness, which trusts to its clustering locks, swan-white neck, polished brow, and inspiring eyes, for swaying the hearts of men, I must own, that my heart flutters with fear and dismay whenever I behold a court-beauty descending upon my sight like Pallas from a cloud, glittering in the panoply of the newest fashion; fair dames, therefore, and damosels of France, I leave your charms to be recorded by a more venturous muse. Far from the influence of your bright eyes and the energy of your loquacious tongues, I might have painted your portraits inch-thick in the standing colours of flattery or scorn, without fear of being delivered up to your anger or your love, like honest John Dennis, by the next national treaty. But, I forbear you, and part with you in peace. Yet, like all Eve's daughters, on you has descended that fatal spirit of curiosity which condemned men to perukes and pantaloons, and I know you will be bursting with desire of knowing why I refrain from filling my historic canvass with what would so much adorn it. Sweet dames, I shall confess. I own that I could touch off your character with the fidelity of death; but though my work shone as like you even now as one lily looks like another, the resemblance would not continue a week. Before this history had passed through the press, your character, bright and variable as a summer's cloud, would have undergone two changes, and the lovely Gallic beauty of my page been as obsolete as the manners of the days of Henry the Fourth. I close, therefore, my heart against your charms, and hasten to the side of my hero, who, with his friend of the Mull, has escaped from the

suffocating affection of the mob, and outlived the laborious civilities of three several bands of courtiers, and found refuge in the house of the young Marquis la Fayette.

CHAPTER II.

> So politic, as if one eye
> Upon the 'tother were a spy.
>
> BUTLER.

THE young French nobleman received Paul with a hearty and sincere embrace. "Welcome to France, to fame, and La Fayette!" he exclaimed, and conducted him into his residence. "That man is ever welcome to France, Chevalier Paul Jones, who comes with the sound of victory. So you have shaken the people of yon proud little island into a fit of the ague, choked their harbours, cut up their commerce, and captured their ships of war. We know it all. Louis longs to see and reward you—the heart of the nation is at its lips for joy—the court is in a golden mood for giving, and the command of the united fleets of France and America may be yours for the asking." "The command of a squadran so noble," answered Paul, "if exercised with skill and courage, would achieve much for our friends in the west. But though I feel myself equal to such a situation, I dare not presume to expect it. From the deck of a frigate I cannot step at once into high command, without violation of the etiquett of precedence which prevails in your navy. France has amongst her mariners five hundred as good as Paul Jones."—You speak honestly, but unlike a true politician, my maritime warrior," said la Fayette. "On the quarter-deck, with your sword drawn, and the friends of despotism before you, I should listen to your words, for you would speak wisely and direct well; but on shore, Chevalier, you will need an experienced pilot to

guide you among the rocks and breakers of a court, where many a noble spirit has suffered shipwreck. A court to you is like an undiscovered coast in a dark night, you must sound at every ship's-length. A man thus embarrassed is like a bird attempting to fly with wings of lead. My good Chevalier, we must go warily to work, and do it at once too. A warrior here is but a three days' marvel, and we must make the most of the wonder while it lasts."

Paul bowed to the opinions of the Marquis, and, looking anxiously in his face, said, "In this cause I have given up home, country, and friends; the bosom which nursed me have I forsaken; the hand that of old welcomed me would now strike me dead. Wonder not, therefore, Marquis la Fayette, that I am anxious for distinction in my adopted country, and desirous to make the one I have forsaken feel the value of what she has lost. The cold clime and heath-brown hills of Scotland were once far dearer to me than this fair and sunny land; and the little house which sheltered me in a nameless glen was to me a palace, since my ambition went not beyond it. But the land of my fathers threw me away, and I had to seek a country of refuge, and seek it with my sword in my hand. Place me, therefore, where I can serve the cause of liberty best, and show yon haughty island that her deadliest enemy is her own son stung into rebellion against her." His eyes lightened through their moisture—he paced across the floor—and his face was overspread with a bright-red flush.

At a small table in the deep and shaded recess of a window in an adjoining chamber, or rather recess, sat a plain and venerable old man, with hand and eye intent upon a paper, on which were sketched mathematical figures, intermingled with several shrewd domestic or political maxims, which, briefly and happily expressed, have passed from adages into laws. Verses, too, were there, which wanted neither harmony nor enthusiasm. He looked up when Paul spoke, rose hastily, and, coming between the Marquis and him, said, "Young man, love of fame at your years becomes you as much

as light becomes the morning. To a proud and a brave spirit the post of danger is ever welcome, and you have proved by your deeds, that the island has lost a gallant son, and liberty found one. You must, however, be prepared to meet with far other obstacles in your course than armed enemies. Think not that great maritime intrepidity, the mere triumphing over your enemies, and trampling on their flags, will do alone. You must be wary and wise—prudent and observing—you must study the characters of the men who lead the nations, and find your way to their hearts and their understandings. Subdue your impetuosity of temper, and this will enable you to acquire and keep useful friends, nor prevent you from conquering stubborn enemies. In the court of France, la Fayette will lead you the way to the throne among embroidered coats and jewelled gowns; your own good sense will do the rest. In your adopted country, every one will be your friend. George Washington, the friend of the human race, will be yours,—a man as bold, brave, and quick-tempered as yourself, but who controls his temper as we make a vessel of fire to warm, not to consume us. Old Benjamin Franklin, a printer from Philadelphia, a sayer of curious saws in the humble art of making the domestic pot play brown, and of keeping the public fat out of the fire,—an idle grey-headed man, who imagines himself a second Jupiter, that can call fire from heaven,—a simple sort of a man, who walks through Philadelphia with a loaf under his arm, eating all the way, yet withal as obstinate and self-willed as a ship without a rudder when the wind sings in her sails,—he will be your friend, and there's his hand on't."

So saying, he seized Paul's hand, and welcomed him with a hearty squeeze. Paul stept back, and glanced his eye on this noble and simple spirit; there he stood, as plain in his dress as in his person, his thin grey hairs dropping quietly over his temples, and his eyes beaming with genius and benevolence. "Sir," said Paul, pressing the hand of the illustrious American, while the moisture of enthusiasm sparkled in his eyes, "I was not prepared for such honour as this. I have often

imagined what I should say when, after some victory hardily achieved for freedom, it might be my good fortune to be presented to Benjamin Franklin. Words then, well-chosen and abundant, flowed upon me,—nor were they heard without applause. I have come at last, and come with victory,—here the great restorer of human freedom stands before me,—his hand clasping mine, and his eyes blessing me,—yet no words find I wherewith to hail him as the first of men."

"By my soul, Chevalier Jones," said la Fayette, "nature has made you a capital courtier. How admirably will you aquit yourself in the presence of the first of kings, when you succeed so well with the prince of philosophers; come instantly to court."—"Truly, Marquis la Fayette," said Paul with a smile, in which the eye shared deeper than the lip, "I shall have less awe upon me in the royal presence than I feel now. Such is the will of God, that majesty, overburdened with honours and revelling in power, shares less largely in genius than many humbler men. Genius is the god whom I worship, and before it I am overcome with awe. In the presence of an ordinary mind, I shall feel full confidence in myself, and speak like the very oracle of court-etiquette. It is only when a man is in a presence superior in mental powers to himself that he feels such embarrassments as I feel just now."

"There," said a young lady entering the room, and tripping up to Paul, "there is a sentiment worthy of la Fayette! Mental superiority, Chevalier, is the god whom the human heart worships, and well have you said, that a man only feels embarrassed in a presence superior in genius to himself. This truly philosophic feeling, Chevalier Paul Jones, has melted down the antique and frozen courtesy of the court of our King. The grand Monarque is content to come among us like a mere man; and the Queen, God preserve her beauty! has resigned her rule over formal bows and embroidered petticoats; and her ladies, bless her for it! when they chance to commit any little mistake in what our good priests call morality, have not to confess the more unpardonable sin of transgressing against the settled

decorum of the court. Ah! you may smile, Chevalier Franklin, but I shall be avenged on you if you dare to make a sarcastic proverb or a satiric verse out of the words I have dropt. Even now, to punish you, I shall give my heart to this gallant Chevalier, whose fire on those fierce islanders has brought as much glory as the fire which Jupiter of Philadelphia called from the cloud." And rapping the philosopher smartly over the fingers with her fan, she slipt her arm into that of Paul, and placed herself at once on the footing of a friend of long standing.

"Fair Dutchess of Oriflame," said Franklin, "I know of nothing which would grace a saw or a song more than yourself; and the brave Chevalier to whom you have confided that very white hand can not only make you glorious by his sword, but also renowned by his pen. He comes from the very land of lyric poets, nor is he himself the meanest amongst the sons of song." —And has freedom then the glory, Chevalier," asked the Dutchess, "of wooing to her cause a poet as well as a warrior? Happy, happy America! and blind and and doating England!"—"O, I see he is a poet," said la Fayette; "he blushes blood-red for very shame, as one of his own minstrels naturally says. He has the gross material, the native ore of poesy about him, with education and taste enough to give it the popular stamp in which the coin of Apollo comes from the mint of Parnassus. To court with this poet good and warrior tried, then, my fair Dutchess. Take him in a commodore, but bring him out an admiral; the dames and nobles of the court have never patronized a maritime warrior, and, to say the truth, fortune has never sent one worthy of their notice. To court with him, my fair Dutchess,—and, hark, one whispered word,—bring my friend back with you,—leave him not to be lodged, like a sea-lion, in one of the moist dens of the palace, that he may roar to the Queen's virgins, and fright away the fruit of many a fair intrigue."

"Well, chevalier, warrior, and bard, you hear how we are admonished," said the Dutchess; "have you courage to face rank after rank of the noble dames, and group

after group of the nobility of France? You can?—Why then let us go—the King and Queen will be visible to their happy subjects soon,—we shall just be in time to catch the first rays of the royal sun. But what is this? I see the spirit of expostulation rising on your brow. —Out with the difficulty at once! You disdain to be taken in tow by a barge with silken sails? I can divine human thought, you hear, Chevalier."

"Divination and beauty were not united of old," answered Paul, "and they are decreed to continue separate still; for your Ladyship has not guessed the nature of my reluctance. Here I stand, fresh from decks covered with carnage, my hands yet stained with powder, and my dress steeped in blood.—Thus, travel-worn and battle-stained, were I to present myself at court, your ladies would faint, your courtiers grow pale and your King would hurry me to sea again, were it but to sweeten myself; or secure me in the Bastile, lest I should suffer from the curiosity of the populace to see the new sea monster."

The Dutchess clapt her hands and exclaimed,—"I believe in Fortune, for this is her handy-works,—or rather the indolent genius of your island has taken your part, and presented you to us with all the tokens of victory about you. The stains of powder and blood!—who could have hoped for such fortune?—they will plead for you like the gashes of the Romans of old.—A Frenchman now, were it ever his luck to be a conqueror by sea and land, would wash and perfume himself ere the enemy's flag was well struck,—he would be as unhappy with the stains of war on his person as a lady with a pimple in a ball-room. So come, Chevalier, come as you are,—you will do more execution among ladies and prime ministers than if you were pruned, and starched, and laundried, and wore as much gold on your mantle as would build a three-decker. Ah! if you had but the good fortune now to possess a ruder comrade, —one of your gallant unceremonious fellows,—a man who had neglected ablution for the sake of doing his duty, —he would be a prime accession to your train, and form what your country chiefs call their tail, to be dragged

behind as the Dutchess of St. Omer's dragged her train, seven Flemish ells in length, with all the riches of her husband sparkling upon it. Have you such a follower, Chevalier?"

"I believe now," answered Paul "in your Ladyship's gift of divination. You have described with the accuracy of personal knowledge a certain follower of mine,—a rude, a brave, and dauntless spirit,—as true to his trust as the needle to the pole, and as obstinate in his opinions as an incensed sea. Shall I call him in?—his name is Macgubb, and I have promoted him to a small command under me."

"O the maritime barbarian, how I long to see him!" said the Dutchess with a smile; "bring me in the Mac,—what call you him, Grubb?" In a few minutes the man of the Mull made his appearance, nothing daunted by the presence of either riches or rank, and presented a bold weather-beaten face and a frame of iron to the scrutiny of the lady. She eyed him for some time with that look of surprise and curiosity with which a polar bear is regarded as it walks through London in the train of the latest discoverer, and then presented her hand, anxious to see what a creature so uncouth would do with it. Macgubb, grasped it in a moment, and shook it with such earnestness that the colour fled from her cheeks,—he relaxed his gripe, while he held up the hand of the Duchess, and exclamed—

"Fair fa' ye lass! for ye have a snaw-white hand of your ain, and your fingures are as lang, lily-looking, and round as those of bonny Jenny Ewbanks herself;—and then they feel sae saft and smell sae sweet as if ye had been gathering cowslips.—God, lass, though ye are a thought brown, ye are the bonniest quean I have seen in France; and then thae tresses coming trinkling down owre yere polished neck, and thae black, shining, and sinful een, just glowring a man out of all gude intentions,—it's owre muckle for mere flesh and blood.—Were I no nearly as gude as married in my ain thoughts to bonny Jenny Ewbanks, I watna what I might think,—and then Captain Paul is sae strict in the item of sailors' wives. But I aye fancy to myself that

Providence will at last be merciful to poor seamen.—if a man can command three ships he may surely rule twa wives."

"Chevalier" said the Dutchess, "this follower of yours is a courtier, a philosopher, a warrior, and a poet—you are a wonderful people!"—"Na, na, lass," replied Macgubb, "I'm nae philosopher,—I winna wear the garment that disna fit me—na, nae philosopher—the mair's my good luck;—bonny Jenny Ewebanks never called me ought worse than a fool, and I took it kindly of Jenny. And courter!—Ou, I have been a courter in my time.—I wasna successful in sunshine; but gie me a kindly quean, a canny hour, and a night as darksome as a black dogs hause, and I didna do far amiss. Warrior!—little enough of that;—I never strack a man that stood after it, nor fired at ane that fell na down,—but that's simple fighting, and no to be spoken about. Poet!—ay, there I'm at hame. I have sat on deck in a dull summer's night, when the wind didna sing in the shrouds, spinning a poetical yarn seven leagues long, with a dozen of mouths gaping round me with pure wonder. They kept me in rum and I kept them in rhyme. God! the chaps of our mess would rather have heard ane of Robin Macgubb's rough ready-witted rhymes than the soundest sermon, or one of your sweet, soft, soulless songs that are only gude for making folk greet. Faith, my ballads never drew tears,—the lads wat their cheeks with downright fun and laughter. I sang them too—a mermaid only could have sung them sweeter.—I ance sang against ane at the back of the Mull—ye couldna tell which was which,—and I had a drap of brandy in my head too,—but ye didna believe in mermaids maybe!"

"Ay, surely do I," said the Dutchess gravely, "and with good reason.—My ancestress by the mother's side came from the sea,—witness my yellow hair, and see my signet-ring—a mermaid combing her golden tresses—it is the crest of our house." The Galwegian's eyes expanded with wonder till their disks resembled in diameter two Dutch tea-cups.—"Lord, lass, but that's as wild a tale as ever I listened to! The mermaids are

of a loose race—of a kittle kind.—I have kenned ane of thae limmers of the lake of darkness—I beg pardon of your mother's part of you—grab a fellow frae the deck in a dark night, when the wind sang high. All that was heard was a plash and a cry as if of a creature drowning, and down she dived with him into ane of her coral caverns, and nae doubt by this time he's at the head of a bonny bairn-time. I have whiles thought of having a bride out o' the sea brine myself; but what to do with the fishy tail passed my comprehension. I suppose now they cast it in the second generation of the mixture, get a decent extremity like yoursel, and then grow quietly into gude Christians, as monkeys become men by eating potatoes like the wild Irish."

A laugh now broke out on all sides, in which Macgubb cordially joined. No one seemed to enjoy the matter more than Franklin himself. He did not openly laugh, nor rub his hands, nor go startling about, yet mirth appeared to possess his whole person,—it beamed in his eyes, glowed in his temples and lurked in the corners of his mouth, which he seemed afraid to open lest loud merriment should escape him. "Decent extremity!" he was heard to mutter, as he went back to his seat in the recess, he resumed his interrupted labours, not without another glance at the man of the Mull, with whose discourse he appeared greatly delighted. "Your follower, Chevalier," said the Dutchess composing her face with difficulty, "has been born for the latitude of the French court.—Yesterday's ball—today's levee—to-morrow's monster—and so we pass our time. We want somethink new?—the American savage had its day,—an ourang-outang came into favour through the recommendation, of Lord Monboddo—the man-beast is stale; but a maritime wonder, a savage from the sea, is quite new, and cannot fail to take; so come at once to court. The Queen expects you, the ladies long for you, and the very priests desire you—your conversion will be more profitable to them than the bones of St. Denis."

This lady's levity perplexed Paul sorely; and, think

of her speech as severely as he might, he could not but feel that she was no imperfect personation of a court at that time famed for its freedom of conversation and its levity of manners. "The French," he thus mused, "are a gay and a volatile people,—they have lately abated the severity of court-etiquette; the distance between the aristocracy and plebeian portion of the community has been diminished, and the lines of circumvallation which rank has drawn around itself during a dozen of centuries are levelled or levelling. I am aware that changes have an influence on men's manners,—this free intercourse may give greater latitude of speech, and though the language of this young Dutchess tastes a little of the latitude of the Bermudes, still it may be tolerated mong a people changeable, capricious, and vain." La Fayette seemed to divine his scruples, and said in a confidential whisper,—"Chevalier, this gay Dutchess with the free tongue is really one of the presiding stars of the court,—her beauty, wit, youth, and rank, the Queen's love and the Duke's influence, all have combined to establish her reign for a whole twelvemonth. The levity of her language and the high breeding of her manners you are not probable accustomed to; but a high-born wit says all that comes uppermost,—hazzards every thought in speech that is present to the fancy, and never fails, while her beauty lasts, of complete success. The gravity of your island-dames suits not the latitude of Paris. We are the twin-image of your sublime old poet,—

> 'Mirth that wrinkled Care derides,
> 'Laughter holding both her sides.'

To court, therefore, I say,—the breeze of royal favour fills for the present the sails of your convoy. Keep close by my Dutchess; she is,—to surprise you with the words of a Scottish bard,—

> 'A glorious galley, stem and stern
> 'Rigged out—'

I have forgot the rest,—but court her company, and to court with you. This is not one of those grand meet-

ings of parade and ceremony, but a picnic party of politicians;—no ostentation, no trains, no equipages. I shall follow,—so will Franklin. But, I pray thee, muzzle this Galwegian dog of thine,—a glorious fellow, I'll warrant him at a broadside or with a cutlass, but no dealer in fastidious phrases,—if he commences wit, that is another matter."

In the court of Louis of Bourbon were, even at this early period, seen the jarring elements of that convulsion which crushed kingdoms, drenched Europe in blood, and carried fire and sword to the foot of all thrones save that of England. The mild and gentle manners of Louis, his desire to dispense with the absurdities of etiquette, and his easy and gracious way of mingling with his people, added to the innocent vivacity and love of domestic freedom which distinguished Maria Antoinette,—lessened them in the eyes of those,—and they are many,—who see nothing legal in royalty save its pomp and its sceptre, and the awe-struck humility of cringing and quaking subjects. The people of France learned from Louis to look on kings and yet live. They saw the royal pair enjoy themselves like the inhabitants of the hamlet,—they saw them laugh, and sing, and dance, and fondle their children,—laying aside all the external grace and terror of royalty, and wondered to behold them mortal creatures instead of something more divine.

The contempt which the people began to feel for royalty and aristocratic rule was largely aided by a philosophical and inquiring spirit which French literature let loose on the nation,—a spirit which taught men to doubt all and believe naught,—which represented religion to a gainful imposition,—regal government as a usurpation over the divine rights of human nature,—which said, That which every man feels in his own heart to be right and proper is right and proper,—and that the government which allowed man to do what was wise in his own eyes was the wisest and the best. The freedom of such speculations, and the witty, sarcastic, and ironic way in which the more popular writers grappled with the follies of priests and the absurd externals of re-

ligion raised a loud laugh amongst people prone to laughter and thirsting after mirth. The shafts of satire were aimed at all grave and established pursuits,—rank was disrobed by the malice of wit,—rational belief was clothed in the motley garb of superstition, and folly's cap and bells were substituted for the mitre. Men said on earth let there be neither marriage nor giving in marriage,—let the image of the Creator live as free as the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. The result of all this was, that the minds of men were filled with the mental poison,—the frame of society was unloosed,—an enthusiasm, which might carry genius into virtue, but which carried common minds into madness, came over the people;—peasants aspired to govern, and princess desired to be peasants,—ladies of birth and rank courted the notice and sought the hands of rustics,—and something like a political paradise was expected to be established on the earth, where every man would be ordained to do exactly what was best for himself and the whole world.

National folly had not, however, flown quite so far on that day when Paul, acompanied by the Dutchess of Oriflame, and followed by Macgubb, proceeded to the palace of the Bourbon. The rumour of the capture of the Serapis and the dispersion of the British merchantmen had reached the King, and prepared him to receive the victor according to the value of his actions. Louis, dressed like a private gentleman, and surrounded by his courtiers, sat and listened to the diplomatic account of the battle from the lips of the minister of his marine; and, even in a matter so unimportant as a contest between two frigates, the national vanity and desire of lessening all merit which was not of French growth appeared very visible. The skill of Paul Jones was mentioned with moderate warmth; but all the indomitable courage, presence of mind, precision of firing, and undaunted bravery, without which skill and discretion were useless, were ascribed to the French auxiliaries.

At a little distance from the King and his group of nobles sat Marie Antoinette among the ladies of her

court. Though in appearance only attending to the eager prattle of those around her, she lent an earnest ear to the account which de Sartine gave of the contest with the Serapis. From a foreign land herself, she felt something like a personal pang at the way in which this action of Paul was insinuated into a deed which brought him little honour, while the French mariners, with their leaders, were ranked among the renovators of the Bourbon power on the ocean. "Ladies," said the Queen, with a slight flush on her brow, "let us prepare to meet the heroes of the minister of marine,—they must be dear to France and fame, since they have obtained a victory over the English without much personal risk, and with little skill in naval warfare. It has been whispered about, that the victory which de Sartine ascribes to Landais and Ricot, with their mariners, was achieved by a foreign hand and by great effusion of blood. Captain Landais, ladies, it is said, found it a work of time and difficulty to subdue a little sloop, whilst his more skillful comrade distributed his favours so equally between the Americans and the English, that neither Pearson nor Paul can decide to whom he did the most damage." A low and tittering laugh from the ladies of Marie Antoinette made Louis and his courtiers listeners in their turn.

"De Sartine," said the King, "her Majesty has got another version of this victory of thine, and I am compelled to admit, that rumour has given to a Scottish man all the merit which you have claimed for our two captains."—"And, Sire, from braver hands victory can never come, than from those of a Scottish man," said the Earl de Winton; it is now thirty years since I fought side by side with the Gordons, the Ogilvies, the Dalzells, the Maxwells, the Kerrs, and the Camerons: had you seen what our little band achieved at Preston and Falkirk, your Majesty would not have marvelled now at the deeds of Scottish men."—"My gallant Seaton," answered Louis, "France has long known how sharp the sword of Scotland is, and how calmly heroic are her people. Of her bold indignant spirit we have also tasted; I admire her, our Queen adores her, and sings

among our ladies the inimitable songs of true love and domestic gladness which she has breathed so warmly from her heart."—"See," said de Winton, "behold the twin-warriors of de Sartine; truly they look more like the heroes of a ball-room than the conquerors of the stubborn English."

As de Winton spoke, Landais and Ricot were ushered into the royal presence—side by side they advanced, as if jealous of precedence, diffusing over the palace, already very sufficiently scented, an additional odour, and dazzling the eyes of all by the costly extravagance of their attire. De Winton took snuff with both hands from his pockets, and eyed, as he scattered the plain brown dust over chin and bosom, the two naval officers with an eye beaming with sarcastic scorn. "Gentlemen," said the King, "de Sartine has spared you the trouble of describing a naval combat alike honourable to France and disastrous to England. Here comes a man who looks as if he could tell us more." The Dutchess of Oriflame entered as Louis spoke accompanied by Paul and closely followed by Macgubb, like two dark war and weather beaten hulks towed by a holiday barge. The court smiled to see the young Dutchess thus attended. The Queen spoke first —"Welcome to Maria Antoinette, Chevalier Paul Jones; I know you, though you come 'smeared black as Vulcan with the smoke of war,' as your island poet says. I thank you for this confidence in me, and I like you to come to the presence thus painted in the heraldry of battle. Sire," continued the Queen, "I present a hero to your notice, whom de Sartine's veritable gazette omits, and of whose skill and bravery Captains Landais and Ricot said nothing. But look at him Sire; fortune has so graced him, that she has given to him the very victory which these two gallant officers claim to themselves."

"Your Majesty," said the Dutchess "will have the goodness to allow me the honour of leading up Chevalier Jones to his Prince; it is, indeed, de Sartine's duty but he is so unaccustomed to hand naval heroes into the presence, that I shall spare his awkwardness." And

with a toss of her plumed and jewelled head-gear, she conducted Paul to his Majesty. "Chevalier Paul Jones," said Louis, "you were intrusted with the destinies of France upon the waters; how have you acquitted yourself?"—"King of France," answered Paul, in a mild, firm tone of voice, "I am not aware of having been so highly honoured. The destinies of France are safe by land,—they are unsure on the waters. I hold no commission from any monarch. My commands are received from the people of America. Yet gladly, as their friend, shall I tell your Majesty how I have acquitted me of the trust they gave me."—"Truly, young man," answered Louis, "you make very curious distinctions,—we are the allies of America,—from our arsenals were your ships fitted out—filled with French powder and ball, and manned mostly by French blood and spirit. Tell me, Chevalier, how have my people acquitted themselves? I care not whether you hold your commission under the Stars of the United States or the Lilies of the Bourbon."—"I have nothing to add to the account which Captain Landais and his companion gave," replied Paul; "if they have told the truth, nothing more is to be told. I shall say nothing of Landais, but what makes Ricot here?—he knows he is unworthy of coming where brave men come."

"This man's voice," said Louis aside to de Winton, "rings like tempered steel—his eye is like that of the sea-falcon—his speech is not of this land."—"His tongue, Sire," said the Scottish Earl, smacks of old Caledonia, and his deeds you will find correspond with his looks. See how he glances his eye upon de Sartine's captains; he will give their borrowed plumes a plucking, else I have lost all skill in human looks. Look at him; he will strike them in the presence, by Saint Andrew!"—"Chevalier," said Louis, "we love your freedom,—you have spoken well and boldly,—but this victory is claimed by these two officers,—you lost your ship,—we love valour, and we also love justice."

"I indeed lost my ship, Sire," answered Paul, his face glowing and his eyes sparkling, "but not till I had conquered that of my enemy; and the only wonder is

that, opposed to foes so gallant, and aided by friends so cowardly, I did not lose my ship and the victory too. My decks were covered with carnage,—the sides of my vessel were shattered by a thousand shots, and she was sinking inch by inch when the Serapis struck her colours. And who dares to claim the honour of this victory? Can Landais, whose frigate of thirty-six guns found the conquest of a sloop of eighteen cannon a bloody, a dangerous, and a doubtful task, claim any share? And Ricot, presumes he to speak of achieving a victory? I know not whether to place his folly or his cowardice foremost;—his broadsides swept my decks and pierced my ship's side's;—the enemy found him a friend, and I found him an enemy;—but as his ignorance of naval warfare was more than a match for his malice, I forgive him."

"Chevalier Paul Jones," said Captain Ricot, "will have the goodness to remember that he is a peasant, and that I am a gentleman; that he is a proclaimed traitor to his native country, and an advertised pirate, and that I am a person of birth and education; and that he fought like a malefactor with a halter round his neck, whilst I warred like a gentleman and a man of honour. No wonder, therefore, that he fought fiercely, and conquered whilst his ship was sinking; had he been taken, his body had fed the island crows."

Ere Paul could reply to this taunt and admission, a spirit something akin to his own in fiery intractability had taken the matter up. "Now, by the souls of all the Seatons," said de Winton, "on this fellow's face craven fear is stamped, and he ought to have his embroidered coat pulled over his head. Needs there other testimony than his own words? First here comes this pretty painter of a maritime triumph, placing himself in the fore-ground, with all his streamers and chaplets on, and excluding Paul the Scot, from his veracious canvass. But when he comes again, he gives his own gazette the lie; he forgets, whilst he is taunting a brave man with his misfortunes, and allows him, unconsciously, the whole merit, which he had claimed for himself."

"Earl de Winton," said de Sartine, "your words

are strong, and warm, and undeserved; you have said that a brave gentleman's word cannot be believed; how will you make good your charge!"—"Easily, man, easily," answered the Scot; "first, here's Ricot himself says, that Paul fought firmly and conquered,—that's one right good testimony; and, secondly, here's this piece of old iron which did good work in the first Crusade, and in sundry places since; it shall see sun and wind again, man, before I hear an unfortunate gentleman, who has been driven from his country, branded as a traitor and malefactor in a foreign land."

"I have heard enough," said Louis; "farther proof is needless. Captains Landais and Ricot, though you have not conquered, in the express words of your joint communication, you have conducted yourselves worthily, and merit my thanks. For you, my gallant Commodore, you are well worthy of my favour; you have warred in the united cause of France and America, boldly, bravely, and fortunately; accept this sword as a token of the love of Louis the Bourbon."—Paul, knelt, and kissed the royal hand which presented the gift, and, looking on its golden hilt and richly-chased blade, said, "May this soon be seen and felt by your Majesty's enemies."

"My fair Dutchess," said the Queen aside, "this Chevalier of yours has profited largely by your company and conversation; he looks on kings and courts without fear, and, I am afraid, without love; he speaks well and has, besides, when he chooses, a very pretty knack of paying compliments. But when you have the goodness to serve him up in the palace again, let him come, I pray thee, pure in the outward man; it may be in character to come reeking from the combat, dappled o'er with gunpowder and gore; but the court, you know, my dear Dutchess, is not the fittest place for dramatic representation; though a bloody garb and uncombed locks startle us at first sight, they will not succeed in repetition."

"Your majesty," replied the young Dutchess, "has spoken well; but an extraordinary man should never be served up—since that is the phrase—in an ordinary

way. Genius carries its own dispensing power about it, and your Majesty cannot surely hope that a man who unites in his own person the charms of a poet and the courage of a hero can approach your footstool like a mere lord,—a creature whom his Majesty makes in a frolic,—a——"—"Speak low, my friend," said the Queen, holding up her forefinger; "respect the three signs of Marie Antoinette. When I hold up my forefinger it is a warning against rash words in politics; when I hold up my middle-finger it is to check that inordinate desire at present so rife of despising all devout ordinances; and when I hold up my little-finger,—listen, ladies, I pray you,—it is to admonish you of the prevalence of indiscreet expressions. Modesty is the fairest jewel in the tiara of beauty; and delicacy of language becomes fair lips as much as stars become the twilight. Say on, my Dutchess."

"I speak in fear of you Majesty's three religious, moral, and political fingers," said the gay dame of the court. "I would counsel my Queen to procure a couple of stout pages to support her royal and warning hand; for if her fingers rise at every breach in decorous speech, they will stand horrent to the end, of the present reign, which may the gods of devotion and modesty make far distant. Your Majesty objects to men coming to court in their natural and proper character. Now, I would not like to be lady-usher to one of my Lord Monboddo's ourang-outang Christians till its claw, were cut and its tail humanized; but your Majesty remembers how much the old Philadelphia philosopher was admired, merely because his hands were stained with printers' ink. Nay, if my Queen's political finger rises at that, I must change my ground. There was the young Abbe la Roache, with his handsome leg and his merry eye, who came to court to preach up self-denial and mortification of the flesh to giddy ladies like myself. He had the salvation of weel-faured—I picked up that word from an original Scottish barbarian this morning—of weel-faured dames so much at heart, that he closeted Mademoiselle la Franche to a two hours' confession duly evening and morning. What! has my

Queen raised the moral and religious fingers both at once?—then I have done with speech. Is there any lady about court who can speak devoutly and modestly? let her come forward and be heard. None, alas! appears;—wo to the three warning fingers of her Majesty of France!"

La Fayette, accompanied by Franklin, now entered the palace. Louis hastened to receive and welcome the latter. "My philosophic friend," he said "your opinion of the genius of Chevalier Jones has been amply justified."—"Sire," answered the sage of Philadelphia, "amid the forward and stirring youth of this age, it is no light matter to single out a calm and courageous man equal to the task of infusing his own determination to conquer or die into the breasts of his followers. Such a man appears in Chevalier Paul Jones; and I lament that all the command to which the United States can call him is below his talent. To conduct a frigate and a sloop to victory, is a feat too inglorious for one capable of leading the whole maritime strength of the first monarchy in the world."

"I see what you wish I should do," replied Louis; "but will the noble youth of this monarchy willingly follow an humble captain, raised from the command of a frigate, to lead the royal navy of France? Will our gallant nobles, so proud and far descended, consent to be led even to certain victory by one so far beneath their birth and rank?"—"Let dignity go delve," exclaimed la Fayette, "and let long descent go drink and dance. I for one shall, like Cimon of old, hang up the bridle of my war-horse in the temple of Wisdom, and go down to the great deep to conquer for my country. The best blood, Sire, is not always the bravest; and, since we cannot vanquish those proud islanders ourselves on their unstable element, let us, in God's name, follow them who can. Chevalier Paul, I shall stand by you while two planks stay together."—"And I," cried the young Prince of Nassau,—"I shall follow La Fayette to learn an art I would gladly know,—the art of conquering an English ship."—"And I shall follow them both," said the Dutchess of Oriflame, with a

laugh. "I shall sail in the habit of an amazon, with a sword by my side and a cutlass in my belt. It will be something new. I am weary of the monotony of a court, and no heroine of ancient or modern story went down to do wonders on the deep. 'Joan of Arc and English Mall' themselves were only valiant with their feet on the sod. Your Majesty will have the goodness to keep these two civet cats, Ricot and Landias, at home to perfume the palace, and describe deeds that are yet to do."

"Alas!" said the king, with a smile, "this maritime fever will thin my court. I cannot consent to ship away half the beauty and bravery of my kingdom. There is a spirit abroad," he continued gravely, "which needs to be wisely directed, lest it grow, like a fire in a populous city, too strong to be quenched before it has burnt down tower and palace. My very nobles are infected with this strange enthusiasm. They are infected with the desire of change, and love to handle perilous weapons. Since Franklin grasped the lightning, and turned the idle destroyer to use, all my subjects are for wielding the elements, and France is threatened with thunder." The courtiers grew grave as the King spoke; his words sobered down the levity of the ladies,—all sat silent and thoughtful. They were aware that a wild and feverish feeling had come upon the people, and the dread of change, which perplexes monarchs and ministers, held rule over them for a moment or more. They bowed, retired, dispersed, smiled, jested, and drank and danced, as they were wont to do in times of depression and danger.

CHAPTER III.

> Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
> And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
> That knows his rider.
>
> LORD BYRON.

THE Earl de Winton accompanied Paul and Franklin on their way from the palace. "My gallant Scots-

man," said the old Earl, "give me your hand. I admire valour, be it of high or of low descent. Providence, when he works for the salvation of a state, chooses the fittest instruments for the labour."—"It is a pleasure indeed," replied Paul, returning the pressure of his countryman's hand, "to obtain the notice of the wise and the brave when I war well in behalf of mankind; and it comes closer still to my heart when a Scottish man of old descent, esteemed for prudence and valour, welcomes me thus, and thinks that the hand of a peasant shames not his nobility."

"O valiant enough," answered the veteran with a smile; "a man who fought at Preston and Falkirk, and stood to the last on the moor of Drumossie, cannot be well deemed a coward. But prudence?—God wot, young man, there was a marvellous lack of that, else my sword had slept as brightly in it scabbard as if it had graced the thigh of a discreet Englishman, who promised, but came not. So prudence, Chevalier, is not patronised by me,—a plague upon the word! The coronet of the Setons had still sat straight on my brow had Prudence been worshipped as she ought. But what has called your sword into your hand? Do you imagine that, where the hands and hearts of so many gallant men failed, your one weapon will suffice? No, no, young man, the tree that is once cut down shoots not into a stately tree again. The tree alas! that should have sheltered me is broken, hewn down, and decayed. Seek not to shade thee beneath its faded boughs. Dost thou understand me?"

Paul looked steadfastly in de Winton's face, and said, "I understand you, Lord Earl, only so far as to see that you misapprehend the nature of my quarrel with Scotland. Let the tree, if it be the royal tree of the Stuarts of which you speak, wither unwatered. Whilst it grew and flourished, human freedom drooped and decayed, and the island was flooded with men's blood shed for liberty and for conscience' sake. I draw my sword in a purer and a worthier cause."—"Purer and worthier!" exclaimed de Winton colouring, "by the soul of the Setons, I know not what you mean!—I

shall cast away all figures of speech, and in plain words tell a plain story :—A true Scottish man can have only two causes to unsheath his sword for,—in honour of the man on the British throne, or in aid of the prince who is off it. Of noble and ancient blood myself, I have unsheathed my sword for the Stuart, because by right of blood the throne is his. Now, though his ancestor gave three crowns for a mass, the deserving son should not lose his right, nor tamely yield it up. I own that many millions of men think otherwise, and have placed a line of princes on the throne, who inheriting the blood of the Bruce, have warred gloriously for the fame and happiness of Britain. For what other cause a Scottish man can, with honour and honesty, draw his sword, as far as regards his native country, remains for Chevalier Paul Jones to show."

"Listen, then, Earl de Winton," replied Paul; "it is soon told. You have described the greater and the lesser tyranny,—the thraldom of body and soul by a domineering and superstitious line of kings,—and the more moderate oppression of nobles and merchants, who make a slave of their king and degrade the people. There is yet a cause unnamed, in which the sword of virtue and honesty may be drawn,—that of freedom—human freedom. Well has the minstrel of the Bruce sung,

'Ah ! freedom is a noble thing.'"

"Now, by the splendour of heaven, peasant," said de Winton, "thou deservest both curse and blow, for daring to name the brute and insensate liberty claimed by a vulgar and howling multitude in the same breath with the cause which has unthroned so many princes, and made martyrs of so many heroes. What ! and presumest thou to rebel against thy country,—to throw thy slavish sword into the balance of her enemies,—to conduct the armed ships of her deadliest foes into her havens to destroy them with fire,—to set thyself in battle-array against her conquering vessels,—rob her daughters, and kidnap her nobles,—and all for the vulgar guerdon of doing what is right in thine

own eyes! Out upon thee—the curse of thy country will cling to thee from the Seine to Siberia. The very man in whose cause thou warrest will scorn thee while the battle lasts, and spurn thee when it is over; and the selfish American will say through his nose, 'That Scot eats his own blood.'" He turned hastily round, and paced, muttering, away, "He's a gallant fellow, and 'tis a pity of him; but to fight for brute liberty—was ever the like heard of!"

Paul was moved by the bitter words of the ancient Jacobite, and felt a rising determination to resent the bold language he had used. But the calm temperate look of Franklin, which he saw intently fixed upon him, watching, as it seemed, his growing resentment, soothed his impetuosity, and the remembrance of the kind interposition of Seton in his favour at court restored him to tranquillity of temper. "My brave old countryman," said Paul, "scorns all who do not draw their swords in a kingly cause. I forgive his warmth. Disappointment in the path which his own ambition chose has soured and goaded his temper, and, grown gray in the service of tyranny, he thinks all other servitude mean and degrading.

"He thinks as millions think," replied Franklin, "and, probably for himself, he feels what is just. It is not for every lip that the pure cup of liberty is filled; her draught of heaven will stimulate one nation to deeds of honesty and honour; another it will inebriate, fill with animal ferocity, and drive into deeds that make the world wonder. To the men of America, sprung from a sober, a prudent, and devout people, the cup will bring refreshment, domestic happiness, and national prosperity. To the people of France, a vain a giddy, and a heartless race, the draught will be as that poison which maddens before it destroys." He paused—a flush came to his brow and an unusual brightness to his eye—he shook his grey locks, and said, "Paul Jones, I am old, and may not live to see it;—you are young, and may live, if the sword or the ball overtake you not in the way to victory. Terrible times are in store for France! I see them not in the stars, but in the changing

character of the people. The blood of her princes and nobles will be trodden out as freely as she bruises out the nectar of the grape in the vine-press. The very hand which in hatred to England, and in the fulness of her own vanity, she stretches out to America, will turn a poisoned shaft against her own bosom, and pierce her through and through."

Paul parted with the Philadelphian sage, and returned to the house of La Fayette. Young, brave and vain, buoyant with enthusiasm, and confident in his courage and fortune, he would not allow the cloud which the other had raised to darken the bright and onward path which his imagination presented; he entered the dwelling of his friend with a face radiant with pleasure, and with feet that hardly felt the floor.

"Here he comes," said the Dutchess of Oriflame, "walking a monarch in his own esteem, a Triton of the minnows. Welcome from the court, poet, patriot, and admiral; ay, admiral, I say, for the Queen wills it, the King looks consent, and, saucy de Sartine bites his lip and says nothing, But what is far better, you have vanquished half of our court ladies; admiration of you has made one lady talk sense who was never guilty of such weakness before. We have had such a fluttering of fans, such a cutting of bosom-laces, and such a tittering and whispering. Even I, a staid philosophic lady whose tranquil bosom naught has disturbed since the death of Lewie my lap-dog, and whose counsel is a law in all matters of gravity and devotion,—even I myself have been as good as carried off my feet by your deeds and accomplishments; and had not the Countess of Cressie kindly reminded me of my dutifully husband I am not sure but I would have had something curious to say to my young confessor to-night."

Macgubb, whose sense of propriety was at all times but moderate, now found silence insupportable. "Lord! and is your Ladyship married then?" he cried, "conscience but the bridle-garment sits graciously on ye lass! Lang i' the leg, short i' the coat, loud o' the tongue, and light headed; saul to gude, lass, but your gudeman, whaever he be, has a pretty handful o' ye,

seeing that ye lay out say meikle o' your time on the fremmet." This led to a retort,—the retort to a laugh,—the laugh to a gay and protracted conversation, at once decent and gross, kindly and sarcastic.

Among the lively and pleasant people of France, where all was gladness and gaiety, where the words of man flowed in a continual stream, too rapid to be deep,—and the speech of woman was an emblem of eternity, and where the civilities of life were accomplished with the cold accuracy of mechanical evolutions, Paul lived for many days, fed with flatteries and caressed by city and by court. In his presence the courtiers seemed all smit with a marine mania; they talked of nothing but of founding an empire for France on the waves; and the young nobles enrolled their names as volunteers to serve in the next expedition of Commodore Paul Jones. When he walked abroad, the youth of Paris followed him in flocks; when seated at home, the ladies formed lines of circumvallation around him; and he went to court as freely as either a pimp or a privy counsellor. In the mornings he might be seen listening to the smooth deceitful assurances of de Sartine, or exchanging bows and civilities with the numerous favourites of the court. The minister of marine assured him, in the cautious language of deplomacy, that he should soon be called to a high destiny, while the King desired him to feel satisfied, since he was an adopted son of France. In the evenings he might be seen seated upon an ottoman, with a dozen ladies of court-celebrity squatted around him, displaying their beauties and their natures, fanning his very face with their jewelled plumes and contending with one another for empire and rule.

The vanity of his spirit was soothed for a time with this hollow homage. He assumed a costly extravagance of dress,—bore the sword which his Majesty bestowed to midnight banquets and public shows, and displayed on his bosom the order of St. Louis,—a gift by which the Queen sought to appease his inordinate craving for distinction. The French courtiers began to feel that the low-born mariner was rivalling them in matters where they hoped they eclipsed all the nations;

they could forgive him for his victories by sea, but his conquests in the chamber and the ball-room were more than the national fortitude might bear, and they resented it accordingly. Besides, he had reigned lord of the ascendant for one entire month,—his story was learned by heart,—his person was become cheap,—men ceased to wonder, and ladies to envy each other. Even the Dutchess of Oriflame felt that his reputation was yielding to the inconstancy of fortune, and she, in the condescending spirit of her sex, had never left his side whilst his name shed a halo about her; but now, in the prudence of court-coquetry, she sought to retreat from him on whom the ministers looked coldly, and whom the King called his friend. She grew sedate of speech, circumspect of behaviour, and was even seen to put her arm in that of her husband, and ask his opinion on the pattern of a new head-dress which she patronized at court. Paul felt the pang of despised love, and, what was bitterer still, the pang of disappointed ambition; he cursed woman in his heart, wished all royal power swept away by the spring-tide of democracy; he began to sigh again for a fair wind and a full sea, his cannon ready, and his enemy within hail.

One day as he walked homewards, moody and discontented, musing on the broken promises of kings and chief counsellors, an old man, grey with age, stood before him, and said, "One word in thy ear, my son. Thy name is John Paul, mine is John Boyd; we are both of Scotland, to which we can never more return; the fate which came upon me is abiding thee. Hearken,—put not your trust in the princes of France, young man, nor in the counsellors of her kings; an earl's bauble once pressed this hoary brow,—I lost it on a bloody field, in a cause I deemed just, contending for the ancient princes of the land. The Bourbon was then my friend; for my arm was strong, my spirit was untamed, and vassals did my bidding. But evil fortune came, and grey hairs followed; the princes of the land forgot me, and poverty came upon me, and I had no garments to cover me, nor bread for my lips. Now, mark this,—I am fed and I am clothed in secret, by

those against whom I warred; the hand of the Monarch of England is with me when men know not of it, and my native land, which I sought to enslave, saves me from death. Trust thy native king, young man, trust thine own strength and talent, but trust not the house of Bourbon, else thou leanest on a reed. God bless thee." He said no more, but walked slowly away.

As Paul entered his chamber he met Macgubb; the face of the man of Mull was radiant with smiles, and a most provoking air of mingled importance and curious intelligence lurked in his looks. But there was a gravity in Paul's eye and something like darkness overspreading his face unfriendly to the merry matter with which his follower was overflowing; and the Galwegian, who had hoped to be questioned, was at last compelled to speak. "Aweel, the cat likes cream and the dog likes broo, as the sly auld sang says, and my plumed and my painted madam maun in dulge in her fits of daffin as weel as a kimmer wi' a kirtle o' Kirkcudbright brown." Paul still remained silent, and Macgubb, who had intended to wander in what he called his Moffat road to Glasgow way about his subject, condescended as far as he could to be brief.

"Now Paul, man, answer me this," said the Galwegian, with a shuffle of his left foot and a serious or assumed embarrassment of manner, "Paul, man, can a lady, should she wed a man of my degree, take out a patent and make him a lord? Ay or no, now meet me with nane of your fag-ends of court wit?"—"In a matter of love," replied Paul, "his Majesty will be gracious; and if such is your fortune, Robin, in the matter of the lady, I think the dignity will not be slow of following."—Ay, now that's an answer prompt and satisfactory. But there's another thing yet,—ken ye ought anent the law of divorce, for the dame of whom I speak has the encumbrance—I should have said the resemblance of a husband—a matrimonial burr at her gown-tail, ye understand, which mars nae mirth, but which is in the way rather of a second engagement?"

"It is an awkward plight for true love to be placed in Robin," said Paul with a smile; "but a lady so con-

siderate as yours might find out a way to a divorce. If she cannot divorce her husband, she may put herself in a situation to oblige him to divorce her,—a spirit of mutual accommodation which sooths the inveterate malady of matrimony, and is by no means scarce."—"Bluntly and honestly, how mean you, Paul?" said his companion; "since you became courtier, man, I cannot get a mouthful of plain homely fire-side sense from your lips,—how mean ye?"—"Why, I mean this, Robin, let your dame forget herself in the dark with some charitable friend, and qualify herself for appearing in the consistorial court."—Aha, man! I take ye now," said the Galwegian with a gleesome chuckle; "a top scheme, and sure of success. Qualify!—a neat, cannie, adroit word. Qualify!—a right pleasant task. I maun mind that word, it's a usable ane. The best of all is, the lady in question has foreseen this upshot, and qualified,—nature points out the proper remedy after all. But, O man! what is it to be a scholar—plain Mull or mother wit would never have learned me that useful word, qualify."

"A truce with this idle levity," said Paul; "I am in no mood to relish jests, and this seems both a long and a dull one."—"It's dull since it's mine, you mean," replied Macgubb, "and it's lang because I'm the relator on't; yet it's no joke after all, but as true as that the sea obeys the moon. Plague on the errand that took me out of the sweet sough of the sea-breeze! for I'm as dull as a seamew in fog, and a piece of roguish fun comes nae mair twanging from my tongue."—"Well now, Robin," said Paul, "this nut which you have been so long in cracking surely has a kernel."—"Ay, in good faith has it, and a bitter kernel it is. Let us hoist sail and begone—a' the baboons of the house of Bourbon and the lasses of light haveance in France couldna draw the kale-blade owre our een on deck. The court deceives you, the courtiers mock you, the ladies are weary of you, and your only jo and dearie, the Dutchess of Hourieflam, has qualified herself, Paul, lad, with some charitable friend; a come up the back-stairs when ye come to court-me sort of customer Sae return to the

deck an' ye be wise; we walk kings and prime ministers on the great deep, but on the dry sod or the flowered carpet we are befooled by boobies and besoms."

"Much of what you say, Macgubb," answered Paul, "I know to be true; my spirit sinks and my presence of mind decays on dry land. For the evasions of the court there is a remedy; for the mockery of the courtiers and the disdain of the ladies there is a remedy too; and the mistake of our fair Dutchess will neither lose her the countenance of the court nor the love of her husband. There is a much more liberal intercourse between the sexes in this favoured land than your Galloway wisdom wots of. So then your matrimonial query was designed for my benefit?"—"You shall judge from my story," said his follower, "whether I meant it for your use or mine. Aweel, I gaed to her house, gae yon black-browed damosel of hers a cannie word. and a kiss,—up the back-stairs went I,—through the room where she sits and squeals to the harp,—opened her chamber-door, and there was madam fu' red and fu' rosie,—and there saw I a meikle man where nae man should be. Blessing on the fag-ends of auld sangs! they help me to tell a daft tale. Aweel, but hist; I hear a step. Weel, an ye think sae; I'm sure it maun be sae; but I prefer gude English powder for driving an eighteen-pounder to all that was ever made in France. —It has nae the spunk of the Battel powder,—it's passable on land,—ought will do there,—but on the sea, commend me to British black-grain."

"Spoken like a maritime oracle," said the Dutchess of Oriflame, appearing before them as she spoke in a new and splendid dress; "spoken like a maritime oracle, my good Galwegian; I owe you something for that speech; It smacks of your little island, and this purse of gold is not enough for one whom I admire so entirely for his courage and discretion." Macgubb's fingers closed readily round the gold, and he retired a step or two. "Come now, Chevalier Jones, come with me to court,—the very parrots have learnt to name your name,—the Queen is sick to see you, and her physician will serve you up in a prescription for her ease

and comfort unless you hasten. You have remained at home for three days and nights, and the court ladies are all as dull and drowsy as if the Bishop of Paris had preached."

To the court Paul accordingly went; he had that morning formed the resolution to which the Dutchess urged him; he found many courtiers assembled around Landias and Ricot. The sunshine of royal favour had shifted from Paul and fallen on them, and, taking advantage of their good fortune, they filled the court with details of the battle between them and the English little to the advantage of Paul, and very favourable to their own conduct. As Paul, advanced he heard the voice of de Winton say, "Come, that I cannot credit. What! a Scottish man resolve to yield—raise his hands to strike the colours, and tremble when ye stood firm! I have credited little ye have said and that the least of all."—"I thank you, noble Seton, for your good opinion," said Paul; and then confronting his former companions, thus addressed them:—"Gentlemen as commander of the squadron, I have published an account, a correct one, verified by my officers, of the engagement between the English and me. In the presence of the nobles and monarch of France, I declare it to be true; and I call on you to say in what you can contradict it?—no answer. Is it untrue in aught? still silent; and it is best,—add not falsehood to cowardice."

Paul looked round the circle for a moment, and, bowing to Louis, said, "Sovereign of France, I have been an humble visiter at your court these several weeks. I came, because I was invited,—I stayed, because promises were made,—and I was induced to believe that my skill and talents would be called to a higher destiny.—I use the set terms of the court. To do something more than I have done for my adopted country and the good of the human race was my wish. I see that it may not be,—the command promised cannot be given,—jealousies, fears, cowardice, and detraction, would follow me to a higher station, and interpose between victory and me. I release you therefore from the promise that was given, and this evening will see

me on my way to America. Her enemies and mine are lords of the sea, and so will they continue, in spite of all the earth, till America sends against them the self-same blood and untameable bravery which have made them triumph over all Europe. Have I your royal permission to depart."

The King affected greater surprise than what he felt at this free speech. He had long felt the folly of Paul's hopes of high command in the navy of France. All places of profit and honour were portioned out among the nobility, and they were ready to resent the intrusion of foreign merit amongst them. He therefore expressed briefly his concern at this hasty resolution,—assured Paul of his royal countenance and favour,—wrote him a short letter to give to the Congress,—presented his hand to kiss, and felt sensibly relieved as he vanished through the portal. "There he goes," said de Winton, "as bold a sailor as e'er sailed the sea. I give him joy of his escape from the sucking quicksands and sunken rocks of the court, where many a goodly ship has foundered, and gilded galley too, my pretty Dutchess, for all so loftily as ye look." The Dutchess, of Oriflame retorted; and wit at will, and shrewd remark, and irony and sarcasm, more lively than pure, were bandied from lady to lord.

The sun was going down at the close of a fine summer day, and there was just enough of wind, and no more, to fill the sails of a ship, and urge her gently over the waters, when Paul, having gathered his mariners together, raised his anchor, expanded all his canvass, and started right onward into the ocean, leaving the green and varied coast of France behind him. It seemed as if his heart, casting off a load that oppressed it, bounded in his bosom in liberty and joy. The canvass straining in the wind, the frying of the foaming waters thrown into an agitated line behind him, the eager steps and gladsome faces of his mariners, and the sound of his foot upon that deck which had been so often his battle-field, were all sounds and sights full of music and joy. He looked proudly on his crew, and hummed a maritime song.

As the ship began to move, the spirit of enthusiasm descended on the Galwegian. He strutted about the deck like one possest with the genious of three dancing-masters,—spoke to masts, canvass and cords, to helm and to compass, as if they were animated things,—and no pastoral lover ever made out a fairer inventory of the perfections of his mistress than he did of the charms of his ship. "O steadily and bonnily move ye on the waters, like a fair lass of the Mull in her Sunday's silks gaun reverently away to the sermon! Ye breast the brine with a bosom white as ony swan, and throw a long train of sparkling foam behind ye, like a thousand stars streaming in the path of the moon. Your gallant masts are clothed from deck to sky with linen as white as my mither's hand ever bleached among the bonnie Mull gowans on a Galloway burn-bank. Did ever a court lady, painted to the eyes, perfumed to the toes, and shining in golden diamonds, look half so handsome? Court lady! I wrang the bonnie timber by the comparison; is madam in all her glory to be compared to thee? As pert as a magpie—daubed with rouge, cheek and chin, like a painter's apron—sailing down lang vistas of indecorous pictures of Potiphar's wife, Lot, and his lasses, David and his wives, Solomon and his concubines—the rape of the Sabines, and the intrigues of the gods—wi' her wit at will—an eye that witches the sense from the wisest—and a tongue that drives peace from the bosom—can she be compared to my bonnie ship hear, where she glides along, a vision of the night? Ah! my bonnie goddess of timber, and airn, and hemp,—with a skilful head to guide thee—a wise hand to work thee—with strength to conquer thine enemies—and right and tight from stem to stern, scudding joyously away on thy course—what is to be compared to thee?" And, having exhausted every topic of praise, he sat quietly down on a gun-carriage, and whistled on the wind.

For many days and nights the ship flew onward in her course with a constant and unremitting flight. A change began to be felt in the air,—the wind came with a warmer gust,—sugar and spice slightly perfumed the

air,—the sun gleamed more brightly down,—the sky grew more serene and cloudless,—they were passing the West.India isles. "Ah, lads!" said Macgubb, who sat at midnight amid a circle of sailors, to whom he was both leader and oracle,—"ah, lads! I feel the smell of the isles of sugar and spice,—lands where I long to raise my banner in. The earth in the mere wantonness of abundance opens her bosom; ye may sit amang pine-apples, the sugar-honey dropping upon ye. Ye have only to open your mouths wide, and nature fills them to your satisfaction, while ye lie on yere backs with your hands in your pockets. And then, lads, some kindly fever is ever working for your benefit,—picking the soul out of some rich planter, who dies, no one knows how, leaving the nearest at hand his heirs: Jock succeeds Jamie, and Rob follows, and inherits all in the blessed isles of the west."

The ship passed onward many a league, and the coast of Amerca was expected to appear by the morning light. The wind wakened, gently wafting a thick vapour from before them,—the sun threw over the waters his bright and horizontal beam, and displayed a long winding line of woody coast, forming a splendid bay, overlooked by lofty hills, with a noble city crowded down to the water's edge, crowned with towers and guarded by batteries. Twenty tongues at once shouted "Boston, Boston!" and the Americans rushed by scores upon the deck and gazed with gladdenened eyes on their native land. Paul moved warily on, prepared his ship for battle, and motioning Macgubb to his side, said, "Robert, what seest thou?" The hero of the Mull held his glass to his eye, and exclaimed, "Cannie, cannie!—Boston's a besieged place!—feel ye not the smell of gunpowder choking the morning air?—we maun guide this gear cannily. I see nae enemies though. But hoolie!—there's the black smoking hulls of ships that have been burnt to the water's edge; and what are yon wolves and wild dogs doing?—feasting on Christian soldiers as I'm a sinner!"

As Paul moved closer to Boston, he observed the coast bestrewn with the relics of ships and the bodies

of mariners and soldiers. The walls were pierced with many a shot, the groves were shattered, and the ground downwards to the sea was trampled into a dark paste, which smelled of new spilt blood. "There has been hot work hear, Garnot," said Paul; "I wish we had come ten hours sooner."—"It is better as it is," replied Macgubb; "for I think the stone walls have got the better of the timber anes this time. Here's something that will tell us how the day went—a kind of floating gazette of the battle." And, snatching up a boarding-pike, he lifted out of the sea a ship's colours. "France or America for a gold guinea!" he shouted, and, shaking the pennon in the air, spread it on the deck. His colour changed: he said in a low voice, "The conquering flag of old England, stained with blood and riddled with shot. Ah! warm has been the work, and sorely has she been oppressed with numbers, when her flag was torn from its staff. I wish I had been but by them when they were so piteously bested."

"Peace, peace, Robert!—peace, peace," said Paul and roll the pennon carefully up. Let not the flag of as brave a people as ever trod deck in tempest or battle suffer farther indignity."—"Indignity!" exclaimed the hero of the moment; "God, man, but yere wondrous cool on't! Look ye here, ye half-blood Britons; this flag has waved victorious a thousand years and more,—rent with shot, and stained with blood, the element on which it ever floated triumphant refused to swallow it up."—"Ye have said enough, Robin Macgubb," said Paul, with a smile expressive of his feeling that his comrade was speaking ironically; "enough said—your heart will be the more lightsome from being thus disburdened."—"Disburdened!" exclaimed the man of the Mull, "faith, naught ever bides long as a burden to me. A hearty, hamely auld song, a slap or twa with the cutlass, the smell of burnt powder, or a touch of a tempest, disburden me of a back-load. I'm a hantle better now of this out-pouring of words about that rag of a banner. I didna think it was in me; but the sight of the bloody clout set my heart a starting, and I was obliged to speak or sing."

Paul dropt anchor in the bay of Boston, and hastened ashore, accompanied by about threescore picked and armed men. On every hand he saw tokens of the success of the Americans. The starred and striped banners floated over the walls, and the streets were crowded with anxious citizens, in whose ears the scarcely subsided din of battle and bombardment still resounded. The people were all armed with that formidable weapon the western rifle, in the use of which they were equally cool and expert, and the disciplined battalions of England had a few hours before experienced its deadly hostility. The houses were torn and pierced with shot, several unroofed, and the pavement had been lifted to render the descent of shells less destructive. In this contest for the domestic hearth, the people of Boston had freely perilled themselves—the soldier of an hour's standing fought with all the courage, and more than the intnusiasm, of a veteran.

There were other sights and sounds, such as follow in the train of war, where mirth mingles with wo, and the wine-cup is filled, while the field reeks with blood and is cumbered with the slain. At every step was heard the sound of lamentation, the low stifled cries and sobs of the widow and the orphan, issuing from houses where lifeless bodies lay. Joy, too with all her sounds,. was there. By many the victory which the infant States had just achieved was contemplated with a grave and silent satisfaction: they sighed for family-wounds, while they were proud of the deliverance wrought. But to the more youthful and more careless spirits victory came with all her enjoyments—wine, mirth, and license of speech. Bands of half-disciplined warriors roamed and reeled through the streets chanting many a barbarous chant,—shouting the names of the various States to which they belonged, and the names of their favourite leaders, and insulting the more staid portion of the population.

With one of those bands it was Paul's fortune to encounter as he entered Boston from the sea, and directed his steps towards the hall where the select men of the State were he understood, assembled. "Hilloah! who

have we here!" shouted one of the warriors, throwing the foam from the bottom of a new-drained flagon as he spoke,—"What! some of those slaves who fled to sea, I suppose, because land-service was too warm for them?—They are come now when America is free, to shout, and drink, and dance with the victors.—May I be flogged then with a thong from the hide of John Bull's back!"—"Let us scalp them, man and mother's son," said a half-blood from the sources of the Delaware; the warriors of my mother's tribe get three dollars each for the scalps of English men."—"Thou art a savage, and deservest not to live in a free State," said a man of Kentucky to the Delaware warrior; "yet I own they deserve to be gouged,—their blood won't pay the price of powder and shot."—"Though they are white men," said a warrior mildly, "and ought to be treated as Christians and brethren, yet we must deal with them as it becomes freemen to deal with slaves and the sons of slaves,—so load all your rifles, and do as you see me do.—We shall spare one to carry the tidings to George the slave-master, that his bravest warriors have fallen before the walls of Boston." His comrades began to load their rifles.

To one who seemed, by his garb and influence, to be a leader or prime mover amongst these intemperate warriors, Paul addressed himself:—"Sir, in the hour of victory as well as defeat we should command our natures. Even after the storming of an enemy's town such license as I now see is not allowed by a brave and prudent general; will you then fill the streets of your own city with riot, and indulge in excess of liquor and in imprudence of speech? Go—go, and say to your rulers, that Commodore Paul Jones, with despatches of importance from France, desires one moment's conversation with them." Wild stared the Virginian leader,—stept a pace back, dashed his rifle on the ground, and started off with the swiftness of one of the wild animals of his native woods."

"Paul Jones!" exclaimed a hundred warriors at once, forming a circle around him as they spoke,—"What! he who first hoisted the bit of striped bunting

on the Delaware?" cried one. Paul Jones, who burnt White Haven, with sixty thousand souls and six hundred sail of ships?" cried another. "Paul Jones, who added the thirteen bright stars to the firmament of fame?" shouted a third. "And stormed St. Mary's Isle,—Gibraltar is but a sparrow's nest to it for strength,—and took as much gold and silver as loaded three English ships of the line, which he captured on purpose to carry it?" exclaimed a fourth. "Even the same, my friend," said the Galwegian, with a voice which drowned all farther exclamations of joy and wonder; "the very Paul Jones who fought the English navy three days and three nights,—had his own ship twice burnt and once sunk,—peppered the proud Islanders, destroyed their best harbours, knocked their first-rates into cock-boats, and left not a standing stick nor a yard of canvass between Britain and Boston. I was with him in all his battles, and was nearly cut in twa by a chain-shot; but a French surgeon sewed up the casualty, and I'm fit now to be a president."

"Ah! this is a brave fellow too!" shouted the crowd; "he is of American blood doubtless; for he speaks with all the modesty of the men of the States. Are ye of this free country, friend mariner, yea or nay?"—"O, American born and American bred," said he of the Mull, with a voice of thankfulness,—"born on the banks of the Ohio,—nursed on the bosom of the Delaware, and carried away in my fifteenth year to Britain by a captain, who, under pretence of teaching me navigation, and how to make the sea a slave, made a slave of me, and reared me up in utter ignorance of freedom. But the tamed eaglet longs for its native rock.—I escaped, and entered the Delaware on that most auspicious day which gave the stars and stripes to the sun and wind."

He's a glorious gallant fellow," said a warrior, striking the end of his rifle on the pavement; "for those born on the Ohio are the bravest of all God's creatures. I am of the left bank myself:—are ye a left-bank man, my friend?"—"Thou uncivilized cub," said a brother warrior, "didst thou not hear that he was nursed on the Delaware,—the princely Delaware, whose sons are

the saviours of the thirteen States?—I am from the bank of the stream myself, else I had forborne my boast."—"Fools both!" exclaimed a Virginian; "you are hardly worthy of being called men,—you are slaves to one another like the wretched people of England. The Virginians are the only freemen in the States,—the white hand performs no vassal-work with us."—"I believe you," said a bold Bostonian,—"the Virginian drinks to freedom, and takes the wine-cup from the hand of his slave." Rifles were rising and brows were bent when the officer returned with two of the select men of the city, who conducted Paul to the Hall of Representatives.

The citizens into whose presence Paul was conducted were in number about forty, armed with pistols and swords. Some of them were wounded, and all of them appeared to have been personally employed in the late successful defence of their native place. They seemed of a mingled race, yet the graver physiognomy of England prevailed; and such was the necessity, such the spirit of the time, which called old and young to labour for independence, that a martial character was stamped on all,—they seemed soldiers tried and true, the young as well as the old. They had chosen one of their number to preside over their councils,—though regal in externals, they were republican in essentials; for their President bore but the outward image of power—sat but on the seat of rule,—he had no more respect shown him than the meanest citizen. The words of the select men of Boston were few, and they were uttered slowly.

"Paul Jones, friend, thou art welcome," said a sedate old citizen from Philadelphia, with a broad immoveable hat, long grey hair, and a look beaming with benevolence; "thou art a citizen good and true,—one of few words and sincere deeds,—and though I sanction not the effusion of blood, yet, hadst thou been here seven hours sooner, thy skill might have availed us, girt as we were with enemies by sea and land. Thou art welcome!"—and he shook Paul anxiously by the hand. "Welcome, saidst thou, Elias Cresson?"

exclaimed a fiery young warrior, who had distinguished himself during the siege by his prudence as well as valour, "Welcome!—what a cold word is that for a hero like him, who has borne the American flag victorious over all the seas on which our oppressors claim dominion. Welcome!—he is to us dear as the light of day—as the presence of liberty. We have repulsed and vanquished our tyrants,—shed their blood on shore, and sunk their bravest in the bay,—and shall we hail our best friend, our first deliverer, coldly? He comes a conqueror in our cause, and I call upon every true American to receive him as a brother and benefactor."—And he bowed low to Paul, and remained standing till their visiter was seated.

"My child, Francis," said an old man, whom war had drawn unwillingly from his home in his eightieth year, and in whose speech there was an infusion of Scottish, "I counsel thee to bear success with mair moderation, sae that ye may learn to endure adversity with fortitude. This war, though forced upon us by grievous acts of oppression, is still a calamity; every bullet that flies spills the blood of kindred; in the isle of our enemies lie the bones of our ancestors; in the pages of their history our forefathers' deeds are written; and in their cottages and cities breathe those who were suckled at the same breasts and nursed on the same knees with some of us. Rejoice ye not, my child, but rather lament; for against us the heart of Britain never can be; it may be estranged for a season, but it will warm, and wax kind to its children at last." He spoke, but few approved.

"May the heart of England be cursed continually with this hardness!" exclaimed a wild warrior from the back-settlements, who, nursed when a child by the Indians, and living by the rifle and the trap, had caught something of the inflated tone of the native tribes; "may the heart of England never yield, may it insult, injure, and oppress us, till all remembrance of descent is effaced in our breasts. The wand of peace is broken,—may it never be made whole,—the cup of affection is spilt that stood between us,—may it never be

filled again;—the sword is drawn, may it never find the sheath, and wheresoever the English and Americans meet, there may the ravens find a feast and the young wolf a banquet."

"Nay now Herman Brande," said a citizen, pulling the warrior to his seat by the skirts of his coat; "nay, now, that is too strong; I wish not war to be eternal between us; if it but endures thy day and mine, we may be satisfied. But there is one thing of which no citizen thinks, yet is it not undeserving of serious thought. Let us use wise weapons in this war of deliverance. The hare calleth not on the hound to avenge her on the wolf that made a meal of her young; nor calleth the lark on the raven to aid her against the hawk; yet the wise men of America have called on a tyrant to assist them against the oppressor. Who prayed for the sword of tyrannic France to strike for liberty? and who uses the hand of the alien to work the work of freedom? Of this Paul Jones I have my doubts; he is an arrow from a dangerous quiver,—a weapon drawn from a suspicious sheath."

"Emanuel," said a venerable citizen, "listen to me in this matter. When our house is burning we must pour on water; and were a man attacked by a wild beast, he would be thankful did one wilder still rush out and rend his enemy. I see no more harm in using the hands of aliens in maintaining our rights, than I see in snatching up a loaded rifle to resist a fierce Indian. Weapons are instruments made to shed blood, it is true, and wo to them that invented them! The savage beast is come to devour us; we cannot charm him away by sweet music, and we must use force; all weapons are therefore lawful, and the Frenchman is our friend who strikes but one stroke in our aid."

"And what, my friends and fellow-citizens, has all this to do with the victory we have won?" said a youth of twenty years or so, who had come forward to welcome Paul. "Our enemies fought well, we resisted well, and prevailed; so let us wash, and dine, and dance; this world was not given to us to weep in. Our army has marched into the interior, where the muster

of the enemy is strong; our general is directing their movements by hill and greenwood-tree; and our Congress is sitting, not in the painted chamber or the national hall, but under the shade of the forest-trees of America, where Freedom first was seen. Choose we therefore two skilful guides to conduct Commodore Paul Jones in safety to our General and our Congress, to whom he bears matters of trust and weight from Louis of France. Let us speed him for his own sake as well as for the sake of those who sent him."

"Commodore Paul Jones," said the President of the select men of Boston, "we have fulfilled the object of our meeting, and each member has done his duty. I have a duty still to do—to take thee home with me—to give thee refreshments and repose—to put thee into the hands of two of our trustiest people, and send thee safely and speedily to the presence of those highest in rule amongst us—so come with me, friend." And, leaving the chair, and bowing right and left as he retired, the chief of the select men of Boston proceeded homewards, accompanied by Paul and Macgubb. "The way, my friend, which thou wishest to go," he said, "is not without danger; but the guides who will accompany thee are men of prudence and circumspection, who can counsel well and fight well; they know every hill and wood; thou mayest therefore go without fear. Begin thy journey as soon as the sun goes down; for the night-breeze is refreshing, the moon is bright, and a cloak of darkness is a safe garment."

Paul proved the hospitality of the Bostonian till the sun went down,—a period of enjoyment which dwelt long in the memory of the Galwegian. "Of all men," said he of the Mull, "commend me to Elisha Boote of Boston; his speech was little, his kindness was large, and he gave us of the three needful things, without which man is but a kaleworm or a kangaroo. He gave us good food, he gave us three words of wise counsel, and he prayed amidst his children for our safety and success; and what could a kind man, a wise man, and a good man, do more?"

CHAPTER IV.

Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine and the smiles of Heaven,
But, wrapt in whirlwinds and begirt with woes,
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes,—
Her birth-star was the light of burning plains.

CAMPBELL.

The sun had gone down, and a twilight warm and balmy had succeeded, when Paul and Macgubb reached a grove of fruit-trees about a gun-shot from Boston, a spot where they were to find their promised guides. The grove was shattered by balls, and the avenues were half-choked with severed branches. From among them a horseman advanced, wrapt closely in an ample military cloak, wearing a broad-brimmed hat without a plume, and carrying pistols at his saddle-bow and a sword by his side. The stranger bowed slightly, held his hand towards the country, and moved the bridle of his horse like one willing to begin the journey. Paul bowed, and said emphatically, "The watch-word, friend—the watch-word?"—"Washington!" answered the stranger, and rode forward. "A good and valiant name, and true," replied Paul; "I follow thee;—but where is thy companion?"—"At hand," answered the Amecan; and as he spoke, another horseman appeared beneath the ample boughs of an oak-tree which overshaded their way. He was also cloaked and armed. "Silas?" said the guide in a low voice, raising his bridle-hand. "As sure as thou art George," replied Silas, bowing. "It is well," answered George; "Commodore Paul Jones, follow us, and fear not; we will conduct you to the army and to Congress in perfect safety." They all rode onward, and soon left Boston far behind them.

As they cleared the cultivated ground, they rapidly approached a grove, thick and dark, which seemed a portion of the ancient forest which once covered the

country. Silas laid his bridle on the neck of his horse, examined his pistols, shook his sword in the sheath, and brought the butt of a short carabine close to his right thigh. His companion seemed nowise alarmed,—he examined neither pistol nor carabine,—but, with a grave and somewhat austere look, rode silently on.—" Only look at him," said Macgubb, in a whisper to Paul, " what a steeve and stalwart frame!—a chap that will strike sooner than speak,—with a damned dour look, and a mind made up for all emergencies." Paul acknowledged with a glance the accuracy of the Galwegian's description, and, like one who wished not to be unprepared for danger, he examined his pistols, and, undoing his mantle to a single clasp, gave ample room for the employment of his right arm. Macgubb, who scorned all dangers by land, and thought that nature and art had only two things which were truly terrible, —a thunder-storm and a broadside,—silently acknowledged something like a change of opinion, by a careful examination of his weapons, by riding close to Paul, looking sharply into every bush, and keeping a strict eye upon all suspicious places.

Within a good gun-shot of the grove, they came to the ruins of a house;—the walls were shattered with cannon-balls,—the roof beaten to the ground, while from the whole a smouldering smoke ascended;—fire had lent its aid to the fury of man,—several dead bodies lay on a small green-sward plot before the door,—they were stript naked, and still bleeding, while two American rifles and the sabre of an English dragoon described the sufferers with the accuracy of history. " George," said Silas, casting a mournful glance on his companion, " look there: one tyrant falls, and two sons of freedom perish, alas! for America."—" Silas," said the other in a low voice, " look, but speak not; a talking guide is as dangerous as an enemy." And, pulling his hat closer on his brows, and uttering a scarcely-audible sigh, he proceeded on the journey.

Macgubb looked on the scene of destrucion for a moment; he sprang from his horse, snatched up a rifle-gun, regained his saddle, and thus he justified his acqui-

sition whilst he loaded it:—"Paul, man, had this been France, or any country in Christendom, I should have ridden on and trusted to pistols and cutlass. There men fight face to face, in the spirit of civilization, and the cleverest fellow carries it; but here they creep into a bush like a wild beast, and ye hear the chick of the lock, and see the flash maybe, and a damned saffron visage skellying along the barrel, and then ye find three rusty nails and half a pound of lead amang yere ribs. Ilka land has its ain law,—a cat fights like a cat, and a Yankee like a wild Indian,—sae it's a' ane to Robin Macgubb. This rifle, hows'ever, seems a prime ane; and, loaded with four balls, and the muzzle within a foot of a man's body, and courage left to draw the trigger, there's some suspicion that death might ensue. See ye that seed of the auld serpent, Silas?—a sort of hankering wish to shoot him has come over me for some time, and that wish never comes without right good reason."

Paul smiled, and whipered,—"Dismiss all such ridiculous fancies, and take care too lest your words be heard by Silas our guide. Your thoughts are not concealed from him, as you once boasted to a Frenchman, in a learned language. He knows the meaning of the wildest word in all Galloway,—he can translate your very looks, and answer your favourite question of the altitude of the headland of Mull."—"Lord man!" exclaimed Macgubb, rubbing his hard palms together till they seemed to smoke, "if he can tell me the height of the headland of Mull, he shall be my friend and sworn brother were he as yellow as a new-coined guinea, and had been got by a general subscription of the thirteen States, including the Canadas." The American turned suddenly round, and, fixing his eyes on the Galwegian, said,—"I know Galloway from the headland of Mull to the cleughs of Clouden,—hill, hollow, and holm,—cape, carse, and castle. I have fished trouts in the Troughs of Tongland, neeved them in the linns of Dee, and herried the sea-eagle's nest on the rock of Mull, twenty and seven fathom aboon tide-mark."—"Enough," cried Macgubb; "ye are a Gal-

wegian gude, and I'll warrant as honest a soul as ever brake world's bread. My name's Rob Macgubb, a Mull man born and brought up, and we shall be better acquainted before we part, if there's brandy in the States, though the price should be a battle the bottle." "Robert Macgubb?" said the American, "a rough name and a gude; and men call me Silas Greene."—"O man! a capital name, and a natural ane," answered the Galwegian;—"Greene?—there are Blacks in Bodenton, Browns in Balmagee, Reeds in Minnigaff, but Greene?—I'm thinking ye'll be related to the Macgreens of Grippingane, a fou family, but close o' the fist;—ye might extract oil from a whinstone and honey from a Manx herring sooner than get gowd frae a Macgreen. But it's a' ane to Robin,—meeting in a far land cuts down distinctions that are part of our religion at hame. There's my right hand in gude fellowship; but mind ye, Silas, since that's yere name, I relinquish not my right to sit aboon a Macgreen at a bridal dinner, or even to precede him in battle, should such be our luck."—"Reserve and retain all your rights, traditional, real, and imaginary," said the American, giving him his hand. "But look, there is a scene where all idle distinctions are settled for ever, where the slave sleeps as sound as the freeborn and the noble."

Silas pointed to a glade or opening in the forest, through which their way winded, and on which the moon, now arisen above the loftiest pines, threw her clear and uninterrupted light. It was not without emotion that Paul beheld the ground strewn with the bodies of men;—there they lay in heaps slain in contest hand to hand, their weapons still in the grasp, and their faces even animated with fury, with valour, or with despair. The ball, the bayonet, the sword, and the pike, had been busy, and America and England had mutually and equally suffered. But farther on, where the glade was narrower, a less manly, but a far more deadly mode of warfare was visible.—There lay the soldiers, rank succeeding rank, cut down by the unerring rifles of an invisible foe; and the torn ground and the shattered bough told that artillery had aided cara-

bine and rifle in the work of death. The growl of the wolf and the snarl of the wild dog were heard under the greenwood tree, and ravens and other birds of prey sat gorged and watching upon the under-boughs eager for the morning light.

As Paul, with his guides, rode silently and slowly through among the groups of dead bodies, Macgubb said,—"Weel now, Silas, this makes good my words; I aye said that warfare on the sea was a princely and honourable thing compared with such service on land. Here the green sward is soaked and slippery with blood, and cumbered with the gashed and ghastly bodies; and though the wolf and the vulture are handy bedrals, they will not for many days be able to gorge this entire feast; so the sweet air will be polluted past the cure of flowers and herbs. But a fight at sea is a scene fit for the sight of a lady. A broadside comes, and what tokens will it leave?—a body or twa plunged into the sea, and a bucket of water dashed on the deck, and the place is fit for dancing on. The salt water is a ready made grave—an ever-open hospital for the reception of all incurables. If the Americans now would go to sea and fight, there would be sincere work—nae lurking behind the bush, but muzzle to muzzle and point to point; and the gallantest aims a ——"

George, the American guide, had hitherto pursued his journey in silence, looking gravely upon the slain, and managing his bridle-hand so that his horse's hoofs touched neither limb nor face; respecting his foes even in death, when, cold and insensible, they could no longer feel the insults of the mean or the sympathy of the brave. He slacked his bridle till Paul and Macgubb came to his side, and then with a low voice and without appearing to address either, said,—

"The bodies, which lie around as thick as the forest-leaves in November, are those of the disciplined veterans of England;—war was their choice,—their trade was blood,—and they sold themselves to combat in a cause which they felt, if they felt at all, to be unjust and despotic. Against veterans such as these,—men inured to the bloody breach and the battle-field,—what

had my country to oppose?—valour untrained, courage unregulated by discipline,—men unacquainted with obedience, and possessing nothing that promised victory, but the resolution to do or die. We warred for our hearths and our liberty, and we warred as we best could. We made the greenwood-tree our stronghold, and the ravine and the river-bank our fortifications."

"A very safe and subtle manner of defence doubtless!" exclaimed Macgubb; "but more becoming the savages of the desert than the descendants of the men of merry old England. When did the lads of the little island, think ye, hide their heads for the sake of shooting a safe shot? The sea's the place yet for fair and honest fighing. There's nae shelter frae a felled tree or a saugh-bush on gude salt water. Your warfare is not the warfare of Christians,—that I can overlook, as ye canna be said to dwell in Christendom,—but it's no the warfare of men, unless ye can prove the wild Irish to be men, and the Cossacks sound Christians."

"As sure as flame ascends, grass grows, and water runs," said the guide, "so surely will my country, undisciplined as she is, and contending with the most warlike nation of Europe, succeed in this contest. The unsubduable valour of the heart will triumph in the end over the most correct discipline and the most perfect tactics. The English fashion of war is indeed open and manly,—the train of well-supplied artillery, the ranks of practised veterans, the regular charge, and the hand-to-hand contest. My principle of action,—my mode of war,—is suited to the skill and present situation, rather than to the character, of the American people. To your terrible artillery we oppose the pickaxe and the spade, and to your disciplined regiments and movements in column we oppose the banks of the brook and the forest-bough. The man who is not inured to war and the obedience of martial duty would be unwise if he exposed himself, like a knight of romance, to the sweeping fire of a well-served artillery and the resistless charge of a line of British bayonets. The eagle, when it wars with the wolf, alights not on the ground

to grapple with its stronger enemy; it hovers in the air, pounces, upon him unawares, inflicts a safe wound, soars away, returns and inflicts another, till the wolf, exhausted and wounded, crawls back to his den, without having injured a feather of the lord of the air."

"Truly, Geordie, man," said the Galwegian, with a chuckling laugh, "ye speak bravely,—ye have fine words at will, and natural imagery, and a strong conceit that ye are right,—yet, man, I could make a dozen words of right, rough, rude sense blow all your pretty expressions beyond the moon. What is this hiding behind the bush, taking a sure aim, and firing a safe shot, but a more murderous improvement on the Indian tactics?—the stealthy pace, the tomahawk, the scalping-knife, and the poisoned arrow. Humanity and honour, among civilized men, have given laws to war and imposed restraints on bloodshed. But a skulking foe, who lies in wait, steals upon one unawares, and, unseen himself, bereaves his enemy of life,—what is he?—A savage, not a soldier,—a barbarian, not a Briton.—There, now, I have knocked all your fine words into chaff, and done it in English too. Had I taken you to task in pithy and nervous Scotch I would have made sad havoc of ye."

"My good Galwegian," said Silas, "be mute and be observant. This land is shared between friends and enemies, and we know not who is master. A rifle-ball from the bush may come, therefore, and punish you for your harsh words, and illustrate, at the same moment, the native mode of warfare in which the feeble find their strength." Macgubb nodded acquiescence, put an immediate constraint on his tongue, and looked with the eye of a lynx into every bush and clump of trees with which the vast plain on which they rode was studded. "I wish," said he in a whisper to Paul, "that we were safe out of this unblessed country, where the wild beast shares his bush and brake with a more savage American, and a wholesome man runs the double danger of being shot and eaten."

They journeyed in silence for several hours, till they reached a winding line of lofty trees, through among,

the massy stems of which the waters of a deep and broad river sparkled clear in the moonlight. "Commodore Jones," said George the guide, "we are now near the country where our enemies have power, and we must proceed circumspectly. This river, along whose banks our road for some space lies, bears the battle-ships of the English. They are all-powerful on that element, be it salt or fresh, and the naval officers of the States emulate rather the contentious spirit of Landais than the example of the conqueror of the Serapis."

"Sir," said Paul, "I put myself under your guidance,—in all that is necessary for our safe journeying I shall be ruled by you; for I am no seeker of difficuties for the sake of surmounting them; nor am I sure that I am much of a fighter, unless my foot were on the deck. But that is a deep and noble stream,—I wish I had my little sixteen-gun sloop here,—how swiftly we should sweep along, and, if we met with an enemy, why it would only heighten the interest of the scene." —"I think I could show you," said the guide, looking fixedly on Paul, "a face in this land that would make your cutlass leave the sheath, and induce you to forget but that the green sward was the planked deck." —"There are but few faces could work such wonders," answered Paul; "and I cannot conceive that America holds a man against whom I have a deeper hatred than I bear to tyrants in general. There was one, nay two, but the deep sea has swallowed them both, and she seldom yield backs to earth the forms she has feasted on."—"The sea has been, in this instance, unfaithful to its trust," answered the stranger; "for it has rendered one back again, who, for his own peace and the welfare of others, would have been better in the Solway fifty fathom deep. You know whom I mean?"—"I dare not say I do, Sir," replied Paul. "Corbie the corsair was too surely stricken to survive," he muttered half-inaudibly, "even had the Solway been willing to carry so much villany ashore. It cannot be Lucas,—his blood followed the shot too free-

ly for that, and he deserved so muchto die that nature would scorn to work a miracle in his favour. Lord Dalveen,—can it be he? I have taxed my memory closely, Sir," said Paul aloud; "I cannot imagine to whom you allude,—I am a poor reader of riddles."

"There was a certain corsair," answered the guide, "whom you met on the Solway sea."—"The shot and the sea then have spared him," exclaimed Paul, "that he might die on shore, which he shall surely do whenever I meet him.—But no, no, it cannot be Corbie, the dead cannot come again."—"Suppose now that I named Lieutenant Lucas," said the guide, with great tranquillity of tone, "the man who struck the colours of the Bon Homme, and fell by a shot ere his hand left the flag-staff?—you hear that I understand certain mysterious matters a little."—"Mysterious!" exclaimed Paul, with a voice which made the wild birds start from the boughs above-head, "it is the first time I ever heard that there was any mystery in his fate. Look you, Sir, I am no jesting person in matters of life and death, and if you mean to say that Lucas, who sought to stir my men to mutiny, who forsook his post, and struck my colours without cause, deserved not to die, then, Sir Guide, I say you must vindicate your words, for with this right hand I slew him;—had he been my brother his fate had been the same." And they mutually stayed their horses, and sat looking at each other,—Paul with a flushed brow and kindled eyes, and the American with a look of calmness and composure.

"Commodore Paul Jones," said the other, in his usual tone of voice, "an account of the death of Lucas may yet be demanded of you by wiser and graver citizens than your guide, and you will do well to be prepared to meet the inquiry—perhaps accusation. The blood of no citizen shall be shed for a mere act of imprudence;—all men have not courage and presence of mind alike for all emergencies."—"I shall meet the matter, Sir," replied Paul, "in whatever shape it comes;—the man who disobeyed my orders, who

moved the men to mutiny, and struck my colours, became that moment an enemy,—I slew him, and here am I to answer it."

"Nay, Commodore Jones," answered the guide, "I neither call you to your defence, nor do I say that you did an undeserved or a cruel deed. But such equivocal acts beget the aversion of the world;—a man who desires distinction and honour must disguise and suppress his feelings,—he must steer by the mild light of mercy and kindness, rather than by the star of stern justice. I neither commend the deed nor condemn it,—there are thousands who do both. A commander in the heat and agitation of battle, when difficulties beset him on all sides, must cut his way through them in the best way he can. There are things, Paul, my friend, which are done in a moment of peril or embarrassment which haunt a man's mind when he is cool and composed. I feel this,—I—but we waste the precious hours of night,—let us forward."—"Forward lets us go then," said Paul; "to the face of the stern Washington, to the beards of the Congress shall I justify this deed,—I have already done so to mine own conscience, the sternest of all human inquisitors."—"Conscience," said the guide, "is often a very gentle judge,—Conscience is an interested party.—Had you doubts, that you called in its aid?"

Paul drew himself haughtily up,—"Sir, you spoke just now of enemies in the path,—drop this matter, else you may find an enemy at your elbow. I have not come thus far through peril and blood to have my conduct challenged and my motives arraigned by any man whom chance throws in my way."—"I am a man disposed to peace," said the guide, "and were I a warrior I would not wage battle rashly in a dubious cause with a man whose deeds are beneficial to my country. So let Lucas rest, and let time do him honour or dishonour, as it will surely do.—But know you a young Scottish nobleman,—brave, forward, fond of pleasure, fond of war, unfixed in religion, unstable in politics, with a conscience which reconciles him to a thousand mistakes in morality?"—"Know him, Sir!"

said Paul, "ay, well I know him, and you have painted his perfect picture, nor need you add, This is Thomas Lord Dalveen. But what of him?—Comes he from the sea-wave too to accuse me of slaying him?" —"Come from the sea-wave!" exclaimed the Galwegian; "Lord! he had a bed in Solway fifty fathom deep, and if he be come to beard the Congress he'll do it bravely. He comes in the spirit, if he comes at all, and your damned bush-warriors may as well cock their rifles at a moonbeam. He's the hand for fighting here, where there's a trigger behind every tree and a poisoned arrow in every bush."

"He outlived the disaster in the Solway," said the American, "and he is now in this country, a volunteer in the invading army. But he comes upon another errand, and trusts to those who betray him. You have a sister, Commodore Jones?" Paul's heart fluttered against his side—the blood rushed vehemently to his brow—the drops glistened in his eye, and his voice faltered. "Yes, I have a sister as dear to me as name and fame,—dearer even than liberty, that shadow which wise men worship; a sister young and beautiful, as sweet as a summer's morning, and as pure as dawning light. A strange fortune befel her; she was preserved by some faithful friends and by her own firmness of heart, nor shall the darkest wilderness in America conceal her from me."—"It will be no safe thing to seek for her," said the guide; "a thousand miles, boundless wildernesses, immense lakes, and savage tribes, lie between you and your sister. And, were you even to surmount all these obstacles, a greater than them all must be surmounted ere you can be admitted to her presence. But the time will come; so set your heart at ease. In the meanwhile, Lord Dalveen may as well make love to the moon with the hope of success as seek the presence of your sister. There are devoted hearts and hands around her to whom her wish is law; and his Lordship cannot move a mile from the army without my knowledge,—nay, without my permission. He is on his adventurous way even now; but he cannot reach the dwelling of Maud Paul without her brother's permis-

sion or mine. But, hush! who comes here?—muffle yourselves in your cloaks,—speak not one word,—leave this adventure to me."

An officer, as the guide spoke, emerged from the wilderness and directed his horse along the river-bank. He was tall, compactly built, and sat gracefully on his saddle; his white feather and scarlet cloak were shining with night-dews; an Indian ran at his side with a rifle in his hand and a bow and quiver at his back, while a dark wolf-hound ran before them both. When the hound saw Paul and his companions it uttered a fierce growl, and sprang furiously forward. The rider laid his hand on his pistol, and the Indian threw his rifle into his left hand, and advanced in a crouching posture, desirous of placing his enemies between him and the clear sky, that his aim might be sure.

These preparations escaped not the eye of the American guide, yet they seemed to excite no apprehension. He accosted the English officer without hesitation, and his voice was mild and in some slight degree commanding. "Good even, Sir, you ride too slenderly attended to ride far in these parts with safety. Let me advise you to return, and attach yourself to the army—there alone will you be safe."—"Sir," answered the soldier with a smile, "I am indeed slenderly attended, yet my friends are good ones, and fit enough for helping me on my way. Chesapeak, my Indian friend here, can pick a nut out of a squirrel's mouth with his rifle; my dog can pull down a stag or a wolf, and keep at bay an armed man; and in these four pistols I carry as many lives. Call you that a slight retinue?"—"You are strong enough, I own," said the guide, "for forcing your way, did three or four men only oppose you. We are men of peace, and I must admonish the wilful,—you go to certain destruction."—"My man of peace," replied the Englishman, "if you are a preacher, I am a most impatient auditor. I have vanquished a bold priest in my time, even at his own weapons. The demon of controversy is not now upon me, but the demon of strife is, and you may become a mar-

tyr without being ambitious of the distinction,—move from the path, I pray thee."

The American looked steadily in his face, and said, "There rolls the river, and on that side is an impassable swamp; the way to the interior lies before you; but in it abides that which could stay a hundred times your strength. Rush not to certain destruction. So you resolve to go on?" "On I shall go," said he, "and speedily too." And he laid his hand on his sword. "Then go to that grove which skirts the way," said the American, "and look under the greenwood tree. If you see nothing that daunts you, ride where you will, for no danger can terrify you."

All this passed at the distance of fifty paces in advance. Where Paul and Macgubb stood they heard only a word now and then, and saw the Englishman ride forward to the grove to which the guide held his finger, shedding back the boughs with one hand, and bearing a bent pistol in the other. He gazed under the boughs for a moment, and no more; for he saw stretched on the ground a numerous band of Americans and Indians as silent and motionless as the grove above them, each with a ready rifle in his hand. From beneath a low bush, which touched his horse's side, an Indian suddenly sprung, brandishing his tomakawk. The wolf-dog leaped at his throat, and pulled him down; but a second Indian projected the muzzle of his rifle, and took deliberate aim; as he touched the trigger he received a pistol-bullet in his brain, and dropt lifeless. A hundred soldiers leaped to their feet, and a band of Indians looked out from bush and brake with bent bows and ready tomahawks. The Englishman snatched out a second pistol, and, spurring his horse, fired as he dashed forward at the chief of the Indians, who groaned and fell. He then rushed into the river, and swam steadily and swiftly towards the opposite bank, though the arrows were glancing thick on all sides. Just as he gained the side, his wolf-dog which followed him received a shot, raised its head high above the water, and, looking its master in the face, sank in the stream.

He unslung his carbine, turned in the saddle, and, eyeing the soldier who stood with the smoke of his rifle rising slowly over his head, took an aim so true that the American dropped forward into the river, and rose no more.

"That islander rides fairly, and fights coolly and well," said George the guide; "give the English such a general, and the morning star of American freedom will set in darkness instead of day. You know him not?" Paul, deeply agitated, replied, "When I last beheld him he was wounded, overpowered, and cast into the sea of Solway by a faithful follower of mine, who is no sloven in matters of life and death. Yet Lord Dalveen it must be,—I know him as he unslung his carbine. Macgubb, how say you?" Paul turned to his companion, and exclaimed, "What ails the man?—he stares as if he saw something which is not of this world." —"Be praised!" said the Galwegian, gasping to give utterance to his words; "be praised for't! words of grace came in time to my tongue, and I'll do bravely yet. I'm weel enough now," he muttered, rubbing his eyes, and handling his pistols and cutlass; "I'm weel enough now.—Perdition! but that was a damnable dwam that came owre my heart. Wha would look for a spirit in the wild woods of America any more than on the London 'Change; in a new country like this too, where such things were never fashionable?"

"What glamour has come over your eyes, friend Robin?" said Silas; yon man rode as fairly and fought as courageously as any legitimate son of the earth, and there can be no better proof than the shots which he fired that he is flesh and blood like ourselves."—"God, man," said the Galwegian, "ye talk in the manner of the heathens. Think ye that a man will never rise frae the grave till a general rising? and think ye that spirits wander not upon the earth to haunt and molest those who wronged them in the body? There was the wild Laird of Cule, who came back from perdition riding, like the kirk-commissioner, in spite of all the priests, on the back of Andrew Johnston. My ain mother saw him, or as gude as saw him; he passed her like a flaff

of fire, and left behind him a strong odour of brimstone. Then there's this young Lord Dalveen,—he's risen again and riding—permitted to trouble the world and me for a season."

"And are ye sure it was him?" said Paul. "Sure it was him, man! I'm sure it was his spirit," replied the other. "He had the same glance of the ee and the same turn o' the head as he had when dwelling in the body. Did ye no see the arrows falling on him as harmless as chaff, and the rifle-balls hopping off his boots and mantle by the dozen? Yon swarthy hound was ane of the dogs of darkness, and yon creature that ran by his side was an American fiend. Ilka land has its own devil's kind,—there's nae contravening of that."

Paul returned no answer, but looked thoughtful and dejected. Meanwhile the interrupted journey was renewed along the river-bank; George the guide kept close by Paul's side; an hour elapsed before they exchanged words. "Young man," said the American, "I wish to warn you of the perils which lie in the path you have chosen;—you have courage and talent,—you have firmness and presence of mind,—you——but perhaps you have no wish to hear my counsel?"—"The path I am pursuing," replied Paul, "is ever present to my mind. It was resolved upon in no gay and careless hour; and, though personal insult and persecution might be pleaded as reasons for my hostility to Britain, I take my stand on the vantage-ground of love of liberty and good wishes for the happiness of the human race. When you speak to me, address me as one who has no country and no home—a citizen of the world."

"The world is a wide inheritance," replied the guide; "my love is limited to the Thirteen Provinces,—when their freedom is achieved I may have leisure to love all mankind. But let that be—of other matters I wish to speak. Are you prepared to endure all that Scotland will say of you?—she already calls you traitor,—says that you joined her enemies without cause,—attacked her ships and her shores with the sword, used your local knowledge for the destruction of the spot where you were cradled, and burned with fire the little town where

you were nursed on your mother's knee." Paul said with a faltering tongue, "Who dares to call me traitor to my face? Who dares to say that I have visited my birth-place in anger? Alas! I visited it in deep sorrow, and the tears which I shed in my mother's bosom proved how sad the parting was."

"Now," said the guide, "you are a traitor to universal citizenship. What is the scorn of Scotland to a man whose wide inheritance is the whole earth? Into the thick wilderness of universal philanthropy you retired just now from the reproaches of your native land. All this is affectation; you are a Scotchman at heart, disguise it as you will;—stung by neglect,—goaded by oppression,—you have resented her conduct to you in blood, but her good or her bad opinion is still nearest your heart. You imagine that freedom will triumph, and that the success of a cause so sacred will gild your name, cast a halo round your actions, and make your country lament the wrongs which she did you."— "And will it not?" exclaimed Paul,—"to what nobler labour can a man devote himself than to human liberty? When, in future ages, the flag of American freedom is unfurled on the ocean, men will say the hand of Paul first spread it to the sun,—the courage of Paul first led it to victory,—and the spirit which now gives it the empire of the sea is but the expansion of the spirit of the humble peasant of Caledonia." His dark eye flashed, and a tear of heroic gladness glistened on his long eyelash.

"Of the fame of such a deed," said the guide, in a free tone of voice, "no one can deprive you. You are America's first bold, faithful, and fortunate mariner; but much, much will you have to endure. Those American-born are envious of those American-adopted; a distinction is already attempted to be made between the native warriors of the soil and those noble and generous labourers which the cause of liberty has called from the four quarters of the earth. Men will not readily acknowledge that nice sense of freedom which makes you fight against your country under the banners of the stranger; and some will not—nay, do not scruple to

say,—that he who forsakes his native land, and sheds the blood of its people, can never be safely and honourably trusted. Can you endure all this?"

"Wherefore need you ask, Sir?" replied Paul;—"you see I am enduring it—nor yet drawing my sword upon him who makes such an insulting inquest upon my actions and motives. If this be the way the men of America, will treat me, I thank you for thus preparing me to meet it. I am not sure that I shall be able to oppose temper and fortitude to such attacks; but this I know, that I shall never want defenders whilst my right arm keeps its strength, my sword can harm flesh, and my pistols yield fire."

"I see, I see," said the American, "my judgment of your character was right—that of Franklin was wrong. With me, you are a man bold, brave, and vain, who loves fame more than liberty, and his own will as well as either;—to Franklin you seemed a hero of romance, a poet, and a warrior of the days of chivalry. You are not what Benjamin drew, but you have many useful points in your character,—America will act wisely in profiting as much as she can by your skill.—"I believe," said Paul, "Louis and Franklin unite in recommending me to an employment of higher trust than the command of a frigate. Their letters I bear about me,—they are persons to whom your rulers listen."—"The wishes of Louis," said the American, "have been accompanied by fleets and armies, and they were listened to; but the word and wisdom of Benjamin are in small repute. He wrote a world of knowledge in the compass of ten minutes' reading,—men only laughed;—he drew lightning from the clouds,—men only wondered;—he commended you to Congress, and some of our citizens smiled and sneered. But be not dismayed; you have many friends, and some of them firm ones. Silas there is your friend, so am I, so is Franklin, so is Jefferson,—any more?"—"Ay, I'm another," exclaimed the Galwegian;—"whatever way Paul looks I'll look,—whatever Paul says I'll say,—when he bends his brow I'll bend my brow,—and when he fights I'll fight—be it against Caffree, kangaroo,

ouran-outang, or American,—ae man's pay's as good as another's; and if it is nae, it's a' ane to Robin Macgubb of the Mull."

"Now, this is the friend for me," said Silas, with an oath;—"cherish him, Paul,—he's a bold fellow,—keep him ever at your right hand, with his weapon sharp and ready. His rough assurance is more pleasant to me than the smooth words of supple Frenchmen. Our land is inundated with the frogs of France—the Gallic pest is upon us—a murrain on the Monsieurs!" —"Ye just talk of a Frenchman, friend Silas," said Macgubb, "as if ye had prepared the clay out of which he was made, and had afterwards gone up through him with a lighted candle. There's hardly ane to mend another,—the lightest-hearted and the lightest-headed one is him they call La Fayette; and he speaks braw brave words—I'll warrant him a soldier gude—a perfect flying dragon."

The two Americans looked at each other and smiled. —"We have this French warrior here," said Silas; "he captivated Congress by his martial speeches, and they indulged him with the liberty of throwing against the English bayonets some seven hundred of his skipping countrymen. The experiment sobered them."—Paul laid his hand on that of the American, and then pointed down the river, which flowed broad and deep in the moonlight behind them.—"What is this?" exclaimed Silas,—"an armed ship, by the thirteen stars! with the flag of England flying. We must ask shelter from the greenwood-bough."—They turned their bridles, and concealed themselves beneath a clump of massy trees, which had sheltered under their ample boughs the first Christian discoverers of the country. A sloop of twelve guns, filled with armed men, sailed silently past, and was soon lost among the thick woods which clothed the winding banks of the river.

"Follow me," said George the guide. They rode to the river-bank; he took a silver whistle from his pocket, and at the second call, a group of Indians started from the wood, bearing two canoes on their shoulders. The frail transports were in a moment tottering

on the bosom of the stream; each man seized his horse by the bridle, stept into a canoe, and away they darted to the opposite bank, with the animals swimming beside them. They all landed in safety, rubbed their horses carefully down, and pursued their journey, directing their course towards a range of woodland hills which swelled suddenly up from the vast plains, through the centre of which the river winded. The improving hand of man was not visible in the land,—it seemed a pastoral district. The ground had never been severed by the ploughshare, nor the primitive trees profaned by the axe.

CHAPTER V.

I'll show
An art that thou wilt gladly know,
How thou mayest safely quell a foe.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

As Paul and his companions hastened on their way, they saw and heard enough to assure them that armed men and enemies were rife in those parts. The sound of a solitary trumpet interrupted at times the stillness of the night, and the roll of a distant drum and the discharge of a musket maintained to their ears the presence of an army; while long and wavering lines of smoke showed, to the practised eyes of the two Americans, the various positions where soldiers bivouacked round their watch-fires. Now and then, from under the greenwood-tree, the plumed savage was seen gliding warily along,—his thoughts on blood, and intent on spoil, when it could be purchased with safety. The glades of the forest were dinted by the feet of war-horses, and rutted by the wheels of the artillery; and here and there lay the bodies of Britons or Americans, pierced with shot, or cut down by the sabre,—

active war had recently been there, and every tree and hillock had been contested. They quitted this ominous track, dived more deeply into the desert, made their way through many a winding glade, and, emerging a little after midnight from the thick wilderness, ascended to the summit of an abrupt green hill which commanded an extensive view over the country.

The hill on which Paul and the Americans stood was lofty, and the valley below broad and deep, with clumps of flowering shrubs and trees scattered about its bosom and sides, while over the whole the moon threw a clear and uninterrupted light. A sound like the hum of a moving mass of men came to their ears, —then they heard the jingling of bridle-reins and the creaking of cannon-wheels,—sounds which announced the approach of an army. They fastened their horses to the neighbouring trees, and, hastening to a rocky pinnacle which commanded the valley to the extent of a mile, looked down, and beheld, not without awe, the slow, silent, and stately march of the whole British army.

First, the Indian guides, armed with bows and arrows—with light feet, anxious ears, and suspicious eyes, explored the way, examining every rock, and bush; their swart faces and plumed head-pieces distinguishing them from the regular troops. Next followed the Canadian riflemen, their guns in their hands, their swords screwed to the muzzles, prepared at every step for an attack from a fierce and wily enemy. The British infantry succeeded, close and compact,—they moved as one man, expanding or contracting their front according to the ground, with the ease and composure of veterans. A grove of bayonets projected upwards, the moon dancing like a thousand lightnings from point to point. Close behind them followed the artillery,—four-wheeled, heavy and cumbrous,—a smoke arose from the labouring horses like the steam of a meadow in the morning sun. The cavalry brought up the rear; their brazen helmets, their spurred boots, their burnished carbines, polished pistols, and sharp ground swords, glittered from side to side of the valley. In

all, they numbered fifteen thousand strong, picked men, and led by officers of experience and bravery.

Paul and the Americans gazed eagerly upon this martial stream, now pouring through the valley. "Silas," said George, "on an open plain, with a prudent leader, these men would be invincible; the steadiness of their fire naught could withstand, and their close compact charges our imperfect discipline could not endure. But here their military knowledge begets fool-hardiness; they go to battle as if to an assured victory; but they go against an invisible foe. They will be cut off as with a poisoned breeze, and their valour shall be all in vain. I grieve for the fiery and generous youth of Britain."—"I am sorry too," said Silas, "for this unhappy war. England has neither sent her heart nor strength against us; her counsellors are divided, her warriors unwilling, the war languishes, the soldier is loth to begin the battle, and desirous to end it."—"Ay, but," said Macgubb, "when the merry mounseers come pouring in, you will see another sight. England will blaze out like a new-fanned fire. With her fleets she will clear the seas, with her armies she will keep the land, and Congress may sit and make bawbee whistles, or laws that will be less useful and as little heeded."

"Those British people are noble in nature," said George; "their sense of liberty and their affection for their free constitution have made their history like a romance, with deeds of generosity and heroism. The American people share in these high feelings as they do in blood, and the fame of the little island is as dear to them as their own. I believe, however, that a sepation will be beneficial to both. We are come of an austere and devout race, who took refuge here from the persecutions of the Stuarts, and who, banished for freedom of conscience, taught their children to love liberty with their whole heart and soul. A profligate king, a court of gamblers and harlots, drove out of England her wisest and her worthiest. The old republican spirit came to our new world, and here has it remained. Our land has been blessed too long with the feeling of

freedom to endure such bondage as England proposes. Our Congress has hitherto been characterized by a temperate desire of freedom, by a sedate love of independence; but we have many amongst us who are more than half intoxicated with the overflowing cup of liberty. They pursue the war with rancour,—they refuse all offers of accommodation,—they look on England as a harsh task-master, whose bonds they have a right to break, and whose ignominious stripes they are ordained to repay."

Paul, who had little calmness of nature, wondered how the two Americans, while they looked on the moving army of their enemies, could converse with such composure. "That long line of armed men," he said, "moves not along that valley to enjoy the dewy freshness of this sweet evening. Some secret purpose puts them in motion;—see with what caution their vanguard goes, how circumspectly they bring up their rear, and with what perfect ease and discipline they pursue their way. In this neighbourhood must the American army be, else the islanders would not march in a way so close and laborious. Washington is too vigilant to be surprised, and too cautious to lead his raw troops to attack these veterans when they issue from this defile, and form upon the plain, and if he throws not twenty thousand of his warriors against that long array before the morning light, I shall deem him no prudent leader. For see,—the river makes a bold sweep away before us,—that army, freed from the difficulties of the valley, and uniting itself again with the river-side, will obtain aid from the cannon of yon little armed sloop, and the Americans will be over-matched."

"Friend Paul," said Silas, "before sunrise you will have the opportunity of comparing a battle under the greenwood-tree with one fought upon deck. But the sloop of war shall be cared for,—her fire, uniting with that of the British army, may give us some trouble, and hurt the character of George Washington for prudence and skill." Without farther speech they remounted their horses, dived once more into the green

wilderness, and renewed their journey parallel with the river-bank.

Morning was at hand, when leaving the wild forest; they entered a long and narrow valley, knee-deep of grass and flowers, and bordered on each side with ramparts of trees and shrubs, which were covered so thickly from the very ground to the height of a hundred feet in the air with leaves and blossoms that they seemed a wall. This retired and lonely place was in the full glow of summer beauty,—flowering shrubs of all hues and of every odour trailed their blossoms along the ground, or climbed into the air by aid of the silver birch and the quivering aspen, and adorned them from top to root with beauties to which their own barren natures had made them strangers. Berries clustering, glowing like scarlet and drop-ripe, studded all the under bushes, whilst here and there the natural fruit-trees of the soil rose covered with their various fruits,—some ripe, some green,—presenting an immediate feast to innumerable birds roosting on the boughs, and a promise of more. The brown squirrels clung motionless to the branches,—the wild turkey sat on the highest pines, and, by its inaccessible roost, showed its fear of man,—the wary lynx glanced cautiously from the thickets,—the star-eyed panther uttered its wild cry, and hid itself in the forest from the face and arms of man,—and a herd of wild deer started from their lairs, gazed for a moment on the four riders, then rushed down a narrow glade, and sought the solitude of the distant plains.

"We are in the right path, Silas," said the other guide, stooping down from his saddle and looking earnnestly on the ground; "not a foot has been here, save that of the panther or the elk. Let us dismount from our weary horses, refresh ourselves, and then continue our journey. Even moments are precious now; for the enemy are close behind us, and we shall not do more than gain a place of shelter and safety." He dismounted as he spoke, and allowed his horse to run free in the valley. Paul also leaped down, when Mac-

gubb coming to his side, said,—"See! we are marked out for rifle practice!—we are in an Indian ambush." As he spoke, a rustling was heard among the forest-boughs, and six savage warriors came hastily forward, leading four fresh horses by the bridles, which they presented to the American guides with many a bow; then seizing their wearied horses, led them into the woods and disappeared. At each saddle was slung a small basket with food and a gourd filled with water. The travellers mounted, tasted the food, moistened their lips from the gourds, and proceeded.

"Though those warriors were in every respect barbarians," said Paul, "I could see that the blood of Europe was mingled with that of the savage in their veins. Their long rifles, their short swords, their small sharp war-axes, their head-gear filled with feathers from the eagle, and their short kirtles, ornamented with the glossy quills of the porcupine, give them a martial outside. Do they acquit themselves well in war?"—"You have seen," said Silas, "the first fruits of the commerce between barbarism and civilization. Those men have, from their Indian mothers, all the daring ferocity of the savage, and from their European fathers all the cunning and subtilty of their nature, without any of the virtues of either. Their thirst for blood, blood can only quench:—like the sleuth-hound of your native land, their career can only be stopt by human sacrifice. They are deadly enemies and deceitful friends."

"And yet," said Paul, "they did an act of seasonable kindness just now."—"There are reasons for every thing," said Silas, "and for that good deed too. They come as the vultures come, to gather the fruits of battle,—to them it matters not who lose or win,—the death-pang which yields them the best booty is the most welcome. They rifle the dead, and wrestle with the dying for their gold and their watches; nor have they the sense or the knowledge to use the lucre they covet. They sit aloof, and watch with the birds of carnage till the battle has ceased, and then they descend

to dispute the spoil with the panther and the cormorant. Here come savages of a better nature."

As Silas spoke, a dozen wild Indians, with long war-spears in their hands, bows and arrows at their backs, and tomahawks in their girdles, advanced to meet them. Paul was struck with the slim but elegant symmetry of their forms, and the grace and freedom of their movements. The chief of this little band placed himself with his friends in the way, and when George and Silas approached he held out for their acceptance two small baskets of dyed willow, containing some slices of the dried flesh of the elk, a cake of Indian corn, mingled with the bruised kernels of an aromatic nut, a few wild fruits, preserved from the preceding year by an art which resembled embalming, and a small bottle containing liquor extracted from honey, of a sweeter and wilder taste than our ancient bregwort. Paul observed that the present to George was the richest, and that the chief, though he spoke not a word, looked with awe on the silent and dignified American. When these presents were accepted, the Indian leader brandished his war-lance, held his hand down the valley, and said,—

"A black cloud is come, the morning sky is overcast,—in the paths of peace there are foot-marks of gore, and the streams of my native land are dyed with blood. A false bird sung a deluding song on my river-bank, and of two hundred warriors who drew the unerring shaft threescore only follow their chief. But grass shall never grow again on the war-path,—the sharp hatchet shall no more lie hid,—with the Long Knives, and with thee, George our father, shall my lance ever smite and my shafts ever fly." He ceased, brandished his war-spear, sunk it a yard deep in the ground at his feet, and stood mute and without motion, his heroic face animated with a determination to do or die.

"Brave chief," said George, "your words are as wise as your actions are courageous. The war-axe which you wield is sharp, and among all the sons of

the desert your shafts are the surest. The cloud is indeed come, and should it remain on the land, you would not see to spread the blanket for your tribe. But the sun is arising to chase the cloud away, and the deer of the desert, the elk of the hill, the buffalo of the plains, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, shall be yours now and for ever." The Indian warrior bowed, —snatched his war-spear from the ground,—retired into his native woods,—and Paul and his companions proceeded on their way.

The valley expanded as they advanced,—the hills which walled it in sunk gradually down to a gentle elevation,—and the trees, rooting deeply in the fertile alluvial soil, rose high in the air, while through among their lofty and taper shafts Paul caught an occasional glance of the broad and deep river, on the bosom of which the first light of the morning was already dancing. Over the ground whereon they walked a large body of men seemed lately to have marched,—the grass was newly bruised, the flowers lately crushed, and the blossomed shrubs, which trailed their fragrant tendrils on the grass, had been despoiled of their loads of dew by the hasty feet of men. The two Americans examined with anxious eyes the woods on each side as they rode forward; nor did they say a word or slacken a bridle till they reached a lofty rock, which seemed intended by nature to shut up the gorge of the valley. This remarkable rock extended nearly from side to side of the vale,—its sides were covered with flowers and shrubs,—its bare and barren top rose over the loftiest trees,—and a solitary black eagle, seated on its summit, rose, shook the dew from its wings, and welcomed the brightening day.

George and Silas turned round on their saddles, and looked for a minute's space and more on the narrow vale through which they had passed. "I am satisfied," said the former, "with thy disposition, Silas, and its excellence will soon be proved." A shot in the extremity of the valley was followed by the rapid discharge of musketry; and the doubling roll of the drum echoed far and wide. The sun was not yet up; but the pure

dewy air, and the silvery light which heralds the golden splendour of the luminary, rendered every object distinct. Paul looked to the vale, then to the rock, and springing from his horse, he winged his way to the summit of the rock like a bird of the air, and gazed with the sun, which now glowed like fire on the pine-tree tops, on the valley which lay at his feet. There he beheld the rapid advance of the British army,—their muskets and swords glancing in the light,—their colours floating overhead ; and on each side he observed the woods pouring out the scattered fires of the American riflemen on the close and advancing columns. Paul looked to the other side of the rock,—there he beheld another valley, more beautiful than the one he had passed,—the extremity was commanded by a lofty fort, on which the British colours flew ; around it he saw the lines of the besiegers' entrenchments, and rows of cannon ; while, rocking securely in a bend of the stream, a British sloop of war lay with her side to the bank, commanding, where the grove terminated, the upper valley.

Paul descended, mounted his horse, and addressed his guides :—" The enemies of America are in the toils, and unless they can cut their way to the beleaguered fort, defeat and captivity await them. This they will attempt, and, what is more, this they will do, unless yon armed sloop can be silenced ; her fire will cover their advance, protect their rear, and cut the army of Washington in two as it assails them. O! for a sloop and fifty good mariners!"—" Be patient, Commodore Paul Jones," said George ; " a ship will not be needed. The British columns will be diminished, and the saddles of their chivalry emptied, ere they gain the head of the valley. In the best blood of the island the hawk will soon wet its yellow feet and the wolf refresh itself."

The trumpet-sound was now added to that of the drum, and the British appeared in rapid advance, directing, right and left, close and heavy volleys of musketry against the woods. From the woods was returned the steady and continued fire of thousands of invisible rifles, and every step of the English was marked

by the dead or the dying. Over every tree and every bush the smoke of the rifles ascended, and from the Indian bows came showers of envenomed shafts; while high abovehead the ravens and cormorants sailed clamorous amid the eddying smoke, anxious to stoop to the feast.

The steady discipline of England wavered not for a moment under a fire, which quenched the life of many a gallant gentleman and soldier. An attack of this kind had been foreseen, and, as far as human prudence could go, had been provided against. In a moment the columns opened, and six field-pieces rushed forward, directing, right and left, a close and incessant hail of pound-weight bullets upon the bushes and woods. The boughs were mowed down like grass; the fire of the enemy was lessened, while a chosen band of Canadian marksmen rushed boldly into the woods, and shot and groan gave token of a fierce contest. During this short respite, the main army moved rapidly onward. Another kind of warfare awaited them.

To the aid of America, France sent her money and her men, and two thousand of her soldiers were intrusted on this memorable day with the defence of the lower valley. They were led by the youthful La Fayette, who inherited all the vanity, all the valour, and more than the wisdom of his country. Ten pieces of cannon, which crowned a breast-work of turf, and were masked by some low bushes which straggled half across the valley, stood ready to open upon the English vanguard. Behind them the auxiliaries lay upon their faces, in imitation of the more wily Americans; but they lay muttering all manner of military imprecations against the unchivalrous policy of Washington and La Fayette, for presuming to treat the noble warriors of France like savages of the desert. The moment that the English advanced, the auxiliaries resolved to assert the dignity of their nation, and, springing to their feet with a loud shout, formed in a moment, extended themselves to the front of the enemy, and opened a quick and severe fire from musket and cannon.

"Now, my lads," said one of the British leaders,

"here is work which you love. Not one drop of your mother's blood will ye spill in mowing these fellows down like ripe grass. Spare flint and use steel, for they are Frenchmen." Without saying a word, but with a smile of martial delight, the English rushed forward; nor did the French perceive them, so thick was the smoke of their incessant volleys, till the sharp line of levelled steel gleamed through the vapour within lance's-length of their bosoms. There is a French proverb which refuses to the British the knowledge when they are conquered; nothing can be more accurate,—they fight against any odds,—when stricken, they strike again, though death or captivity is certain,—they fight the fight of despair, and gain the most glorious victories in the most desperate circumstances. To make a bridge of gold to a flying enemy is an ancient precept, which pays a wise respect to despair; but the French never profited by the terrible lessons which the English had read them to avoid a contest, when the island-blood was chafed, and the inspiration of anger and despair had kindled it up. Though trained to arms, and animated by the presence of La Fayette, the French were daunted by this fierce charge; they opposed, indeed, their bayonets to those of England, but it was a defensive movement only; for no sooner did the steel prongs cross, than they wavered and broke, and sought refuge in the woods, leaving many good soldiers on the grass. A close shower from carbine and rifle, which the Americans threw upon the victors, saved their friends from total destruction, but retarded little the progress of the army. The infantry and cavalry, accompanied by the cannon, hastened along the valley, and were already within a short gunshot of the rock where Paul and the American guides sat on horseback.

"That vain Frenchman," said Silas, "has been the ruin of many a pretty man; had he kept under cover, and let loose as he lay his artillery and musketry, he would have maimed that great red dragon which comes as if borne on wings to eat us all up. We must see what defence can be made in the upper valley, the lower seems lost."—"Lost! Silas, my friend!—no, not

lost!" answered George; "there are numbers enough left, directed by skill and coolness, to bruise this red dragon of thine. Let us hasten and see the defences of the upper valley: these islanders fight fiercely and well."

They passed the rock, and entered the vale where the beleaguered fortress stood. War had walked with a visible foot before them; the tracks of cannon-wheels and the dintings of cavalry-hoofs had reddened the ground, and ramparts of timber and turf, glittering with muskets, bristling with spears, and waving with warriors' plumes, extended into the valley, so as to intersect and command it. At its extremity, the flag of England was flying on a fortress which commanded at once the river and the road to the interior; the battlements and batteries were filled with people; while, girdling it three parts about with cannon and rifles, four thousand picked warriors lay, awaiting the signal to renew the attack. To save this inconsiderable tower, England was exerting much of her might, and to reduce it, America sent her wisest and her bravest warriors.

Paul and his two American friends rode hastily forward. The strife of the two armies waxed loud and louder behind them; against all opposition the English forced their way, foot and horse, and, passing the rock which stood like a sentinel between the two vales, formed rapidly into squares, and began to advance. George turned his bridle about, and looked anxiously upon the enemy; he saw, by the diminished space which they occupied, that the slaughter had been considerable; but he also saw that their national spirit was up, and they would win the day or die. His face glowed, his eye sparkled, and, unbuckling a horseman's cloak, drawing his sword, leaping from his horse, and springing upon a rampart of felled timber, behind which part of the army lay as still as new-cut corn, he exclaimed, "Americans, behold your enemies!" Thousands of warriors started up as one man, and the shout of "Washington! Washington!" rung along the vale. The vale, at the well-known name, revealed all its

strength. The greenwood-bough, which seemed the retreat of the fawn and the squirrel, in a moment glittered with projected rifles; from amongst the flowering shrubs and the leafy bushes waved many a plumed hat and rose many a shout, and the woods answered with a yell of joy through all their savage tribes. The English heard the shout, and saw the glen glancing on all sides with armed men, yet they were not dismayed; but, placing some picked men upon the rock and in the woods to keep La Fayette from falling upon their rear, they began to advance.

"Americans," said Washington, "be prudent, be patient, and this battle shall be yours: keep the wood, and the wood will keep you: let your balls, not your bayonets, find the bosoms of the enemy. Remember that your foes are mercenaries, whose only home is the battle-field, and whose whole fortune is the paltry price at which their blood is purchased. But you have hearths, homes, fields, fathers, mothers, wives, and loves, to inspire you and make you invincible. To me your country has intrusted you. I watch over you as children,—your blood is as dear to me as mine own, and I shall be loth to shed one drop of it, if freedom will come without such a sacrifice." These words, repeated from post to post, and from ambush to ambush, with a grave cheerfulness, were welcomed by the soldiers with looks full of gladness and resolution, and the advance of the English was wished for by many and dreaded by none.

Secured from an attack on their rear, the English army now poured forward, and the battle began at once. The close fire of the Americans checked the progress of their enemies for a time. Their advance was slow, and the ground was covered with their dead. Though the republicans were shielded by entrenchments, and sheltered by trees, their loss was great; for the English artillery threw a constant storm of round and grape upon their positions, and such was the precision of the volleys from the advancing columns, that whoever raised his head over the parapet, or showed his face from the wood, sank to rise no more. Three

of the entrenchments mounted with cannon, and guarded by picked men, were stormed by the English in succession, and they had reached the centre of the valley in spite of the desperate and well-directed enthusiasm of the Americans, who fought under the eye of a general who had often led them to victory.

"General," said Paul, bowing as he spoke, "few words suit the moment of battle. Where that river forms the bend, between you and yon tower, place a battery of cannon. There is a sloop of war behind these pines, which will speedily drop her anchor there, and become a dangerous neighbour. Shall I do this little service for you?—half a dozen cannon will do." —"Abide with me, Sir," said Washington; "yon sloop can give me no annoyance,—my position is too strong to be stormed, without spilling as much blood as would turn a mill in the valley. I must not expose the life of our only mariner, where a landsman may serve my need. Abide, and see a victory won on land —it cannot be long in obtaining."—"Well," replied Paul, touched by something of a sarcastic coolness, which he imagined he perceived in the manner of the General; "well, we shall see. The sloop begins to move, and, if the tide of battle roll near her stance, she will cut a passage through your army with half a dozen broadsides. Those flowering shrubs and bushes will form no protection against such a storm of iron as she will hurl against you."—"Such frail shelter has saved me often, my friend," said Washington,—"so be patient. That sloop, believe me, is but a painted holiday thing, and will give us no annoyance."—"General Washington," said Paul, "the ships of the English nation are like floating palaces for beauty; when they have their sails set, and their streamers on, there is nothing so lovely to be seen on the waters. But they are not more beautiful than they are terrible,—that painted thing will give you a sharp admonition; see, she is moving."

Washington turned silently away: his army required his presence of mind and all the resources of his genius. He had prepared himself for all that had yet befallen,

and he beheld the advance of the English with solicitude, but not with alarm. He thought that their ardour was sobered by two hours' fighting, and he proceeded to become the assailant in his turn. La Fayette was ordered to desist from his fruitless attempt on the English rear, to hasten through the woods and assail them in flank; while Washington himself, at the head of the reserve of three thousand veterans, aided by two regiments of mounted riflemen, should resist them in front. These arrangements were the work of a few minutes,—the Kentucky riflemen suddenly emerged on horseback from the forest-glades,—the reserve rose from the ground and formed in a moment,—and between them and their besieged fort the English beheld a fresh army arise as if they had been evoked from the earth.

This martial vision was welcomed by the English with a general shout. Weary of contending with an invisible foe, they were glad to behold an enemy face to face, and advanced without hesitation through a shower of shot to decide the contest with the bayonet. But the Americans, adopting something like Parthian warfare, retired as the other advanced, taking deliberate aim at the solid masses of infantry, and keeping the cavalry in check by the terror of their volleys. Washington knew, and the English felt, that this murderous contest could not long continue. A new enemy appeared, and sought to decide the fate of the day.

The English sloop of war stood suddenly in to the bend of the river,—moored herself close to the shore,—moved most of her guns to one side, and opened a fire so close and destructive upon the right of the American army, that for the space of twice her length she left not a soul living to point a cannon or load a rifle. Macgubb came suddenly to Paul's side; "Now, man," he said, "I could show you how to take the sting out of that water-wasp of a spitfire thing,—only it would be owre kind a deed to do for that damned dour American. I have found a noble raft,—sax good carronades are all planted right,—with the sough of your name I gathered together some sixty handy chaps with rifle and cutlass." Paul, ere the Galwegian had

done speaking, drew his sword, threaded the woods like an Indian, and soon stood beside a raft which, constructed for river-traffic, had been seized by Macgubb, and converted into a floating battery, in spite of all the remonstrances and entreaties of the owner, who sat on one of the guns with hands folded and looks resigned. Paul's face brightened as he beheld this rude, but ready engine of annoyance, and the Galwegian exclaimed, "Is nae this a handy thing now with its six cannon—carronades I should call them—only it's hard that a kindly Scotchman's invention should be used to his country's harm?—and these are resolute blades too, and want only wise heads like ours to guide them under the bows of that water-spirit of a sloop. Ye ken the rest,—fire the cannon,—draw the cutlass,—cock the pistol,—spring on deck,—down goes the colours,—up goes the anchor, and then we have a battery of our ain, and need nae care a bodle for Washington and his men of Massachusetts."

Paul sprang into the raft, and said,—"Cut the ropes, my lads, let us drop speedily down the river,—fear neither sword nor shot,—fire not till the enemy fires on you, and that cannot be till we double that little headland of brushwood and pines within pistol-shot of their bows. Do this boldly, and your country will bless you while you live, for her army is hard bested." The owner of the raft sat quietly with a rifle in his hand, and an enormous wooden hat overshadowing his shoulders. He looked in Paul's face, and said,—"Friend, who art thou? This little raft is mine—these men of blood and wrong have thrown my merchandise into the river, and made it into a battery; and, lo! thou art come with thy do this and do that.—Friend, my raft moves for no man's order, save that of George Washington. Yea is the word."—"And for George Washington I shall use it," said Paul composedly;—"he stands in extreme peril,—that armed sloop is cutting a way among his men, that the English army may march through.—That's right, my lads!—keep close to the bank,—drop quietly down, and the mo-

ment we double the pines, fire with good sure aim;—I shall show you the way and head you."

"And who art thou, friend?" said the owner of the raft, when he found it moving with no good-will of his,—"thou hast a name surely?—thou hast a Scottish tongue, and in no Scot doth George Washington put trust."—"Friend timberscconce," said Macgubb, preparing the carronades and laying the boarding-pikes in order as he spoke, "may an English bullet dish these calves' brains of thine into that wooden trencher! In no Scot doth George Washington put trust, said'st thou? Thou art an infidel, and no good Christian. He trusts Paul Jones here, as gude a Scot as ever passed the Mull,—the right-hand man of Louis Bourbon, of La Fayette, and Benjamin Franklin; and he trusts me too, Robin Macgubb of Galloway, wha is neither king, counsellor, nor captain, but as gude a fellow as ony of a' the three."—"Go on, friend,—go on," said the American merchant;—"thou hast named a good name;—go on, and mayest thou conquer yon fierce war-sloop, and save the blood of America. Go on, friend; and, hearest thou? I am a man of peace, and this rifle is made for the wild beasts of the forest, so I may not use it against man; but thou hast a homicidal look,—take it an thou beest hard bested,—it is an unerring weapon among panthers and wolves."

So intent were the British mariners upon the movements of the American army, that they were not aware of the approach of the little raft and its band of adventurers, till, passing the headland, and wafted rapidly by the current, it presented itself within pistol-shot of their bows. With characteristic promptitude, the British seamen turned a couple of heavy carronades, loaded with grape-shot, upon their new enemy, and threw a galling fire of musketry among them. The carronades and rifles in both raft and sloop flashed at once, and Paul's little band was diminished by several killed and wounded. A ball struck the owner of the raft on the shoulder,—he sat down, and fixed his eyes on the enemy,—his long rifle fell at his feet,—his broad hat

dropt into the river,—and, as the light of life began to fly from his face, he murmured,—"Paul, I advise no bloodshed, but lower the breech of that destroying-engine an thou wantest to hit them."

The American raft glided under the sloop's bows, and, by the activity of Paul and his mariners, was fastened to the enemy. The carronades poured a heavy discharge into her most vulnerable part,—thirty practised riflemen swept her deck;—her mariners did all that brave men could do to shake off this deadly enemy, but every effort was vain. The contest lasted a few minutes,—many were killed and wounded on both sides, but it was not till the captain of the sloop and his first lieutenant fell that Paul stood conqueror on the British deck.

This victory was not achieved a moment too soon. The obstinate bravery of the British soldiers, and the well-timed co-operation of the armed sloop, began to be visible upon the American army. Their right wing on the river-bank was cut in pieces, the centre began to yield to the bayonets of the grenadiers, and the British, following up their success, occupied the very ground which the other filled when the sloop's broadsides turned for a time the fortune of the day. Though the vessel was captured, Paul still allowed her colours to float;—he moored her closer to the river-bank,—planted several weighty carronades upon her side and deck,—and in a moment directed a rapid and destructive discharge upon the left of the English. So true was the aim, and so thick flew the shot, that the soldiers fell in ranks as they stood, and the remainder recoiled and gave ground. Washington found a moment, in the midst of this long and desperate contest, to fix his glass on the sloop;—there the colours of England flew, but there Paul and his men fought;—his eye brightened as he said aloud,—"You may as well try to keep the sun from shining as true genius from distinguishing itself."

When the British commander ordered the co-operation of the sloop, he at the same time despatched an officer of great bravery, who had lately joined him as

a volunteer, with orders to penetrate through the open woods on the left of the American position, and fall upon them with a regiment of horse at the same moment that the attack of the army and the sloop-of-war commenced. This detachment, animated by their leader, surmounted many obstacles in their march; and, emerging at last from the woods, formed in a moment, and looked on the scene before them, with their swords in their hands and their spurs at their horses' sides.—"For a thousand years, gentlemen," said their leader, "my name has been with the foremost in battle,—and as my fathers fought, so shall I. Think that we are Britons of pure descent, and that death stands next in honour to victory—follow me."

The mounted warriors of Kentucky had that day the honour and the misfortune to brave the first charge of this detachment. The moment that the thunder of the British horse was heard, and a torrent of shining steel was seen descending to the charge, the Americans drew their bridles,—presented their rifles,—and fifty horses with empty saddles ran wildly over the plain. But, ere they could load again, the enemy rushed upon them,—the Island horse, the Island discipline, and the Island strength, were more than a match for the warriors of the States, and a wide way was cut through their line at the first charge. Their ranks closed in a moment, like water severed by the keel of a passing ship,—they levelled their rifles, and the saddles of the English were rapidly emptying.

"Come, my lads!" exclaimed the British leader, unclasping his mantle and waving his sword, "let us go through these marksmen again,—their fire is severe." A thousand heads stooped forward at once, and their swords, presented in one sharp and level line, glanced like lightning as the riders precipitated themselves on the warriors of the States. Amidst all his men the English leader was distinguished by the splendour of his dress, by the glittering of his head-piece, and the waving of his snow-white plume. Nor was he less distinguished by his deeds than his dress. His noble face, his eye of fire, his elegant and stalwert

frame, his skill in horsemanship, his dexterous use of the sword, and his forward and dauntless spirit, marked out the soldier. Through the bosoms of five intrepid Americans he plunged his sword in his second career; and, wheeling his horse to renew the charge, he thus addressed an officer who rode on his left hand:—

"Tom Halliday, this is hot work; let us dash through them once more. But, now I think on it, what brings thee here man? 'A learned leech,' old Homer says, 'is worth three warriors,'—your post is where the wounded are, my stout borderer."—"Lord Dalveen," said the other, passing a bloody hand over his glowing brow, "you are right,—I forgot myself,—my blood got up whenever I saw you wave your sword, and cry, Come on."—"Give me thy hand, Halliday," said the young nobleman; "thou art a warrior from head to heel,—come, spur again, and let us teach these musketeers the Lockerby-lick." The blood of Dalveen was now up,—he spurred into the thickest of the battle, shouting the war-cry of his warlike name,—and the mounted riflemen were cut down or scattered over the field. But his valour came too late; his commander, repulsed in his advance by the broadsides of the sloop and the valour of Washington, had commenced his retreat down the valley; and the rash bravery of the young nobleman only augmented the number of victims, and sacrificed human blood in vain. His followers were swept away by the repeated volleys of grape-shot and musketry; yet so fierce and eager was he, that he was insensible of his loss or his danger till he found himself, with a score of the bravest of his men, at the edge of the wood where he had begun his career.

He stood up in his stirrups, surveyed the field of battle for a moment, and said with a smile,—"We have only to capture that sloop, storm these entrenchments, and defeat George Washington, to gain a great victory. Over that plain we cannot go for the enemy; let us therefore seek shelter from the good greenwood." And, spurring his horse as he spoke, he vanished with his followers among the shafts of the trees. He had

advanced but a little way, when a score of rifles flashed at once;—his men were shot, cut down, wounded, or dispersed, and his own horse, pierced through the brain, fell lifeless under him. Before he could spring to his feet, one of the Half-blood warriors of the desert leapt upon him and wounded him slightly with his sword.—Dalveen, incensed at being foiled by a savage, rushed upon him;—blows were hastily exchanged, when the American, holding up his sword, and gazing in his antagonist's face, uttered a wild cry, and darted away at full speed into the forest. Dalveen stood for a moment,—the look of the savage-warrior recalled images of other things to his mind than the death-shout and the battle-field,—and exclaiming, "'Tis him, by heaven!" he rushed into the wild wood after him, and the contest for empire between Britain and America was no longer present to his fancy.

CHAPTER VI.

I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
And wild in woods the noble savage ran.
DRYDEN.

WHEN the British commenced their retreat, the American general, pursuing his plans of prudence and circumspection by which he finally established the freedom of his native country, contented himself with hanging for some time on their disordered rear, more with the wish of seeing them seek a distant resting-place than with the hope of capturing them. The fort surrendered,—the garrison, wasted by war and hardship, followed slowly and unarmed after the baffled army,—and General Washington, seating himself upon his military cloak on the ground, laid his hat at his feet, his sword by his side, put his hand reverently to his brow,

and asked a blessing over a cake of Indian corn and a cup of water. His chief officers sat apart, and, within a lance's length, two Indian chieftains leaned upon their war-spears as composed and motionless as stones of the desert, gazing upon the American commander, and ranking him with the heroes of their tribes, with Tamanend and Taduskend, the demigods of the Delawares.

Paul, leaving the charge of the captured vessel to Macgubb, came ashore and stood before Washington, who looked up and said,—"Commodore Paul Jones, I thank you for the good service you have rendered the cause of freedom;—it was a deed promptly and gallantly done,—there is my hand,—here is a corner of my cloak, a piece of my cake, and a drink of water,—a ration not always found in our deserts;—when we have tasted such food as fortune has sent us, we will have patience for speech." Paul seated himself beside the illustrious American, and partook of his refreshment in silence. The officers and soldiers gathered round, and at a respectful distance contemplated those two remarkable men,—the one calm, sagacious, and wise, who trusted to wisdom more than to fortune, and was unmatched in the art of conquering the strong by means of the weak and the undisciplined; while the other was no less famed for his fiery ecstacy of nature, his vehement courage, and daring precipitation.

"There he sits," said an officer from Philadelphia, "who never feared the face nor the arms of man; and yet observe him,—see how meek and composed he is,—a man without the passions of our nature,—the heroic founder of a vast and glorious empire, which will extend over the whole western continent."—"And there sits beside our hero," said a brother officer, "a man made after the old martial republican nature of Greece or England,—one as sudden in his attacks as fire from heaven, and as sure of being resistless,—his deeds are more like magic than like the actions of man."—"It is a pity to see him where he is, for his own sake," said a third officer, "for he has some noble qualities. But gloss the matter over as ye may

with philanthropy, love of liberty, universal citizenship, or any other gilding which may be current for the day, the blackness of the traitor will dim it all. Britain has for ever thrown him from her bosom,—will America ever take him kindly to hers?"—"Speak low, Logan," said a fourth officer; "he hears you, by heaven!"—"He shall hear something worse," said a fifth American;—"what brings the renegade here? Let not the banners of our country shelter the unquiet and discontented children of Britain, who come with their own private animosities, in the hope that we will aid them in wreaking their wrongs. I say now, as I have ever said, we and we alone have a quarrel with the islanders; and the man who curses England, quits it, and aids us in fighting against it, is unworthy of fame—ay of life—though he had the skill of Arnold and the bravery of Paul Jones."

Washington shook the crumbs of his repast from his cloak, looked on Paul, and said in a low serious tone of voice,—"No one feels more warmly your worth and your genius than myself;—your courage, your capacity, and your actions, all claim our admiration and gratitude. It was this feeling which induced Franklin to propose to place the fleet of France under your command; but the Bourbon was embarrassed by the vanity of his nation. Now you are in America; but we are not yet a maritime people,—we are holding a daily contest for existence in the deserts, and our rifles and pick-axes enable us to purchase a bare respite. You have commendations from Louis and Franklin;—our Congress, on reading them, will say that you are a useful servant; but be assured that they cannot use you as they would. In every country there is

"A party race,
"A jostle by dark intrigue for place:"

you will find it in the cabinet of a monarchy and in the noisy halls of the republic. American-born as I am, fortunate in most of my actions, and beloved, as I believe I am, for justice and moderation, I hold command of the army as a child holds a wilful horse, in terror

and with trembling. To restrain the licentious, confirm the wavering, support the weak,—to bring moderation into our councils, and carry our resolutions into effect, require good fortune and talent to unite in accomplishing. That I say these words in the ear of a stranger, is a proof how little I can get my heart safely unburthened, and it also assures that stranger of the sincerity of the counsel I am about to give."

The fiery and intractable spirit of Paul endured with a sad composure and a painful grace the tranquil and severe disclosures of the stern American. He thought that the darkness in which he dipt the present boded little brightness for the future. Washington meanwhile arose, clasped on his war-cloak, examined his pistols, looked at his watch, gave orders for the movement of the army, and, taking Paul by the arm, said, "My counsel, Commodore Paul Jones, is this: Take quietly what fortune sends you till this unhappy war be finished, and America has gained her independence. You cannot well retire from the contest now: but put yourself as seldom in the front as you can,—gain reputation for forbearance, moderation, meekness, and mercy. The blood which I shed in the hour of battle is that of a stranger,—the blood which you spill is that of a brother. You have left your native place in anger,—you have allied yourself with its enemies,—your sword is stained with Scottish blood,—the tongue of America may be with you, but her heart is against you; and the moment her deliverance is achieved she will cast aside many of the weapons by which it was wrought, and the conqueror of the Serapis amongst them. These are plain words, and that flush on your brow tells me that you love them not; but let me finish my counsel."

Paul felt, but would not let himself believe, the bitter truth of these remarks. Washington looked at his men, as they stood before him in marching order, and said to his principal officers,—"March through the woody desert, in preference to the open plain;—when you see an enemy, cast up a trench, form behind trees, throw yourselves on your faces, and fire only when you

are sure of hitting. Touch neither tame beast nor domesticated fowl, and injure no standing corn. Ask for no food, lest your men should seek for it with such a tone of military authority as would bring shame on our army. Be kind to the Indians, just to all, and terrible only to your enemies. I shall ever be with you or near you. You shall eat as I eat, drink as I drink, and rest as I rest. He who is brave, prudent, vigilant, and successful, will be promoted,—he who forgets his country and is disobedient shall be surely punished. Move slowly, and without noise,—those who wish to conquer on our principles must forego the din of the drum and the clamour of the trumpet." All this was said in an even and mild tone, and the whole American army moved onward as silently as a flight of wild-fowl.

"Now, Paul, my friend," said the republican general, "we are alone;—my time is short, and I shall speak plainly. I have supposed, that in this unhappy quarrel you have fought with sorrow, that you have redeemed, in some measure, your conduct to your country by generosity, forbearance, and mercy,—that you have shown the world you fight not for revenge but for freedom,—universal freedom,—the privilege of every man to be free from bondage and oppression. Having achieved this character,—of itself a conquest worthy of ambition,—you must endeavour to seek happiness for yourself and seek to befriend mankind. Listen, my friend: I am the commander of the armies of my native land,—liberator of this vast continent from the thraldom of England, with a power which wants nothing but the jeweller's dross and the robe-maker's ermine to be regal. Now, what will I do? When the sword is sheathed, and the ploughshare is again in the soil, I shall deliver up all my painful honours. I shall bid the heroes of my long campaign farewell, wrap my cloak around me, and, in the cultivation of my ground, and in the charms of domestic retirement, forget that I ever ruled, and that some of my countrymen, who knew not George Washington, believed he wished in his heart to be a king." He paused,—passed his hand, brown with the sun and wind, and hardened by expo-

sure and the use of the sword, over his eyebrows, turned a little from Paul, gathered his cloak closer to his bosom, and thus proceeded :—

"Paul, you may feel from what I say, that I think America is not the land where you will find happiness, or employment worthy of your acceptance. There is a spirit growing among us hostile to hopes like yours, —a spirit of national self-sufficiency,—of unattainable republicanism, which thinks all men of moderation little better than slaves; and which, imitating the Romans or Athenians only in the ferocity of their levelling acts, would humble every one who has an aspiring head, an intrepid heart, and a valiant hand. The Congress has already been moved and agitated about you, —many of its members look upon you with suspicion, —many of them will not understand the principles upon which you have become the enemy of your country,—and many of them accuse you of being stern, overbearing, and cruel. You must therefore prepare yourself for insult, mortification, neglect, and perhaps impeachment. I speak strongly that you may be armed. The Congress is now removed, in consequence of the advance of the enemy, and an audience cannot yet be obtained. Meanwhile, to show you that I have confidence in your head and heart, I wish to employ you on a mission which will require all the tact, civil courage, and national patience you possess." Paul assured the General of his desire to be useful in any capacity in the cause of freedom, and that he was ready to proceed on his mission.

"You know," said Washington, "how fond the youth of Scotland are of adventuring in wild and distant parts; you also know the love they have for one another, and the intense nationality of their natures. Now several days' journey from this place, in an extensive and fertile valley, some hundreds of the martial and enthusiastic men of Scotland have fixed their abode, built themselves a town, a tower, and a church, ploughed their fields, tended their flocks, disciplined themselves in all martial knowledge, and from side to side of this vast continent their fame has flown.

My guide will lead you to the limits of their country; no one is admitted into their valley unchallenged,—proceed, therefore, prudently and wisely,—obtain an audience of their chief leader,—offer them our friendship,—arm them in our cause if you can,—but leave them friends if you fail in stimulating them into action. Remember they are no association of rustics, but a brave, a wise, and a well-informed community. In three battles they broke the strength of the Delawares, they foiled the craft and bravery of the Half-bloods of the desert; and one of our officers, who led against them two hundred select rifles, lost his life in storming a pass which leads to their almost inaccessible country. You will find their leader worthy of your love, and fit to be an example to the wisest,—tell him how much George Washington admires his understanding, that he longs to pay him a visit, not at the head of his army, but with his cloak about him and his staff in his hand. Go, and prosper. There stands your guide, and these are your instructions." They bowed to one another and parted; and Paul, summoning Macgubb to his side, dived dauntlessly into the wilderness; and, unacquainted with fear, and confident in his capacity and good fortune, proceeded on his mission.

Into the same wilderness, near the same spot, but on a more desperate errand, Lord Dalveen had some hours earlier pursued the Indian, his sword in his hand and with looks that seemed eager for blood. The Half-blood warrior was young, active, and fierce, well-armed, and light of foot. He rushed into the woody desert, and directed his flight towards the interior mountains, with the hope that his swiftness and knowledge of the woods would enable him to escape from an enemy of whose prowess he had seen such proofs. But though the wild American nearly rivalled in fleetness one of his native deer, and though he threaded the wilderness with the activity of one of its winged inhabitants, he soon found that his pursuer was endowed with equal lightness of foot, and that his safety lay in the wiles and stratagems of his maternal kindred.

He plunged at once into a thicket of flowering shrubs, threw himself under the expanding leaves of a lofty aloe, and wound his way like a snake, then darted into a slimy pool, over which a canopy of leaf and bloom was wrought so thick, that the rays of the sun could scarcely penetrate to the water. But Lord Dalveen held him still in view, and even gained ground upon him in the race. The deep broad river, along the side of which the late battle was fought, presented itself; into the water the warrior dashed at once, and made his way like a water-fowl; as he rose on the opposite bank, he beheld his enemy arising from the stream a score of paces above him; he shook the water from his body like a dog, and continued his flight. A plain of immense extent lay before him, nibbled short by herds of wild cows; over its verdant expanse he bounded, putting forth all his swiftness, but it was exerted in vain. Lord Dalveen, with his sword in his hand, and his face, from the vehemence of his passion and the violence of his exertions, glowing like a furnace, was not three paces behind him.

Now it happened that a large snake was enjoying itself in the solitude amid the morning sun, and as it rode along in all the splendour of its stripes and spots, lifting its glittering head above its coil, and leaving a trail behind it among the flowers, the unfortunate warrior ran full against it, and, falling in his fright, lay at the mercy of the reptile. It was well for him that his pursuer was near; for just as the serpent stretched its neck to strike, the sword of Lord Dalveen whistled in the air, and the glittering head of the reptile flew to the distance of many feet. The body was knotted up in agony for a moment; it then slowly unwound its folds, and lay at full length, shivering and convulsed. The wild American sprung to his feet, and gazed on the dying monster and on Lord Dalveen, who stood with his sword-point down, smiling at the startled look of his adversary.

"American," said the young nobleman, "my anger is gone, so let us be friends; you have got food in your scrip, spread it forth and let me taste; I have

eaten naught for a day and night; had I not been half-famished, I could have overtaken you before you sought refuge with that worm of the desert." The Half-blood looked on him with eyes of distrust and apprehension. "Come, be seated, my friend," said his Lordship; "sit down beside me, and be satisfied that you cannot run from me; and, unless you desire to fight me, I cannot see that you can do better than let anger and apprehension go."—The warrior unbuckled his sword, threw it from him, spread his little cloak on the grass, sat down, untied his scrip, and placing some Indian bread and dried flesh on the broad green leaf of a gourd which grew beside him, presented it to the young nobleman.

With good-will and ready appetite they both fell upon those viands of the wilderness, and it would have taken a skilful calculator to determine, when they wholly disappeared, who was the fortunate possessor of the largest share. From the same scrip a little bottle of flexible materials was produced, which yielded to each a hearty draught of brandy. As the victuals vanished and the liquor followed, doubt and apprehension left the face of the warrior like a departing cloud, —he held up the empty scrip and laughed.

"Now," said Lord Dalveen, "let us be friends. Yet one word with thee before this treaty be closed. Where is thy comrade who was my guide to the interior when we were surprised by the American ambush? Nay, put not on that look of ignorance, friend savage; I saw thee lay thy cheek to his when this same route was laid down, and the road which led me among the American rifles was partly of thy planning. Ay, thou acknowledgest as much; why, then, there is grace in thee yet. Now, attend, I wish to seek out that little Scottish community beyond the desert,—thou must be my guide,—if faithful, I shall reward thee,—but if thou presumest to play me any of thy Half-blood pranks, thy head shall go from thy body as surely as the head is struck from that reptile. Dost understand me, friend savage?"

"Ay, surely do I," answered the warrior, "and

not the less readily that your speech is like that of my father-land."—"Thy father-land," replied the other, "and do we owe to old Scotland the half of such a barbarian?"—"Indeed do ye, man," answered the warrior; and were we in the right place, I could make the tune of 'The Gordons had the guiding o't,' gather a hundred of old Scotland's Half-blood sons to my side, whose rifles would soon turn the chase on the chaser." As he said this, he drew himself proudly up, shook back from his face a profusion of dark curling hair, and gave a glance around him like that of the panther when he has braved the hunter's spear, and reigns once more the sole monarch of the desert.

"I thought, my friend," said Lord Thomas with a smile, "that your eye had something of the glance of old Scotland about it. Had you been wholly a son of the desert, I should surely have stricken you. But I love the meanest drop of my country's blood, so give me thy nieve, thou Half-blooded Caledonian." The savage sprung to his feet, uttered a wild exclamation of joy, and thrust both his hands into the hand of Dalveen, exclaiming, "My father's tongue! my father's tongue!—it is sweet to hear a voice like that of my blessed father in the desert, and not find it that of a foe. Welcome, O welcome to my wild home and my mother's tribe!" Lord Dalveen, touched by this natural burst of strong regard, returned the grasp of the woodsman with cordiality, and inquired where his dwelling was.

"Dwelling!" exclaimed this free denizen of earth and air, "the earth is my house-floor and the heaven its covering,—would I limit my steps to the narrow confine of a habitation fixed to the ground like the rock or the tree? My breakfast swims in the river, my dinner runs wild in the wilderness, and my supper flies free in the air, and I am lord of all.—My rifle can stay the fleetest elk, and bring the wildest fowl from the cloud,—my hooks and my nets can empty the stream of its tribes,—the panther, and lynx, and wolf give me their skins for a covering,—the fox and the bear yield me bedding,—and what more wants man? Ay, what more can he get but food and raiment?"

"But, my worthy monarch of the desert," said Lord Dalveen, "what could tempt your majesty to leave your royal palaces, regal beds, and sumptuous banquettings, and lend your aid to those unworthy dwellers in houses and devourers of sodden grain, the Americans? A random bullet, or a thrust of my sword, might have interrupted the line of the Half-blood Caledonian princes of the desert, and transferred their sceptre to the vulgar descendant of some seven-breeched burgomaster."—"Me aid the Americans!" exclaimed the savage, with eyes opened wide with wonder, and emitting a faint gleam of anger; "I hate them, I despise them, and accursed be he who snaps a flint and draws a shaft in their cause."—"Then, my cannie friend," said the other, "how came you, whilst you aided the English, to fire upon my soldiers? Your majesty observes alliances with the faith of a Frenchman and the sincerity of a Spaniard."—"The English are my enemies!" exclaimed the Half-blood; "all who come from Europe to build forts in the land of my mother, and seize upon the inheritance of her race, are my enemies. With twenty warriors of my tribe I descended to the plains, and our rifles dealt mutual slaughter among the men of the island and the men of this continent. They are both my enemies—their quarrel is my pleasure—their slaughter my gain—the blood-raven delights not more in their destruction than I."

"Well said, my free king of the desert," said Lord Thomas; "your feelings are fierce, but natural, and your political creed seems an honest one; but by what name shall I call you? for we part not thus."—"I am called Wulik," answered the woodsman, "the adopted name of my father, the meaning whereof is 'The Good;' for he was a good man; he never drew his bow at a beast but it dropt; he never shot at an enemy but he slew him."—"I love your savage name well, Wulik, my friend," replied Lord Dalveen, "so Wulik let it be. But one word more;—when you happen to need me on our way to this said colony of which we spoke, you must call me Thomas Dalveen—in my own country men sometimes add Lord. A Scottish lord

and a desert king have much the same kind of inheritance; their food is on foot or on wing, and their palaces are roofed alike by the blue vault of heaven. It is no new thing in this world, Wulik, for kings to become servants and servants kings. Therefore, good Wulik, thou shalt be my servant,—and with this I hire thee."

Wulik's eye flashed with disdain, his person seemed to expand with pride, and he struck the gold to the ground which Lord Dalveen presented. "Cursed be his name," he exclaimed, "who first called man, master,—and may his lineage rot from the earth who first made man a slave! Thy servant shall I never be; but thy friend I may be. What evil spirit made a freeborn man fly before such a taskmaster and merchant in human flesh as thou art?—"Well, Wulik the Good," said Dalveen, "e'en pick up thy weapon; bethink thee of thy discreetest fence, and let him who fails be bondsman to the other. The laws of thy mother's tribe sanction such disposal of personal property,—what sayest thou?"

The eyes of the savage gleamed so fiercely, that the light which they emitted seemed vivid enough to kindle gunpowder; he snatched up his sword—waved it in the air till it whistled like the wings of a hunting-hawk, and seemed ready to spring like a tiger on his prey. He dropt the point of his weapon—stood for a moment absorbed in thought—threw the sword at his feet, and said, "Lord of Dalveen, I yield; thou shalt be my master, and I shall be thy servant,—be tender, be merciful, and Wulik will be steadfast and true. A rough word will he forgive whenever the kind word follows; but a blow shall be atoned in blood,—a blow looses all bonds between us."—"Nay, Wulik," said the young nobleman, "thou shalt not be servant, but friend; we understand one another; so let us go on our way in search of this little Scottish paradise of which sages speak and poets sing." And they proceeded on their journey.

They had travelled some miles when Wulik said, "In this direction my friends watch the bounding elk and the savage bear. You are not of my blood,—your

home and kindred lie in another airt,—no man comes willingly into our wild domain, and no man comes safely,—a war-spear for the enemy and a poisoned shaft for the spy,—such are the laws of my tribe."—"Brief laws and good, friend Wulik," said Lord Dalveen; "but I shall neither merit the war-spear nor the poisoned arrow of your tribe; for thou knowest I seek out a little colony of Caledonians, who have raised an image of old Scotland amid the American desert. Thou knowest the place well, Wulik."—"Ay, as well as I know that the sun is the source of light," answered the Half-blood; "from this spot, for a light and willing foot, it lies five days' journey,—two days of the dark desert—two days of the plain, the stream, and the swamp—and one day of the steep and woody mountain, and then we behold the land you desire spread out, with its tower and town and flocks, before us."

"To that land then," said Lord Dalveen, "let us go, were it ten days' journey. Knowest thou aught, Wulik, of the names of those who are chief rulers amongst the people?"—"The name of him who founded the colony," said the savage, "was, with the warriors of my mothers' tribe, 'The Rattlesnake;' for he was terrible in war and wise in peace. His wisdom, like the rattle of the reptile, warned his people of coming danger, and his sword, like its sting, struck his enemies, so that they harmed him no more. He is with the Great Spirit, and one of another nature rules in his stead."—"Of another nature?" inquired Lord Dalveen, "how mean you? One neither strong in war nor sagacious in peace?"—"I mean no such thing," answered Wulik; "a ruler who could vanquish my mother's warlike tribe in battle must be deemed brave, and one who could overmatch the prophet-warrior of the Delawares in wisdom cannot but be wise,—I mean of a softer and tenderer nature only."

"Ah!" said Lord Dalveen, "this then is a ruler of another stamp than the Rattlesnake. By what name is he known among the tribes of the desert?"—"By many names this new ruler is known," replied Wulik; "my mother's kindred call him Wulantawogan, or Giv-

er of Grace; for he spared our people from the sword. The Delawares call him Wulisowogan, or the Beautiful; but he is better known by the name of Welsetmanito, or the Good Spirit; and worthy is he of all these names together. I call him Wulopensowogan; for he is a blessing to the children of the wilderness."—"I am desirous to see this extraordinary ruler, Wulik, as thou well knowest; but how shall I know him among his people?"—"Easily," answered Wulik,—"behold." —And, stopping beside a large tree, he drew an arrow from his quiver, and with a steady hand and accurate eye etched a beautiful head on the shining and polished bark. As Lord Dalveen gazed on the elegant outline, the high forehead, the ripe round lips, the beautiful neck, and the clusters of thick descending hair, his colour rose, and he said in an altered voice, "Wulik, this is not a fierce warrior, but a fair woman?"—"She is both a bold warrior and a fair woman," replied the savage; "the great and good spirit has given to her unequalled beauty. Had the good Manito stopt here, he would have made but a woman; but he added discretion, and she became as a goddess. If you seek her land to look on her with eyes of awe and reverence, I go with you; if you go with thoughts of evil, I leave your side, and beware of the envenomed shaft."

Without farther speech they entered the great desert, and struck straight forward into its bosom, admiring as they journeyed on the varied and untrimmed magnificence of nature. Here the trees rose tall, tapering, and polished, without a single bough, to the height of eighty feet, while the multitudes of squirrels on their summits seemed creatures of a region half-way between the earth and sky. There nature had encumbered her loftiest progeny by bequeathing to them the support of the slenderer beauties of the wilderness, which, ascending the tall stems, and throwing their tendrils over the topmost boughs, dropt midway to the ground, filling the whole air with bloom and fragrance. In an open glade towered the blossom of the aloe, bearing a new flower every minute of sunshine, and growing with such rapidity, that the Indians still quote the story

of a chief, whose sight was so exquisitely keen that he could see the bullet as it flew, and the aloe-flower ascending into the air. Nor were there wanting patches of the most beautiful flowers, which flooded the ground with scarlet, and purple, and white—with plots of green-sward, scarcely less beautiful, of nature's freshest, tenderest green, on which the eye loved to rest after being dazzled with the splendours of this glowing natural garden.

From the deep overshadowing woods they now entered upon a boundless plain, where the grass was browned by the summer sun, and over which the wild elk seldom bounded, where the panther never roamed, and over which the wild pigeons unwillingly flew. Lord Dalveen saw, or thought he saw, the dim outlines of the distant mountains, and set his face to the journey with a resolution which Wulik had not expected. "Two days," said the son of the desert, "will suffice to take us over that barren plain; will you go on foot or on horseback?"—"If you can make a steed out of that tree, friend Wulik, even do it; I shall risk the riding of it. The sorcerers of your tribe cannot achieve this; without witchcraft we shall not find a steed, and I really wish that it would do so much for us."—"O speak not thus," said Wulik, growing pale; "the wise men of my tribe can bring rain from the burning sun, fruit from the barren tree, and honey from the wasp and the ant. They can bring sickness to the healthy, and health and strength to the weak and languishing. Even I, the least of all my tribe, seeing that my purity of descent is alloyed by your island-blood, even I can call a couple of steeds from the desert."—"I believe thee, friend," said Lord Dalveen; "but will they come for thy calling?"—"We shall see," replied the savage; and, taking from his belt a small ivory horn, curiously carved after the Indian fashion, he blew it three times. The lonely shrill sound pierced far into the forest. The moment he removed the horn from his lips, he counted onward from one to a hundred, and then he blew his horn shriller than before. "This will be the first time, Wulik," said Dalveen,

"that a blast has been blown which produced steeds ready saddled and bridled."—"Saddled and bridled!" answered the other with a scornful smile; "if I produce the steed, you must find the man who can back it without saddle or bridle over the desert plain, whilst it sends a cloud of smoke from its nostrils and a steam from its flanks. No—my magic can only make living things,—let the sorcerers of civilized regions make horse-furniture, and fringes, and frills for ladies."

"Well, well, Wulik," said Lord Dalveen, "find me a horse, and I shall find him a rider; and, by heaven! here they come,—good, rough, uncombed, unshorn coursers as ever were shod with iron. Is this form which conducts them the work of magic too, or sprung from thine own proper body?—by my faith, a fine youth!" As he spoke, two young horses, unacquainted with curb or spur, their manes flowing and tossing like waves of the sea, and their tails long and uncut, came forth from the wilderness, accompanied by a youth of sixteen with eyes as dark as midnight—a form light and free—the skin of a lynx thrown over his shoulders—a hunting-spear in one hand, and two little baskets filled with flesh, bread, and fruit in the other. "Thou hast done well, Cholentit, son of Alloweelin," said Wulik; "may thy spear give sorrow to thine enemies and pleasure to thy friends;—when thy arrow flies, may blood ever follow,—when thy hatchet descends, may thine enemy fall,—and mayest thou go to the bosom of Elewantowit, the God above all, when thy head is grey, and before thy strength fails and thine eyes wax dim." And he laid his hand as he spoke on the head of the young savage, who seemed moved by his benediction.

"Cholentit,—little bird of the desert," said Lord Dalveen, translating the youths name into his own language, to give coherence to what he had to say,—"something would I say, if thou couldst understand me,—but something will I give thee, for a gift speaks a general language." So saying, he took from a secret pocket a sharp-sided poniard, with a haft of silver and a sheath of ivory, and put it into the youth's hand.

The little bird of the desert plucked it from the sheath, tried the point with his finger so rudely that the blood started, and gazing on the broad and burnished blade, he no sooner beheld his face diminished in its polish to the size of a nut than he dashed it on the ground, and flew back to the wilderness, shouting "Machtaundo! Machtaundo!"—the evil spirit! the evil spirit!

"It is time to begone," said Wulik; "our horses are good and obedient."—And, leaping on one at a bound, while Lord Dalveen, with equal agility, mounted the other, he continued,—"How like you my magic steed, Lord Thomas?—sit as if you were grown out of the horse,—follow with your body the motion which it makes,—but neither speak to it nor strike it, else your seat will no longer be sure. Schamehella! Schamehella!" shouted Wulik, and away flew the steeds of the desert as swiftly and smoothly as a pair of hunting-hawks, and the young nobleman, an experienced horseman, scarcely knew whether he was upborne by the air or by a creature of flesh and blood. To his companion, the back of the horse seemed as familiar as the ground, and the rapid motion in the morning air imparted a gladness to his looks and a buoyancy to his spirit which he had not exhibited before.

"This now is one of the luxuries of the desert, Lord Thomas," said Wulik, "and were I really a king, my throne should be the back of a wild horse, whose feet cold iron had never pierced, whose sides a spur had never touched, and between whose lips the shining and insidious bit had never entered. Teepautet," said he, stroking the neck of his horse, "thou art a faithful friend and a sure servant, and mayest thou bear me into the midst of mine enemies, and leave me dead or captive, if thine own Wulik ever harms thee with thong or spur." The animal tossed its head high in the air, glanced its large shining eyes on its rider, gave a snorting murmur of satisfaction, and continued its career with unabated speed. "I will cheer our way with a song, Lord Thomas," said Wulik, "and my song shall be of the good steed which I ride, and of the woman whom I loved and won."

WULIK'S SONG.

1.

The spotted panther had a feast
  Spread ere the dawn of light;
I gorged the gory vulture
  Before yon sun was bright.
Sharp smote the chieftain's sword, and fierce
  Fought all his martial peers;
Yet we won my loved, my fair one,
  Me and my shining spears.

2.

Come, mount this steed,—a gallanter
  Wore never rein nor girth;
He clears the desert like a thing
  That never touches earth:
O'er ten men's strength he boldly bursts,
  Nor brand nor ball he fears;
His neigh is like the trumpet's tongue
  Among my shining spears.

3.

Another steed, fleet as the wind,
  Waits for us on the sand;
Round thee my gallant kinsmen
  Shall ride with bow and brand.
O! brighter than the brightest star
  The brow of morning wears;
Come, light us through the wilderness,
  Me and my shining spears.

4.

O, God is great!—how lion-like
  I rush'd and rent my prey!
O, God is great! for ten men's strength
  My sword has quell'd to-day.
Though guns were flashing far and wide,
  A charmed life he bears,
Who wars for so much loveliness,
  Me and my shining spears.

"Friend Wulik," said Lord Dalveen, "that is a song worthy of a drawing-room as well as a desert. But what, I pray thee, are these multitudes of little hillocks which fill the plain on our right hann?"—"There is no place utterly barren and desolate," replied Wulik; "these hillocks are the habitations of creatures

which enjoy the dreariness that oppresses you. They are the dwellings of the dark ants of the desert,—wo even to the four-footed creature that visits their abode, and wo even to the fowls of the air which rest among them! Their strength is great, their motions swift, and their bite venomous." Wulik, as he spoke, snatched a large pebble from the ground, and threw it with as much force as a sling against one of the nearest hillocks. The shock of the stone seemed to be felt through the whole community of ants,—they came hurrying out in hundreds and thousands and millions, and crowded upon their separate eminences. "Cursed be he of my tribe," said the warrior, "who passes without casting a stone upon these venomous reptiles!—the bones of one of the heroes of my kindred lie unburied amongst these hillocks,—he was wounded in a war with the Long Knives,—sought shelter there, and was stung till he died."

The hot and arid wind now blew upon them.—It was filled with the fine dust which the breeze lifted from the plains, and annoyed the young nobleman sorely. He motioned for drink. Wulik smiled, and said,—"We must reserve the comforts of the calabash for a wilder portion of our journey. To this plain neither stream nor well is given yet no place is wholly desolate, save the city where food is locked up from him who has not money to buy it. Look at this!" So saying, he plucked with great caution from the ground an herb, whose broad thick leaves were gathered into a cup brimful of pure delicious dew, while the gatherings were defended by a small leaf which closed up the apertures, excluding the dust, and with its sharp prickles repelling the ant of the desert. "Behold," said Wulik, "it is thus that God preserves his distilled dews for his poor children of dust and sorrow." Lord Dalveen drank this little cup filled by nature's own hand, and Wulik, taking the herb, expanded the leaves and said,—

"A sermon might be preached from such a specimen of God's economy and mercy as this is. When the dews come down at night to gladden the burning sand,

this little herb lays out its leaves to catch the moisture,—while the leaves gather the dews they curl gradually upwards, as a man shuts his hands, and, closing over the liquid treasure, they present to the traveller's parched lips at morn a cup filled with such pure water as thou hast now tasted. Praise ye, therefore, Eleuwillisset,—the one God above all others in goodness."

The sun began to descend behind the hills,—the air became more fresh and cool,—the verdure assumed a livelier hue,—the flowers sprung more plentiful, and a herd of wild deer, as they bounded away from their pasturage, informed them that they had passed the region of sterility, and were come where the wild bee could live, and the wild roe find food. "We shall be parched up with thirst, Wulik," said Lord Dalveen, "before we can reach yon distant mountains, with all their running streams."—"For that," answered the other, "there is a remedy; we are now on the banks of one of those immense rivers which traverse our inland solitudes." Lord Dalveen rode forward, and he soon saw, gliding along in silent majesty, a river deep and broad,—its margins studded with wild flowers, its bosom half-veiled in the snowy water-lily, with blossoms expanded to the sun, while innumerable water-fowl skimmed along the surface, dreading neither the face nor the arms of man. The banks were nearly brimful with the stream; and, but for the swimming of the wild swans, and the slight motion of the current, the river seemed a continuance of the plain.

"Why this is a sea and not a river, Wulik," said Lord Dalveen; "it seems deep, and I am sure it is broad;—there is no boat, and I can see no ford."—"Ford!" exclaimed the guide in astonishment, "the sea has no ford, yet men cross it—follow me." He dashed at once into the stream, making the water fly and the wild-fowl take the wing. "I love this," said Wulik, as the horse of Lord Dalveen came swimming to his side. "On a wild steed's back I often descend from the hills into the streams, and journey over waters never sundered by the keel of a ship, the dwelling-place of the wild swans. To me, the delight of flying

with the wind of the desert, or moving with the solitary and majestic stream, is what you cannot well feel, since you know not what natural freedom is. But let us be moving,—the silent man is the surest traveller." They ascended the river-bank,—their horses shook the water from their breasts and flanks, grazed a few minutes on the grassy margin, and then continued their journey.

CHAPTER VII.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And from that oaten pipe could draw
All sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

WORDSWORTH.

THE sun was sinking behind the everlasting woods, when Lord Dalveen and Wulik, alighting from their wearied horses, stood on the summit of a long range of lofty hills, and looked down upon an immense vale spread out in cultivated and pastoral beauty at their feet. They looked in silence; for the secluded loveliness of the land, girdled round by a range of high woody hills, filled with flocks and herds, studded with cottages, with a fine lake shining like a diamond on its bosom, and a kirk and spire glittering in the descending sun, demanded a few moments' undisturbed contemplation. Flocks of sheep left their pastures, and sought the security of fold and pen; herds of milch-cows trudged slowly homewards, their well-filled udders touching the flowers, and bedropping them with their liquid treasure, too abundant to be long contained; while, with his rifle and his faithful wolf-dog, the wary settler placed himself as a sentinel against beast and savage, till the return of morning light.

"See now," said Wulik, "how beautiful that land is and with what good care it is guarded! Neither man nor wolf may hope to enter there during the cloud of night without permission from its people. Let us therefore seek a shady tree, kindle a little fire to drive away reptiles and insects, and watch and sleep by turns till the rising of the sun. Then may you seek in greater safety the presence of this lady-ruler who has won your heart so wholly."—"Friend Wulik," replied Dalveen, "I shall go now; you know little of woman, else you would know that night is dearer to them than day, and that the lover who presses to their presence in darkness and danger is ever the most welcome."

"Know little of woman!" answered the warrior with a sigh, "you know little of Wulik. The Ohio, and the broad lonely stream which we passed, ring with songs which I made in honour of my love. All night have I couched amid the flowers of the desert, that I might behold the light of her chamber-window, and all day have I lurked at a distance in the woods, that I might see her coming forth in her loveliness amongst the flowers of the wilderness. The bloom on which her white foot trod have I reverenced, and the gourd out of which her ripe lips drank honey and dew have I kept and counted holy. In my bridal week, a fire came from my enemies, and consumed my love and my dwelling, and never woman shall Wulik love more. On this very spot have I sat looking down with her on that beauteous vale; the words which she spoke are still in my ears, and the songs which she sung seem still lingering in these woods. I have loved, and I do love." And he paced the ground in great agitation, passing his hand often over his moistening eyes. "Wulik," said Lord Thomas, "your love-story is a touching one; have you yet washen the blood from your hands of the men who destroyed your mistress?"—"I burnt their dwellings," he replied fiercely, "quenched the ashes with their blood, gave the wolves their flesh, and the desert their bones. One only of her

murderers escaped me,—the good Ohio took him to its bosom, and from the stream he never returned."

Lord Dalveen turned hastily round, and said, "Listen to me, Wulik,—abide here with the horses till to-morrow,—if I return not before the morning sun, forget me, for I am slain. I now go down to this valley to speak with its people. Take this chain—it is of gold—seven links of it will purchase you half a wilderness at the price your tribes sell their natural inheritance; put it round your neck, Wulik, and wear it for the sake of one who admires your sincerity and courage." And, armed with a brace of pistols, a small sword, and with his scarlet cloak thrown carelessly around him, he glided into the thick wood, and reached the border of the valley. The muzzle of a rifle was presented, and a warder said, "Your name, business, and pass-word?—no one enters this valley without leave." And he confronted Lord Dalveen with a determined look; while a shaggy wolf-hound sprung to his side, assumed the look of its master, and displayed its sharp teeth, moved its bristly mane in anger, and gave a low deep growl of opposition.

"Howatson," said the young nobleman, "my name is one which thou and thine have obeyed in a far land, —my name is Thomas Lord Dalveen." The warder dropt the muzzle of his rifle, while the colour heightened and then faded on his sun-burned brow. "God bless you for naming that name, young nobleman," said Howatson; "it is now fifteen summers since I heard its sound; and bless you for showing me the face of one before I die whose house my forefathers served and loved. How fares it, my Lord, with the noble auld house of Dalveen?"—"It fares but ill, Howatson," said the young nobleman, unable to resist this call in so far a land; "it fares but ill; I am the last of the race and name."—"It fares ill indeed," answered the peasant with a darkening look—"one only left?—the corner-stone totters and the curse fulfils. Go thy ways, e'en go thy ways; I can look on thee no longer, for my heart fills. Yet let me touch thy hand before

I die,—it will do me good; the hand of thy ancestors wrought wondrous deeds for the deliverance of Scotland, and thy hand, too, seems one that would not be slack when the trumpet sounded." And he pressed the young nobleman's hand between his palms, and turned away and resumed his watch.

Twilight, balmy and mild, had descended on the vale, as Lord Dalveen, parting with his countryman, followed the course of a little rivulet, which, with many a turn, sparkled before him,—a natural guide to the town which stood on its banks. He passed many cottages with walls of wood and roofs of straw, the light of cheerful hearth-fires shining in the windows, and the sound of songs still sung in Caledonia issuing from the doors. The whole land was parcelled out with more regard to exact admeasurement and the purposes of tillage, than to the natural beauty of the country. The running stream, the line of hillocks, the side of the wood and the foot of the hill, were not, as in Scotland, the natural lines and landmarks of division. The whole glen, resembling an immense chess-board, or rather the various fields taking their hues from their productions, presented something like a tartan plaid, with all its beautiful colours, monotonous lines, and equal divisions. The ripening grain, the new-mown grass, the orchard glowing with fruit, the cows lowing on their pastures, and the general neatness and care with which the fruits of the earth were protected and stored away, impressed on the mind of the young nobleman an image of skill and prudence which made him sigh for the neglected fields of his paternal domains.

The rivulet, expanding as he advanced, and uniting with many lesser streams, began to deserve the name of a river; but the land was so level that its running was inaudible, and it glided quietly onwards, shaded by clumps of old majestic trees, till it conducted Lord Thomas to a town begirt with a double palisade, round which its waters ran in a trench both wide and deep. He stood on the drawbridge, and looked upon this city of the desert: the houses were in lines, with gardens

before and behind; lights began to sparkle in every window, and the hum of children, audible when he approached, began gradually to die away, and repose and stillness settled over vale and town. As he advanced, he was struck by the silence of the place, when all at once the sound of psalmody arose, not in the solitary voice of an individual, but in the united voices of many; he recognised at once the solemn and simple worship of his native land, and a devout feeling came for the time over him, on hearing Scottish devotion lifting up her voice so far from home.

He came to a hall or council-house, as it seemed; the door was open, and there he saw ranks of old men, stout youths, and matrons and maidens, with their heads bowed down, their eyes fixed on the ground, all listening to the prayer of their pastor, which was poured out earnestly and anxiously.

"From a far land of old renown," said the preacher, holding both hands up to heaven, and closing his eyes, "have Thy servants come to choose an inheritance in the desert, to build a city, erect a temple to Thee, and fence the whole round, to preserve them from the spoiler. And they have divided the inheritance by lot; the rain of heaven falls nourishingly upon the plain, the sun shines warmly down, the fruits of field and tree prosper, and the whole land abounds with the fatness of corn, and fruit, and cattle, with the fragrance of herbs and the beauty of flowers. Yet Thy servants are not too much uplifted by this prosperousness; to Thee they render the praise, and each night they supplicate Thee by the lips of Thy servant to continue Thy kindness and protection. Who delivered them from the wild beasts of the field, the wilder children of the wilderness, and from the fierce attack of a white and a kindred people?—it was Thee, it was Thee! The paw of the panther and the teeth of the wolf were blunted and broken, the arrow of the Indian flew its poisoned flight in vain, and the rifle-balls of the Americans went as harmless through the air as the down of the thistle, the wing of the singing bird, or

the bee, which loves this region of milk and of honey." The preacher paused,—not a head was lifted up, not a sound was heard,—he thus proceeded :—

"To man, therefore, be not the praise given, but to Thee, the Invisible One of our fathers, who didst blunt the swords of the southron, break their spears, and snap their bow-strings in twain. To Thee, therefore, let all praise be given ; Thou didst temper down our fiery spirits, that we might be conquerors ; Thou didst pour calmness and fortitude into our hearts, that we might overcome our enemies with ease ; and Thou didst send us a wise and valorous ruler, who slept not with his fathers till the fulness of years was upon him, nor till he had established us in victory and peace." A low and murmured sigh was heard, and many old men shook their white heads, and put their hands to their eyes, in remembrance of their friend and associate. "Weep ye not for the inanimate dust," continued the preacher, "for the cold clay out of which the immortal spirit hath departed, but rejoice rather, all ye people, since our friend and brother is with the blessed. I say, rejoice with great rejoicing ; for God hath given unto us a new ruler, into whose heart and soul the spirit of the old seems to have entered, one who sways us with temperance, modesty, and justice. Neither grieve ye, nor be mistrustful, that a weak and tender Maiden holds rule over you ; for know ye not that God in his own blessed time and way raises champions and redeemers from among the weak and the lowly ? Now, of a truth, was this virgin-ruler sent by him in whom we trust ; for She was a sore sufferer in her own land for chastity's sake ; she was carried away by lawless men, and on the great deep was doomed to endure the terrors of storm and battle. But the deep sea rendered her up pure and undefiled, to become a guide and example among the sons of men. Rejoice ye all, therefore, since out of woman's weakness we have got more than man's strength, since out of female beauty there has come wisdom, since out of loveliness, which is commonly an ensnarer and seducer of man's virtue and nobleness, there has come pure honour. Plough ye,

therefore, for ye shall surely reap; be modest, laborious, and obedient, for this virgin-ruler is sent as a sign of protection by Him who founds and confounds nations and mighty men of the earth."

Towards the conclusion of this singular prayer, Lord Dalveen saw many youthful eyes lifted up for a moment to a canopied seat, where a young woman sat as motionless and beautiful as a personification of devotion cut in the purest marble. His blood rushed suddenly to his brow, dimness came over his eyes, and his knees shook with the agitation of his mind. He beheld in that thoughtful and beautiful form one whom he had striven to injure, and over whose fortunes his follies had too successfully triumphed. He drew his cloak over his face, and leaning against one of the pillars, "And is this Maud Paul," his heart said, though his tongue shaped not the words, "pale, and touched with sorrow, her youthful lustre blighted, the dark effulgence dimmed in her eyes, and all the charms of health, and happiness, and joy, removed, that Wo might write her victory on her marble brow? Alas! and what is the reward of Virtue? Behold her there where she sits, pure as a saint in a shrine,—victorious over youthful passion, over dark deceit, over brute violence, and over human prejudice,—and what is her triumph? I can read it in that faded cheek,—in that bosom which heaves only that it may sigh,—and in those eyes bright only when in tears. I shall meet her, and speak words of kindness and affection: in her look I read the brighter parts of my own nature. I must win her from this desert, and show her among the princes of the earth,—for well I know she loves me."

The preacher and the people began to depart. An old man laid his hand on Lord Dalveen's cloak, and said, "Come this way,—She whom all obey desires to see thee. Speak I to one who understands?—come this way, friend." He went, and the young nobleman followed him into the hall or chamber of presence. Maud Paul sat there on a cushion covered with white fox-skins, with her feet resting on a curious footstool of Indian workmanship inlaid with bone and porcupine

quills, the present of a young Delaware chief, who had wrought his own portrait on the top in the feathers of the rarest birds of the wilderness. Some of the bloom had left her cheek, and some of the vivid lustre had left her eye; but neither sorrow nor suffering had charmed away that nameless grace of expression which belongs to a pure and noble nature, nor was the elegance of her form impared. A single fillet of white silk, enriched with such precious stones as the desert afforded, enclosed her brow, and confined the abundance of her raven locks, which were so plentiful as to flood her shoulders and descend upon the seat where she sat. A dark mantle, fastened on her bosom with a grasshopper of gold, fell lower than her knees, a javelin stood at her right hand, and a pair of gold-mounted pistols of the rarest workmanship were half-concealed in her broad girdle, matched by a poniard with a haft set in diamonds, the gift of a mariner, who took it from one of the corsairs of Barbary. On her left and right, two of the oldest worthies of the settlement sat uncovered; while behind her stood two young men completely armed with rifle, pistols, and sword.

"What would Thomas Lord Dalveen do with us?" said Maud in a tone where sorrow seemed striving with serenity. "What chance has brought him to this humble and happy vale? What seeks he here which he cannot elsewhere find? He is silent. Seeks he food?—seeks he a guide?—seeks he gold?—let him have them and begone. It is our duty to cherish and speed the going guest. If he seeks our farther protection among the rude tribes of the wilderness, it is his ere he asks it."

"The man who is now before you," said Lord Thomas, "comes to this vale to see how happy men can be under the rule of the prudent and the gentle: he comes to your vale to say that he has seen the folly of his earlier days, and is no longer the slave of those passions which made his name a warning and a proverb. He is come to this vale to see one face to face whom in another land he loved greatly, and whom he wronged beyond all forgiveness save that of a noble nature. He is

come to plead repentance as some atonement—to look on her he loves, and then depart, if depart he must, to wander over the world in search of happiness and peace."

"I shall not, Lord Thomas," said the young lady, "pretend to misunderstand you. I rejoice in the change you have described, that, escaped from the bondage of evil passions, the nobler part of your nature asserts its dignity. I wish—nay, I pray for your success. But this is not the place where such amendment should be manifested,—let your reformation be known to the world as your follies have been. The armies of your country want gallant leaders,—the senate of your country wants wisdom and eloquence,—let your name be heard of among the hills and vales of Scotland for something worthy of your house and talents,—and, when the fame of your actions penetrates the bosom of this desert, then will I and my people rejoice."

"Say not," said the young nobleman, "that this is not the place where my amendment should be shown. From her whom I sought to wrong do I come to seek forgiveness, and from her hand alone do I expect to find happiness. Look not so sorrowfully on me,—I speak in all sincerity."—"Thomas of Dalveen," said Maud, rising in her place, "your words are uttered in vain. I am betrothed to my people, and from their affections shall I not be separated for all that the earth has to tempt me with. My people are the humblest born of the children of Caledonia,—the offspring of the cottage and the clouted shoe,—the etiquette of the world calls upon you to wed one of your own station—rank forgives none of its sons who stoops low and lifts little."

"My fair Maud," replied Lord Thomas, a flush of gladness overspreading his face as he spoke, and a brightness coming to his eye, which kindled up his looks as light does a crystal vase; "my fair Maud, I am no slave to the world's opinion, and that woman is my equal whose mind is lofty, whose heart is pure, and whose person I love. From your people I desire not to tear you; in this vale, and in your company, I shall

find such happiness as neither the head of the army nor the front of the senate could give. We will found a little kingdom, to which we may bequeath our name——."

The looks of Maud changed; her frame was slightly shaken; she took the hand of Lord Thomas, and led him up to a large looking-glass in which a warrior might see himself from plume to spur; and two nobler forms than the glass gave back to their glances a mirror never reflected. Her voice sunk low as she said, "Look there, Thomas of Dalveen, look there,—it is said, in the faces of those who truly love there is a personal resemblance."—"My beauteous maiden," said the young nobleman, pressing her hand to his bosom, "we are indeed alike. I see there a softer resemblance of myself, a lovelier image of my noble father. The same character is stamped on both our brows,—the same light streams from both our eyes. Whom nature has made for one another let Heaven unite."—"Heaven would shudder at our union," replied Maud; "and the best wish we can form is, that we may never behold each other more. I cannot forget early feelings, much as I seek to smother them, and the conquest is only gained by a broken heart. I forgive you all the wrongs you sought to do,—Heaven had a purpose in your folly. I shall bury my family shame in this illimitable desert."

Lord Dalveen gazed on her as she spoke: he saw the tears shining in her eyes and a settled anguish on her brow. "My folly may I for ever curse," he said, "since it has removed me from your heart. But, come, your mother will share our happiness,—your fiery brother will find I admire his finer qualities,—thou shalt be my lady."—"Your wife, Lord Thomas, can I never be," replied Maud Paul with a firm deliberate voice. "Forget the words you have so passionately uttered, and I will forget all that you have sought to do against me. Seek the hand of one who can bestow it without fear of offending Heaven; mine I may not give,—nor would you ask it did you know the fears which fill my heart—did you know the dread which I may not describe and dare not tell." She withdrew

her hand from his, seized her hunting-spear, and wished to be gone.

"Stay one moment, maiden," said Lord Thomas. "That fillet which encloses thy brow is the symbol of virgin purity, yet thou canst not be wedded; now, unless thou hast vowed thy heart away, I can imagine no obstacle to our love but thine own wilfulness."—"To that symbol," answered Maud, crimsoning from bosom to brow, "I have a virgin's honourable claim, and around my forehead shall it be when I am borne to an early grave. To no one have I vowed my heart, and to no one shall it ever be vowed. Leave me, Lord Thomas,—leave this vale, and relinquish this vain and sinful pursuit."

"Vain indeed it promises to be," said the young nobleman, "but sinful it cannot well be. Alas! will you not allow man the benefit of repentance? You are sacrificing your youth, your sense, and your beauty, for some wild and unattainable project. You are smit with the desire of founding a kingdom in this desert,—with being the chieftainess of a few enthusiastic spirits,—yet you see not that the moment when England or America is victor your kingdom will be swallowed up, and its name heard of no more. Never sacrifice affection for such a dream as this."

"It is no dream, Lord Thomas," replied Maud, "nor yet is it a perfect reality; but the fears which I feel make my resolution as fixed as yon moon in the sky. Have you any other request?" He paced the floor deeply agitated. "All this," he said, with a calm but ironical tone, "is but idle caprice or womanly evasion. He that would prosper should come to command rather than sue. I have pleaded the merits of repentance to one who seems willing to allow repentance no merit. Some spiritual bugbear, some horrible imagining, is present to your fancy, which makes you think that marriage, which Heaven commands and modesty enjoins, is in itself sinful.

"Wanderer," said one of the old men, "we permit no injurious language; you have come as a suppliant to our land, and here have you stood unabashed, urging

old hopes and new desires more warmly than welcome. Be silent, I pray you; the rank which you hold in Scotland avails you nothing here, where all men are equal who are virtuous, and where vice, cowardice, and idleness, only are degrading."—"And moreover," said his companion, "the look of this young man corresponds not with his words. I have watched his face, and the summer sky changes not more by the thunder-storm than did his bold brow as he spoke or listened. For eighty years have I observed the looks of men, and read sudden fate written on many a brent brow. The cord, the axe, the sword, the sea, and the bullet, are the devourers of men; and they have been busy, owre busy, in my day. On that young man's brow early death is stamped as with a seal."

A sudden clamour arose in the street,—an oath and the rapid clashing of swords were heard,—and ere Maud could interpose her authority, her brother Paul forced his way into her presence,—his face inflamed with anger, and his dress sprinkled with blood. She gave one long look,—uttered a wild cry of joy,—sank into his arms,—and sobbed aloud on his bosom. "O, my ae sweet sister!" exclaimed Paul, his eyes filling and his voice faltering; "I heard long ago of your safety from a sincere tongue, and I was told lately what I now see, that you are esteemed by a wise and a brave people. My Lord Dalveen!—the devil came like a cormorant, and perched on the tree of life."

"Brother," said Maud, resuming her serenity of look and her seat of rule, "glad, O glad am I to see you so far from home. You have been told truly,—I am esteemed by a good and a brave people;—three hundred stout men draw the sword when I clap my hands. But oh! my mother,—when saw you her face to face?—spoke she of her unhappy daughter? But you will soon return,—you will soon see her in our native land. Tell her that I am mistress of a fairer region than belonged to Beatrice of Galloway when she queened it over three broad counties,—tell her that three hundred stout hearts would be drained drop by drop ere harm should befal me."

"Lady, you speak but the truth," said a youth, who came and stood before her, pressing his hand on a wound which Paul's sword had inflicted in the porch as he opposed him in his wish to see his sister,—"you speak the truth; and the wound I have received to defend you from a stranger's intrusion pains me the less since the hand of one you love inflicted it." He leaned against the wall,—the blood stained all his garments through,—dimness came over his eyes,—and he was nigh fainting where he stood.

"Oh! brother, brother, rash and inconsiderate brother!" said Maud; "see what the vehemence of your nature has done!" She bared the wound as she spoke, and said,—"Bring me my salves,—bring me my ointments,—bring me the healing balsam with which I cured my people when they repulsed the flower of the American warriors." With her own hands she applied the balsam to the bitter wound; the effusion of blood was stayed, and the youth looked up and smiled. "Blessed be the day," said an old warrior, "on which she was born! for she is brave, wise, and merciful."—"And blessed be the fair hand," said the wounded youth, "which touched my wound, and stayed the bleeding! and blessed be the bright eyes which grew moist for one so nameless as I! Comfort your brother, lady, and tell him that the fault and the folly were mine, and that at the worst he was but rash. I am better for the honour of your tears and the touch of your tender hand; I would bare, for your smile my side to an enemy's sword, and thank the pang that brought such pleasure."

"This is a servant of a heroic sort, sister," said Paul; "and I hope thou hast in thy realm three hundred as good as he. With such enthusiastic followers I could tread on the strength of a thousand men who fight for tyrant's pay. I could conquer the decks of an English first-rate when her fire is at the hottest."—"Spirits such as those whom I rule," said Maud, with a smile, "are not found as princes find men. Gold cannot purchase faith, devotion, virtue, and bravery. But come, words refresh not the hungry, nor give re-

pose to the weary;" and she clapped her hands twice. A table was prepared, and bread, wine, milk, honey, flesh, and fruits, were heaped before her; the elders of the people came, and Paul and Lord Dalveen sat and feasted with this pastoral princess of the American wilderness.

"Brother," said Maud, "I see anxiety on your brow; speak your mind, and express your wishes. If your words regard our mother or ourselves, let me learn them in secret; if they are concerning others, there can be nothing proposed to me with which I may not trust my people. Speak—can I do an act of kindness for you?—I have wealth, I have power. If you are come to seek that peace and happiness amongst us which you are unable to find in the stormy states of Europe, we call you to our side as a brother."

Paul remained silent for a little space,—he then addressed his sister.—"What I have to say concerns not myself alone, and in my mission there is nothing of a private nature, farther than the pleasure which I feel in speaking to a sister whom I love and esteem. You are one who loves independence, and who seeks to promote human happiness. I too am a philanthropist,—a lover of the world at large,—one whose affections are unfettered by the mean distinctions of climate or country, which confine and diminish the benevolent feelings of the human heart. For principles such as these have I drawn my sword,—for principles such as these America now wages war with England,—and in support of these principles France has thrown her sword into the balance, and the flame of freedom is bursting like the morning light over this vast continent. I am come to call you to arm your people in this holy cause,—to pour your warriors through the great desert on the enemies of human freedom, to aid America in casting off the ignominious chains which she has so long borne, and to drive those tyrannic islanders back to their ocean and their isle. Do this, and riches, honour, and glory will be yours, and the republic which you have founded will expand, and become a mighty nation."

Maud rose from her seat, and said in a low and equal

voice,—"Seek ye to direct our swords and our rifles against the bosoms of our brothers? Who has counselled you to undertake a mission so base and unworthy? Has the sounding sophistry of universal philanthropy and free citizenship induced you to draw your sword against your native land? Oh, John Paul! John Paul! high in the esteem of the world my proud heart has often placed you,—often in imagination have I heard you named among the heroes of old Scotland,—and often have I hoped to see the day when you would come sounding down the vale of Nith, the applause of your deeds running before you, like the deep sound of the Solway ere the tide-bar bursts,—and there you stand, the sworn enemy of your native land, and the avowed friend of him of France, who loves freedom as the raven loves the ring-dove. Some evil spirit has possessed you,—the tongue which persuaded you to this journey belongs to your enemy."—And haughtily she glanced her eye on Paul, drew her mantle closer to her bosom, shook back the thick masses of her glossy locks, and struck the shaft of her javelin on the floor.

"My beloved sister," said Paul, moved by her emotion, "you should think more mildly of your brother, and more nobly of his associates in the cause of liberty. Noblemen have been my companions,—princes have been proud to touch my hand,—philosophers have hearkened with pleasure to my words,—and kings have sat on my right hand and queens on my left."—"The worse, John Paul, all the worse," replied his sister; "you have allowed their smiles and their nods and their salutations,—their gifts of swords, and their crosses of gold, to mislead your understanding. With their artful words and their deceitful smiles they have bribed the hand of my brother, and armed it against his country. Your very principles of freedom and citizenship, which have made you false to blood and country, are forgotten in your intemperate career. A citizen of the world, who leagues with the tyrant Bourbon!—may Heaven shield me from such citizenship!"—"Maud! Maud!" interrupted Paul, "the sun is not more con-

stant in his course than I. For freedom I first drew my sword, and from her path shall no one tempt me. You wrong me, you wrong me. When my sister will not understand my character, can I hope that the world will?"

"I wrong you, John?" exclaimed Maud, "alas! I wrong you not,—I wish I did. You deceive yourself; but will you deceive posterity. What has tyrannic Louis and his minions to do with liberty? what has despotic Bourbon to do with citizenship? and what has my brother, with his love of liberty and equality, to do with queens on his right hand or on his left? But he mistakes himself;—in his heart he despises the three-fourths of mankind,—he loves to command and see men obey,—he is unfit to be the prudent member of a humble commonwealth, which begins on the modest principles of Benjamin Franklin's economy,—the legislator for cheap soups and penny-wise frugality."

"Sister," replied Paul, "still I say you wrong your brother as much as you do the great modern liberators of the human body and mind. From Washington and from the Congress I come, to offer you and your people the honour of their alliance, the profit of their friendship, and the protection of their arms. In this struggle Britain will be vanquished;—if she be vanquished by your aid, your weakness will be respected, your little republic will flourish in peace, and the United States will be your guardian spirits."

"I see, I see it all," said one of the old settlers, who sat at Maud's side. "We are desired to lift the sword and the rifle, and descend to the aid of turbulent and rebellious men, who scorn all rule,—who call the mild sway of their fathers base oppression, and who, nursed in Britain's bosom, and fondled on her knee, turn round and smite her whenever they reach manhood. And they promise too, when they have vanquished Britain, to enrich us by their friendship, and protect us with their strength. Alas! we know what kind of aid the weak obtains from the strong!—When the bear nursed the kid she choked it in an embrace. Go home, and say to George Washington, that we

love God, esteem his creatures, and spill blood only in self-defence."

"Are ye of a truth the brother of this heroic maiden," said another of the sages of the valley, "and will ye seek to incense her against our native country? Scotland has done an evil thing in bearing you,—you are become her curse and scourge. When you saw the moon shining o'er the Solway on the homes of your kindred, did not your heart tell you, as you blew the coal and kindled the conflagration, that you were the slave of aliens, and were gathering the dust of your forefathers from the grave, and scattering it on the wind? But go and get your reward. The men for whose sake you have sold fame and name will refuse your body bread. The Bourbon will need for himself the aid he refused to you, and will not find it,—a fugitive will you become on the earth.—The curse of your country will cling to you.—Go,—disappointed hope,—baulked ambition,—clouded fame,—a gnawing conscience,—a broken heart, and an early grave,—all are thine."

Paul stood and gazed on him who spoke with a calm and tranquil look; but in his heart there was a tremor, for he felt how just the judgment was. "Young man," said one of the elders, who had not yet spoken, "you have received your answer. Begone therefore,—you will find horses to carry you, food to sustain you, raiment to cover you, and a guide to conduct you from our country. Go, and peace be with you."

"I leave you then," said Paul, folding his arms in his cloak, "to become the prey of the roving Indian, —the vassal of the conqueror, be he Englishman or American. You are too weak to withstand the strong, and you aspire too much after visionary perfection and abstract excellence to be able to find men virtuous enough to become your brethren. I leave you, nor accept I a boon at your hands.—Sorrow for the present and misery for the future were your mildest words to one who sought you in honour and good faith as a messenger from a wise and a powerful people. I leave you;—be mild, be kind, be respectful to my sister,

and I will be your friend when the hour of danger presses;—be rude, and I will visit your vale with fire and with sword, and spare neither grey head nor black. Farewell!" He turned suddenly round, leaving the old men aghast with his words, and his sister with a pale cheek and eyes dropping tears.

Under an immense oak, near the border of the valley stood Robert Macgubb, with the guide sleeping at his feet, and three horses feeding before him. As he stood, lending an ear to every sound and an eye to every moving thing, he thought he saw a tree coming towards him,—a young tree, thick of branches and covered with leaves and blossom. "I have heard," muttered the stout Galwegian, "of quagmires travelling from Scotland to Ireland, and of Highland hills dancing a reel to the din of Satan's bagpipe; but I never heard of trees walking about to take the air, unless it were on Hallowmass eve, and then witches go walloping about on broomsticks and ragworts.—As I'm a sinner, it has gained on me a lang Scotch ell since I saw it first!—I maun snap a flint at it;—if it's a tree, it winna be a bodle the waur, and if it be an evil spirit, it can catch nae skaith." His hand was on a pistol when the tree fell, and Wulik stood before him.

"Lord, creature!" exclaimed the startled Galwegian, "what made ye come in that uncivilized gate? I might have given ye a handsel of cauld lead, or a skelp with my cutlass; and I'm no sure but that I maun do ane of them yet. Are ye friend or foe?"—"Friend, friend," said Wulik. "And how am I to ken that, lad?" said the other; friend's a kittle word—mickle mischief has been done under the name."—"I am half a Scotchman," replied he, "and I love the land of my father,"—"Ay," cried Macgubb, "wha would have thought that?—I begin to like you better;—but does the Scottish half of ye carry the sword and the Indian half bear the rifle? I kenna weel how to speak to such a strangely-put-together barbarian, and yet ye seem a kindly creature too. What may be the name of your Indian half, friend?"—"Wulik" was the answer.

"Wulik, Wulik," said the Galwegian, weighing the word as a shopkeeper weighs a suspicious sovereign; "weel now, that's a sonsie name. I think I maun like ye, friend; and what may ye call your Scottish half now?" "Macgubb; my father was a Macgubb from a wild place called the Mull of Galloway; I may well name the place, for many a time he told us of it, and many a song he sung about it."—"Macgubb of the Mull!" shouted the Galwegian; "there's no sic name for beauty in Christendom; the sound's harmonious, ane might set it to music; and ken ye his baptized name? ye were never baptized yourself; but ye may ken my meaning."—"His christened name was Shadrach," said Wulik, "and his father's name was Abednego,"—"Blood!" exclaimed the man of the Mull, "ye have blood in your veins as rich as a mine in Mexico. Name! ye have a name far-kenned and noted; and, just to save some trouble in reckoning kindered, let us shake hands like twa kind cousins, and make the maist we can of this meeting; for we are full cousins, Wulik, lad, whatever the kirk may say about it." Then down they sat on the grass together; and many a tale of kindred they told, many a time they shook hands; twice Wulik related the deeds of his father after he became a chief in his mother's tribe; often, in the progress of the narrative, the Galwegian exclaimed, "God, an he was a gude ane?" or, "That was the trick of a Macgubb now.—I can read their actions as I can read a man's hand-write,—damn the other Mac in Christendom could have done it;" or, "Aweel, what can a body do when a woman greets?—we have a' our weak sides, I have owre mickle grace to deny that,—I have found my een wet on seeing a sonsie lass sobbing o'er a sailor lad wha got his death-shot,—nature's nature, let us guide it as we will. But gang on with your story,—never mind me." And so the cousins continued their conversation till the stars of midnight were sparkling overhead.

CHAPTER. VIII.

I've lived too long, number'd too many days,
Yet never found the benefit of living.
Now, when I'm come to reap it with my service,
And hunt for that my youth and honour aim'd at,
The sun sets on my fortune red and bloody,
And everlasting night begins to close me.

A LOUD shrill whistle interrupted the conversation of Wulik and his Caledonian cousin. The former sprung to his feet, saying, "I am called; we part but to meet again; "and, vanishing among the trees as he spoke, the rustling boughs alone announced the way he went and the speed which he exerted. A figure, close wrapt in a cloak, one arm folded over the bosom, the other bearing a sheathed sword, with his dark plume nodding as he stept, now entered the wilderness, and sought his way slowly along a winding and narrow glade. It was Paul. He had reached the shade of two tall elms, when, leading one horse and seated on another, Wulik came suddenly to his side, and cried, "Mount, mount!—we must not be found in this wilderness at dawn of light,—the enemies of my mother's tribe will be on us, and I shall serve you no more." He went close to Paul's side, peered anxiously in his face, and, starting back with a scream, cried, "The Evil Spirit! the Evil Spirit!" then darted through the wilderness like the wind. Paul smiled at the flight of the savage, and, laying his hand on the mane of his own horse, which now made its appearance with Macgubb and the guide, he slowly resumed his saddle,—turned his bridle for one minute's space,—eyed the moonlight vale,—put his hand to his eyes,—and, withdrawing it wet with tears, began his journey silent and thoughtful.

The moon had continued for an hour more her course in the sky when Lord Dalveen entered the border of the wilderness, and sought his way through the glades.

His mantle was torn, his hat and plume were soiled and crushed, and his right arm was bloody to the elbow. Though sorely fatigued and slightly wounded, he seemed endowed with a spirit superior to pain either bodily or mental: he whistled on his way,—examined and reloaded his pistols,—tried the flints,—felt the edge of his sword,—and, reaching a knoll which rose in the forest, he stood on its summit, and looked back into the valley. There he saw a group of people bearing a wounded youth towards the town; while in the town itself the voice of lamentation was loud,—torches hurried to and fro,—man stopt man, and asked whom the fierce stranger had slain. Dalveen smiled grimly on beholding this, and muttered, "Hell and heaven have taken part against me; so I may retire from the contest. But, lonesome valley, which I am never to behold again, I have written my name in blood upon thy bosom. I have let thee taste of the bitterness of an insulted and disappointed heart. Nor had I touched thy children in wrath, had they not braved me when I wooed somewhat too boldly that haughty maiden." He undid the clasp of his mantle as he spoke, laid his hat and feather on the grass, and, taking from his pocket a small ivory pipe, blew a shrill quavering note, which trembled away to a distance amongst the woods.

For some minutes no answer was given to the summons, and Lord Dalveen had the pipe at his lips to repeat the call, when he heard a slight rustling, such as a bird makes among the boughs, and then he saw a form like a shadow gliding among the shafts of the trees, sometimes upright and sometimes winding its way like a serpent.—"Wulik, Wulik," cried Lord Dalveen, "come!—why couch ye there like a panther about to spring?—Our horses man, our horses!—mine errand is done in this new world of thine, and I may hasten to the old with what speed I may." Wulik sprang to his feet with a shout, and hastening to Lord Dalveen, touched his arm, and said, The evil Spirit came to me in thy likeness, and well it was that he mounted not the steed, else I must have followed and served him." He then

gave a shrill cry,—two horses came to his side,—and they mounted and proceeded on their journey back.

"So you had an interview with an American fiend, friend Wulik," said Lord Thomas, "and he had the good sense to come in my likeness?—a discreet devil, He could not take the appearance of one more after his own nature."—"Speak low, Lord Thomas." said Wulik with a shudder, and glancing his eye in terror around; "Machtando is here and there and everywhere,—in the wind, in the rain, in the moonbeam, in the stream, in the tree, in the howl of the wolf, the yell of the leopard and the cry of the eagle. Speak low, and speak not in bitterness against either the Evil Spirit or thyself; he is terrible to those who fear him not and who scorn his name."

"You mistake me, Wulik," said Lord Dalveen; "you know not the nature of your own fiend of the woods. He is a discreet devil, and disguises the fierceness of his disposition in the cry of the eagle and the howl of the wolf. But the fiend whom I dread was born in the hour of my birth,—nursed on my mother's knee,—warmed in her bosom,—is now in this wilderderness a demon, an incarnate demon."—"Then I saw him, as I said, Lord Thomas," answered his companion mournfully. "Alas! that a woman's tender breast should nourish a child of perdition—he is not so tall nor so noble-looking, yet he seemed your very image. But there is blood on your dress,—warm blood,—it dyes all your garments through."

Wulik leaped to the ground, lifted Lord Thomas from his seat, and placing him tenderly on the grass, said, "With all the woes wrought by sword, by arrow, or by ball, I am familiar. Let me look on your side, for there are ye wounded." Removing mantle and shirt, a wound was seen by the light of the moon slanting along for a hand's breadth, from which the blood descended in large dark drops. The warrior opened a little box curiously made of a nut-shell, took from it a sovereign herb-salve, as green as grass and of a pleasant

smell, and crushing it into the juice of a little flower which he found where he sat, he applied it, and bandaged the wound up with the neatness and despatch of an experienced surgeon.—"This is the war-slave of our tribe," said Wulik; "it stanches blood, softens the wound, and allays the burning heat. The Good Spirit taught my mother's tribe the secret of this precious ointment.—Ah! you smile.—Well, a crumb of bread,—a mouthful of drink,—and then our thighs over our horses again;—for your wound you will feel it no more."

"Thanks to thee, Wulik, for thy war-slave," said Lord Dalveen, "for it is precious: and thy food and thy liquor, there is merit in them all. But where may the tents of thy tribe lie?—By wandering with thee in the desert the love of boundless nature has come upon me, and I have a wish to become one of the warriors of thy people. To roam the wild wood at will, to enjoy the glories of munificent nature freed from the absurd laws and usages of man, is worthy of man's ambition. Law, custom, opinion, and religion, have all put their fetters on him whom God made free, naked, and noble. A man of the wild desert lives without one wish ungratified;—I shall become one of thy people, Wulik."

With an eye in which much doubt and trouble were visible did Wulik look in the face of Lord Thomas as he made answer. "To the brave, the undaunted, and the enduring, the door of my mother's house stands ever open; and thou art them all. To the changeful, the giddy, and the ungenerous, her doors are bolted and barred; and thou art all these also. The meanest of the tribe of Wulik would scorn thee for what thou didst in yon valley."—"Indeed, my friend," answered the other "you have formed a hasty opinion. I am neither giddy nor changeful; yon moon is not more constant to the sky than I am in all my undertakings." Wulik's face darkened. "Into yon valley," he replied, "did Lord Thomas go with words of affection and re-

verence on his lips; out of yon valley has he come with blood on his hands. The sin of impure words is even worse than the sin of blood."

"So thou wert there then, friend Wulik—it was well I saw thee hot," said Dalveen, "else my sword might have sent thee elsewhere."—And well was it for thee," replied the other, "that I was so near.—A bloody corse wouldest thou have lain in the valley but for Wulik and his weapons. He struck the hand off which levelled the rifle,—he smote the arm which laid the arrow to the bowstring,—and when the sword which pierced thy side was about to repeat the stroke, it dropt from a dead man's hand."—"I thank thee for such good tokens of thy presence, Wulik; and I remember me now of having observed for a moment a form like thine at my hand when I was somewhat closely pressed by those peasants. Thou art a frank and a forward friend. But how could'st thou save one from the sword and the rifle whom thou reckonest unworthy of living in thy tribe? Expound that, thou upright man of the desert."—"You spared my life, Lord Thomas, and saved me from the poison of the snake. You are worthy of being a leader amongst the hordes of Europe, but too giddy and changeful to be my brother or my chief. One who could dream even of offering violence to a creature so lovely, and so noble as our Lady of the Valley, may be a good lord, but he makes an indifferent man."

Lord Thomas rose, paced up and down with disordered steps, and a look which seemed ready to dissolve into tears. "Wulik," he said, calmly and mildly, "I am indeed unworthy. I offered wrong to this maiden in mine own land,—I repented,—I longed to sue for forgiveness;—I came hither to ask it,—she forgave me;—she refused my love with a look full of sorrow, with a stateliness which but maddened and inflamed me,—she rejected my hand, and commanded me from her presence as a queen commands a culprit. My evil nature prevailed against me,—I soaked her chamber-floor with the heart's-blood of him who saved her, and made my way to the shelter of the greenwood. I am

unworthy, Wulik, to be thy brother; the wildest and most untameable savage has virtues to which I cannot lay claim. I shall therefore go among the polished and the educated,—among the princes and prime ones of the earth,—among men whose courtesy is deception and whose policy is spilling of blood. That is the place for me—for him whose stormy passions and fits of penitence and remorse leave him not one moment's peace in life."

They journeyed on, resting during the night, and riding by day, and holding wayward conversations, till they came to a wide and noble bay, in which a small armed vessel lay at anchor. Lord Dalveen took his plumed helmet from his head, and waved it thrice in the air; a bustle was seen on the deck, and a boat was lowered, into which a dozen of mariners sprang; a few strokes of the oars, and its sharp peak ploughed the line of foam and shells at their horses' feet. "Wulik," said Lord Thomas, "to my native island I return not now. I leave this country to wander amongst the kingdoms and cities of the earth,—from the hot sands of Egypt to the snows of Siberia. Wilt thou go with me? —with me thou shalt be as a friend, for faithful and brave have I found thee."

Wulik heard him, but answered not; man and horse sat as still as the rock on the shore; but there was a flush on his brow and a slight tremor in his frame. Lord Thomas unbuckled the belt by which his sword hung, and taking out a purse, through the netting of which many pieces of gold glittered, laid it on the ground, saying, "Keep this, my worthy friend;" then, seizing his hand, and pressing it earnestly, he left him, and leapt into the boat. The ship, as the boat approached, began to spread her sails and weigh anchor. Wulik wakened into thought and action at once; he leaped from his horse, and, uttering some words in the Indian language, the two steeds rushed riderless back to the desert, while, plunging into the sea himself, he swam after the boat with the swiftness of a water-fowl. The boat put round,—Lord Dalveen helped Wulik out

of the water, and soon placed him on the deck of the ship. He sat down on a carronade,—fixed an elbow on each knee,—placed his head between his hands,—and, so long as his native woods were visible, he continued to gaze on them;—they grew dimmer and dimmer, and, mingling at last with the sea and sky, were lost to his sight.

Meanwhile Paul, with his companion and guide, pursued his journey by river-bank and wood and hill. Macgubb observed that his friend was thoughtful and downcast, and exhausted all his powers of invention and his treasures of maritime lore for his edification; but Paul seemed as insensible to the words of the Galwegian as he was to the toils of the way and pushed forward with silent celerity. On the second morning of their march, they saw a thin blue smoke streaming out of the wilderness before them, heard the report of a rifle and the eager barking of dogs. A wounded deer sprang into the glade, closely pursued by a couple of large, shaggy, and savage dogs, and the whole followed by a hunter, clad in a close garb of skins, with shoes of untanned hide on his feet, a long sharp knife at his belt, and a rifle in his hand.

"Hilloah, friends!" shouted this man of the wilderness; "what ailed you to refuse the spotted one a shot as he passed?—'twould have been civil. But never mind, Gaunch and Gorum have done him,—so no thanks to you, friends. He might as well have stopt at the first, it was of no use to run off to the wilderness with an ounce of lead in the lobe of his liver." Having said this, he threw down his rifle, flew upon the deer, tore out its entrails like a tiger, fed his two lean and hungry dogs, and, throwing the carcass over his shoulders, cried,—"Gaunch and Gorum, come, my pets!" stalked sullenly away, dropping the grass with blood as he went.

"Woodsman," said Paul, following his steps, "we are wanderers and strangers, and as a tavern cannot be found under every tree, we are hungry and thirsty. For a breakfast, were it of Indian corn and milk, we

would requite thee to thy wish." To this the woodsman only answered,—"I guess as much;" and plodded on till he came to a little sheltered nook, surrounded by lofty trees and glowing with the richest flowers. He threw down the deer at his feet, handled his rifle with the anxious look of one who expected every moment to use it, and said,—"The wild wood is my home, the wilderness my inheritance, the deer, the squirrel, and the turkey, are my food. How say you?—a collop from the haunch while the blood is hot eats sweetly; —it shall be prepared,—then eat it, and go on your way." He paused a moment, clapt his hands twice, and cried,—"Lily, woman, Lily!" The call was answered by a young woman, who started up from below a kind of rude canopy of boughs and bark, clad in a close bodice and petticoat of furs, her long hair wound in plaited ringlets about her head, her face tanned by exposure to the wind and sun, her motions free, her form graceful, her eyes as black as midnight and sparkling as its stars.

When she beheld the strangers, she laid from her bosom two half-naked children, stood at the entrance of her hut, shedding back the luxuriance of her locks from her eyes with one hand, drawing her bodice closer to her bosom with the other, and gazed upon them. "Lily, love," said the woodsman, "bestir thee, —these men lack food." The huntress gathered an armful of dried boughs and kindled a fire, while her husband cut a dozen of collops from the slaughtered deer, and soon that singing and hissing din and appetite-stirring smell so agreeable to a hungry traveller arose and circulated through all the little arbour. "A ready hand and a hungry tooth, and so the grace is done," said their entertainer; while his companion, withdrawing the steaks from the embers, and, spreading them on some new-plucked leaves of an agreeable odour, placed them before her guests. All crowded round this feast in the wilderness, entertainer and entertained,—a pitcher of pure water stood beside them,—a basket of bread, made from crushed corn and mincedmeat, was within

reach, and they all stretched out their hands eagerly, while the hunter cried—"Haste, haste! else the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field will come for their share." Paul, who had feasted with princes, when his seat was velvet and his food was served up in gold, never enjoyed what the Cameronians call creature-comforts with a keener relish, though his seat was the sod and he held his meat in his own right hand.

"See!" said the hunter, "here comes an uninvited guest," and, snatching up his rifle, pointed it into the thicket before him. Paul had only time to see the fiery eyes and spotted bosom of a panther when the rifle flashed, and the wild animal gave a deep growl of agony,—sprang several paces forward,—stretched itself out, and expired. "Hunt food for thyself, thou speckled savage," said the hunter, re-loading his piece, and devouring as he spoke the broiled venison;—"thy teeth and claws were given thee to seize the fleetest prey and rend the strongest beast of the desert; but I'll warrant thy wish was to taste of the flesh which fire had made savoury.—Ay, ay,—a collop cooked by the hand of my own love Lily thou didst covet.—But here comes another guest."

The ground was suddenly darkened, and a large black eagle sailed between them and the sun. It stretched out its neck, pointed its beak at the smoking venison, and swam slowly round their heads, uttering a low cry. "Come down, my bonnie bird, and I will give thee some," said the wife of the hunter; and, holding up a collop as she spoke, repeated her invitation several times in a voice as sweet as the softest music. Paul saw with wonder the king of the air descend within arm's-length of the huntress; and, poising himself for a moment, alight on the ground and draw himself up to all his height within rifle-length of the party. "Come, come, bonnie bird," said the huntress, "come and take this from my hand, and spare the sweet birds which sing in the woods to the joy of my two wee weans and me." The eagle shook his wings, looked on that side and this, then stretched out his neck, took the

venison from her hand, and, starting from the ground, soared perpendicularly into the air, and vanished slowly from their sight.

"Bless thy sweet tongue, Lily, my love!" said the hunter;—"soft shall thy bed be spread under the greenwood tree for this, and of the sweetest things of the wilderness shalt thou and thy babes eat. Thy voice, in the gentle words of thy favourite song, can wile the lark from the lift and the eagle from his pursuit of carnage." Paul looked anxiously upon them and said,—"Your words, your looks, and your poetic enthusiasm, are not the produce of this wilderness,—they are ill suited to a roving and savage life. Come with me, and dwell among men,—come and hear the sound of human speech, the songs of your native country, and the melody of psalm and thanksgiving."

The woodsman sprang to his feet, resumed his rifle, took his wife by the hand, and said,—"Stranger, begone!—Far from civilized man and his smooth villany my love and I have fled, and cursed be the hour when we exchange the flowery carpet of the great wilderness for the richest work of the loom, and that canopy of green boughs for the painted ceiling. Arise, guests, and begone!—My love, my babes, and my two hounds, are all that is dear in the world to me, and they are all here beside me. So fare you well.—Go on your way, and spread civilization and sorrow. Spill the blood of the Indian,—cover sea and lake with armed ships, and fill the mainland with armed men. With liberty on your lips and slavery in all your actions, go and instruct the world." And, with his chase-dogs at his feet, his wife and his two children by his side, he entered the forest and disappeared, leaving Paul and Macgubb to pursue their way, refreshed with his food and marvelling at his language and course of life.

The way was rough and difficult, and sometimes dangerous. A serpent would move its coil and erect its glittering neck in their path; a wild wolf would show itself couching beneath the boughs; the bear or the panther would stand in the way, as if resolved to dis-

pute the freedom of forestry, while the raven and the vulture hovered over-head, claiming, with many a scream, their share of the expected repast. But the shining arms and intrepid looks of the travellers had their influence over the tyrants of earth and air, and at noon they reached in safety the bank of a deep broad river,—the stream was white with water-fowl, and the margin grazed by herds of deer and buffalo. An axe sounded amongst the shafts of the forest-trees, and a column of dusky smoke ascended high into the air.

Paul turned from the river to the wilderness, and there he found a solitary woodsman, hewing away at the root of a tall tree. His sharp narrow axe had penetrated deep into the stem, the boughs shook, the leaves quivered, and the whole tree trembled. Lank, sinewy, and yellow as a hawk's foot, the woodsman kept hewing away, regardless of the presence of strangers, till the tree began to totter and reel, and, setting his back against it, and pushing to direct its fall, it descended with a crash which made the river-banks re-echo for a mile up and down.

"Woodsman," said Paul, "for a mouthful of food and the use of thy boat across the river, what shall I give thee?"—"For food and boat," said the American, wiping his brow, and resuming his hat and jacket; "why, a tasting of venison and turkey, and a cast of my boat across, cannot well be much. Come, we can talk the matter over at my wagon." And he conducted them to an opening in the wood, where corn grew green and long, and where a wagon, covered like a tent, contained the travelling settler's family and goods.

"Penelope," said the American, speaking in at the door of his caravan, "Penelope my dove, here be strangers; get on the gridiron, broil the breast of the turkey which we picked yesterday;—here be travellers; they have gold in their pockets, girl, so bestir thee;—they ask not thy cheer for nothing, so haste thee;—the jingling of silver is the sweetest music a man can work to; so look sharp, girl, and thief-like, as thy grandfather old Bite-o'-the-bridle, used to say." Thus admonish-

ed, the female inmate of this travelling mansion made the gridiron clink and the fire glow,—her husband continued his conversation. "You will be seeking, I guess, for fine lands to settle upon. Ah! you have taken, as well as I, the wrong line of the wilderness. This land seems rich and fertile; but, alas! its sole produce is weeds and trees, and if a stalk of corn struggles up against sterility, the wild beasts tread it down, and the wild birds glean it; you have wandered from the path of good fortune, I guess."

"Macgubb seized the character of their host at once, and answered with a simple gravity, "We are sorry, friend, to hear an account so unfavourable of this pretty place. We are men of a distant country,—we love not the toil of clearing ground, we love the work when done to our hands,—we seek for a spot beautiful and productive, and money is no particular object." The American thought for a moment, and then replied, "Money may do much, and ye are prudent men. We have been settled here, Penelope and I, these three years,—the spot was a desert, and I was in a decline. But give a man of enterprise a hatchet and a head of Indian corn, and he can live. I barked with the head of my axe these tall trees which stand leafless before you; with its shaft I dibbled in my corn, and the trees faded as the corn grew, and here am I, lord of a hundred good acres of corn-ground. 'Tis a lovely spot, Sir, as you may see; my pleasure lies in cutting and clearing away, and when a handsome offer comes, why, I open my palm, yoke my horses, dive fifty miles into the wilderness, whet my axe, cut away, dibble my corn, and so I begin the world anew. I love to be stirring; there 's naught won by standing still; fortune can be caught by speed of foot, and I love the clink of dollars better than the cry of the eagle or the lynx. But Penelope is ready with the turkey, I guess, and it is best making of a bargain when the meat 's in the mouth."

The Penelope of this improver of the western wilderness was tall and thin, as yellow as a leaf at Yule, bent to her work like a scythe-blade, her hand stained with

domestic labour into the colour dun dipt in saffron, and her looks sharp, suspicious, and covetous. She withdrew the half-picked and half-broiled bones of a turkey from the fire, placed them reeking before her guests, trussed them up in her left hand, and using a long clasp-knife with her right, cut them in to shares, seized the best portion for herself, and began to devour away without saying a word.

"We live you see gentlemen," said the American, "a free and happy life; liberty, that best boon to man, is ours; the wolf, the bear, the panther and the Indian, disputed my independance; they tasted of my rifle, and I am king here. Liberty is the American's birth-right; for its sake the Indian bleeds and the African toils; it becomes not the free born to mingle with savages nor labour like menilas. Penelope and I have purchased two healthy hard working slaves from Providence Pence, who trades in the article; when they arrive, we shall enjoy the calm dignity of independence, shall we not Penelope, my dove?"—"Amminidab," said the gracious Penelope, "make thy meat shut thy mouth, or if thou must speak, canst thou not sell thy bit land. Will liberty cut the trees, dig the ground, sow the corn, kill the beasts and shoot the Indians, thinkest thou? 'Minidab, thou'rt old man still, good for nothing but talking and eating."—"Woman," said Amminidab, "show reverence before strangers to the head of the house; Scripture bids thee obey."—"A fig for all books, be they Scripture or no," said Penelope, "which would make the head of a house; pick thy bone and be thankful."—"Woman," said the settler, "ye err exceedingly in this and, ye deserve to be tied to a tree and left to the wild wolves."—"Ay," said Penelope with a loud laugh, "so Jonathan Screw served his spouse, but ye lack spirit for doing even a deed of sin."—"If these strangers were away," answered Amminidab, "I would read thee a lesson with thy eyes wet."—"And it is well for thee, then they are here," said Penelope, "else I would make thee soon cry petticoat is master."

"Have patience, my good dame," said Paul, "carry not your awful sway so serious a length."—"Patience?" exclaimed this virago of the wilderness, "wilt thou dare to advise me in my own house! Buckle thy belt and budge—up I say,—wag. Art thou come to plunder my larder and preach up patience? Be gone I say." Paul and his companion rose. "What!" exclaimed Penelope, "come ye to feast on my fatness, eat as much at one meal as would serve three modest men a week, and then sculk away with coin in your pockets; d'ye think I come here to shoot turkeys and dress them for your pleasure?" "There," said Paul, presenting a piece of gold, "take that, and except our thanks beside." The glitter of the gold sobered down her fury at once. "Bide a bit, bide a bit," she said; "the day is but young, there's new-taken honey-comb in the cub-board, and a drop of somewhat in the stone bottle; don't let the wind of a woman's tongue drive ye to the desert. Speak, 'Minidab, man canst thou?—speak to the gentlemen who pay for their dinner in gold."

"I will never wish to see a man's body darkening my door again," replied Amminidab.—"Aha! I'll warrant now thou art jealous, thou old fool," answered Penelope; but never mind, man, go and float thy boat and row them over, and let not thy notions of liberty drive away good customers, who carry gold in their pockets and scatter it freely."—Amminidab floated his boat, rowed Paul and his companions over,—refused not the money that was offered him, but tried the edge of the dollar with his teeth, and said, "It may be light, yet it seems current silver."—"Amminidab," said Macgubb, "I will tell you how the Virginians do when their wives are restive. They take them cannily out to the forest, set them up against a tree, and try the merits of a new rifle on their persons."—"I thank thee, friend," said the American, for thy good counsel; "and, a word in thine ear,—I have even tried it,—but, somehow or other, the thoughts of having lain twenty years by her side, together with the fury of her looks, disturbed my aim and made my rifle shake when I presented it,

like a sapling in the wind." And Amminidab turned his boat, and rowed silently back to his own side of the river.

The moon and stars were up and shining, when Paul emerged from the great wilderness, and entered the lands where pasturage and cultivation were united. Fields of corn waved on one hand, sheep-pens filled with ewes and lambs lay on the other, and the light of the evening fire glimmered through many a cottage window. When he reached the summit of a little hill, he halted, and looked earnestly into the darkened valley before him he heard, as he imagined, the deep hum which is breathed through the air by a multitude of people, and presently the blast of a shrill bugle, and the roll of a single drum, told of the presence of armed men. Paul, with his companions, sought the cover of a grove of pines, and as they moved silently in the darkness of their shadow, two armed men sprung out upon them, crying, "Stand and declare your names and business;"—"We are servants of the Congress," answered Paul; "wherefore watch ye here?"—"I guess, friend," said one of the soldiers, "that we are placed here by Joshua Spanks our gallant colonel,—wherefore I asked not,—But I shall assuredly shoot ye, if ye move a foot, were it but to show my sense of military obedience."—"Hout, man! wherefore would ye shoot?" interposed his comrade. "Had ye been in the grand fight at the fort, as I was, ye would have seen this gentleman just flying everywhere like a fiery dragon: sae if ye touch a trigger, I'll give ye six inches of my bayonet under your fifth rib. Wot ye this gentleman's name, now? It's e'en Captain Paul Jones, as gallant a fellow as ever snapt a flint owre powder; a countryman of my ain, and a relation, by the mother's side, within the countable degrees."

"Friends both," said Paul, "know ye where our rulers are met, and if General Washington be among them?"—"Met?" said the Scottish sentinel, "I trow ye hardly expect them to be all met again, since they got the grand scattering frae the royal army. But some

score are sae have come daunering back, and they have formed a kind of council or meeting, and here they are een debating away on the condition of the country. Weel I wot, General Washington is with them,—little can they do without him,—meikle would the wily tongue do were it not aided by the sharp sword. What's a war of words but the flourish of trumpet and drum; and naebody kens that better than yourself, Captain Paul Jones; a weel-rammed shot and a sharp boarding-pike will do more than the boatswain's whistle."

"Have done," said his brother sentinel, "and pass onwards Captain Paul Jones. Go along that line of fixed soldiers till you come to the pine-trees, and there you will find a hasty meeting of some score or so of our rulers and generals deciding the fate of nations."—"Heard ever lugs such a direction as that!" said the other sentinel.—man ye have not the spirit of a mouse, else ye would describe sic a meeting till ye made it shine like ane of the fixed stars. Gang onwards, Captain Paul Jones, till ye come to yon remnant of the ancient wilderness,—see, the moon shows you the wood pigeons roosting thick on the tree-tops. There, with the green sod under them, the bright stars aboon them, a hundred torches and three thousand drawn swords gleaming around them, will ye find some aughteen or or twenty carles talking about liberty and equality, and other bonnie and impracticable things.—There, now, that's something like a description,—it's a painting in words."

Paul left the loquacious sentinels, and entered the remains of the old wilderness. Armed men filled every bush, not a whisper was to be heard, and all was still and motionless. On a rising ground, which stood bare in the middle of the forest, he found a few of the American rulers assembled;—all were armed with swords, some wore pistols at their belts,—some were in the prime of life, others were hoary-headed;—but they all alike had looks of firm endurance and enthusiastic resolution. An old man, with thin, white hair, and a face pale and anxious, was speaking as Paul approached.

"Bread and water," he said,—"a bed under the forest-tree, with the wild beast's skin to cover us, rather thau be slaves. Let us, therefore, go to battle, and let the old go first. We have short while to live, and how can life be more nobly disposed of than for one's country? Let us send these Frenchmen away,—let us scorn all foreign aid,—let us go to our woods and our rocks and river-banks, and do battle for every tree and every stream and every stone,—let us all die rather than yield; but victory, not death, will be ours."

"Worthily spoken, Zachary," said another old member, rising suddenly, and stamping with his foot to give emphasis to his words,—"worthily spoken: by American hands be American wrongs righted,—that's my motto. What have we to do with the men of France? —what community can freedom have with a tyrannic prince and his titled helots? There is danger in such friendship;—If we vanquish England by aid of France, to France will we become as slaves,—it will be an exchange of task masters,—yea it will be worse. The hand of France lies heavy on the lands she conquers, and the hand of England lies light. To your woods and your wildernesses, and waste and weed them out with a tedious and dangerous war."

"A Frenchman was my father and a Frenchwoman was my mother?" exclaimed a young man, rising, and laying his hand on the hilt of his sword; "and I their son shall suffer no scorn to be cast on their country. What! are we to drive away our brave deliverers!—are we to reject with scorn the aid of the mightiest of all monarchs, lest he should fall in love with this wild and remote land? Let us rather be under the protection of the wise and powerful people of France than be serfs to the pedlars of Scotland and supercargoes of Enland."

Several members rose at once, but precedence was allowed to a man of middle age, with locks of raven blackness, and eyes still darker, a plain man, with a grave and religious look. He stood looking on the person who spoke last for the space of a minute or more;—he

then spoke with a mild tone,—I waited, hoping that John Alenson would have softened his harsh words anent countries, seeing that most of the men around him are of Scottish or English extraction. Let the descendants of England fight their own fight, as full ably they can, and let me put in ae word for Scotland.—Her blood is in me, and good blood too; for I am descended from the ancient houses of Soursyke and Sculduderie.—Sae I maun even take the part of cauld Caledonia in the best way I can; for words of scoff and scorn should never be long endured by one of gentle kind." He whispered for a moment in the ear of Alenson, and they left the meeting and entered the wilderness together. "We are far enough, Sir," said Alenson, "for a matter so trifling;—my pistol is ready,—the distance six paces."—"Six paces then be it," said the other; "I am ever willing to oblige a reasonable gentleman,—let us not make the steps owre lang."—"I wish," said the Frenchman, "that we had your ancestor's elwand to mete the ground accurately."—"We need not be so nice," answered his opponent; "I have measured ground with a coxcomb's body before now,—take your place." The words were not well uttered till both pistols flashed at once; and before the smoke rolled away the descendant of the houses of Soursyke and Sculduderie was seen walking gravely back to his seat, wiping the lock of his pistol with the lining of his regimental coat. He stood up in his place, and resumed his speech.

"I was about to say, friends, when this little matter of country-honour interrupted me, that we ought to consider this matter ripely and carefully. I would counsel ye to entice a kind deed out of the devil, if ye can honestly come be't;—fire makes a bonnie servant, and water a braw friend, while man keeps the upper hand, and so would I do by the Monsieurs. Let them waste their fiery blood and their skipping spirits on the English veterans,—aye praise them, and aye put them in the front, and thus will ye punish their vanity and profit yourselves. Let us even stand quietly by, and abide the dispensation of things with our swords in our hand."

"There spoke the descendant of a people," said an old man, with a bald head and flushed brow, "who, with meekness in their looks and forbearance on their tongues, hold their hands at liberty for deeds of violence and blood. O! men of America, trust your own hearts and your own hands;—put no confidence in aliens.—The blood dearest to me has been shed by the ruthless hand of one who battles beneath our banner,—one who is now come among us with my child's blood on his hands to seek preferment and honour. I name him not; nor am I silent from fear, but from a wish that naught evil should pollute my lips." Paul bent his keen eyes on the old man, and thought he had seen a face like his before.

"I have no fear of such pollution, Ephraim Lucas," said an American officer, coming forward; all lovers of freedom and admirers of bravery rejoice in the name of Paul Jones. You charge him with the slaughter of your son;—as well may I charge him with the death of my brother, who fell by his side as he boarded the Serapis. Well and nobly did he do his devoir for us on that day, and but for his bravery and skill our ships had been taken."—"If he has slain unrighteously the son of Ephraim Lucas," said Colonel Langley, "he shall answer it, were he Benjamin Franklin's brother, or Louis the Bourbon's firstborn. Are we to have Scotch kestrels stooping on our Transatlantic eagles? We shall have him before us, and hear him speak;—then it is only a word of the mouth and a snap of a flint."—"Ay," said a brother officer at his hand, "the word may be given, but who shall snap the flint?—I will defend his fame and body with my heart's-blood. Urge not this matter too far,—I happen to know something of Lucas's misfortune."

"Misfortune!" said Colonel Langley; "it was no misfortune, but murder,—murder of a freeborn man.—Were Paul Jones the son of mine own loins, I would impeach him of this. Are aliens, Sir, to come amongst us men of pure descent, and do deeds of daring which we ought to do, and get the fame which should belong to us, and find preferment which we cannot find? I

rose but to express my indignation,—I shall conclude by moving that Captain Crumphorn be despatched to bring Commodore Paul Jones before us."

"I shall save any one the pain of seconding your motion, Sir," said Paul himself, stepping forward; "my name is John Paul Jones,—what have you to say against it?" Several members sprang from their seats and welcomed him with cheers, others held out their hands, but one-half of the number sat silent and dark; and Colonel Langley seemed ready to proceed with his impeachment, when General Washington appeared at his side, the drops of haste on his brow, and the marks of rapid travel on his dress.

"Commodore Paul Jones," said Washington, "I am glad to see you, though it has given me some pain to hear you. Your appearance here was ill-judged,—you have many unfriends, and some as you may have found, desirous of pushing matters to extremity. I do not indeed approve of all your actions, yet you shall find me a friend, and an unflinching one,—fear nothing." Washington had his own fiery and impetuous temper under better government than Paul. Paul, indeed, when the music of the waters and the roar of the naval artillery were in his ears, had composure and presence of mind for all emergencies; his martial prudence was great; but his civil imprudence fairly equalled it; and he was unskilled in the temperate language and conciliatory manners which win their way to the hearts of men.

"Americans!" said Paul, "hear what I say. My hand first spread that banner on the ocean which now waves victorious above you, and the first stroke that was struck for your independence on the waters was struck by me."—"Friend!" exclaimed an impatient member, "talk no more of thy deeds,—we grant that thou art brave. But didst thou slay the youth? Didst thou slay him, yea or nay? If thou hast slain him, wo to our contest for independence while innocent blood is unrevenged!"—"Answer not the question," whispered Washington; "it will wreck thy fortune, and I will lose an excellent friend." "Friend George,"

said the same straight-forward querist, "keep thy wily lips from that youth's ear; thou hast little deeds of thine own to answer for, which may require all thy wisdom to whiten to the world." "All I have done," said the indignant General, "is clear as the morning light; and when have I, by vexatious accusations, sought to keep in the scabbard one of the sharpest swords which has been drawn for freedom?"—"We all know thy deeds, George Washington," said the same member," and we all know thy subtlety too; thou thinkest to cover this youth with a web of thy fancy's weaving. Commodore Paul Jones, didst thou slay this old man's son, yea or nay?"

Paul's eyes emitted a fierce light, his frame shook with anger, and his hand unconsciously felt the hilt of his sword, as he said with a loud voice, "I slew him; and men of America, do so to me if I fail to satisfy you that it was a just and necessary deed. When we met the English, I nailed the flag of freedom to the mast, and said, 'Whoso strikes these colours dies.' In the heat of action, when our decks were floating with blood, came this old man's son, and with his own hand struck my flag, and I slew him. I slew him for that traitorous deed; and if one man among you can say it was a cruel and dishonourable act, he is unworthy to be a freeman, and may he be a slave." There was a general murmur of approbation; Colonel Langley rose and said, "Commodore Paul Jones, thou hast made a fair defence; it only remains to be proved; hast thou any friend near who can prove what thou hast spoken? I am the public avenger of blood, and I demand the proof."

"And the proof is here," exclaimed a rough strong voice from the crowd. "Whatever Commodore Paul says I'll swear. I have kenned him since he was cock-bird high, and I never kenned him tell a lie in his life."—"And who art thou, friend?" said one of the American officers, "who profferest this frank and ready testimony; knowest thou of this matter with thine own knowledge?"—"Who am I?" responded the witness, advancing slowly; "I am Robert Macgubb

of the Mull; and this idle matter I heard with mine own ears and saw with mine own eyes."—"Well friend," said the other, "thou art a competent witness; besides a fellow of some mark.—A shrewd man, who knows the side of the bread on which the butter lies,—a man who would curse old Scotland sooner than tell an untruth."—"Your honour's a warlock," responded the Galwegian; "honesty has marred my way in the world,—telling the truth has harmed my fortune,—it's a melancholy fact."—"Well, friend," answered the member, "the surer will thy portion be in the hereafter. Now, mark me; did not John Paul Jones shoot Lieutenant Lucas even as he warred with the enemy? See'st thou yon tree?—on its topmost bough shall thy body dangle to feed the vultures, if thou deceivest me in aught." And the American regarded him with a stern look, but it daunted not the Galwegian.

"It is not the terrors of that yea-and-nay face of thine, friend," said Macgubb, "which make me speak the truth; but the plain truth aye tells best,—ye shall judge:—In the very storm and whirlwind of battle, when balls flew thick and men fell fast, comes this tawny gowk—this Lieutenant Lucas up from below, and never a word he spoke, as the sang says, but laid his hand on Paul's flag. I saw the bit bunting with the stripes and stars descending, and I heard the shout of the English. Weel, my hand was on a pistol,—so was Paul's,—we fired together, and down Lucas dropt. But here lies the difficulty; no that he was innocent, deil a ane that saw him, and there were mony, doubts that he was a traitor or coward, or baith;—ye see, I never miss my aim,—Paul as little misses his,—and as ae bullet only passed through the body, the honour of shooting him remains a matter of uncertainty; and I think it might be safely conceded to me, since Paul has honour enough and to spare."

"This is a wily Scot," said the American to a member beside him, "and I'll warrant him a good warrior with a cutlass and a boarding-pike. Lucas was a shallow ruffling fellow, and his death matters as little as a dull flint snapt on wet powder. But I make this din

about him that we may keep foreigners at home. These cunning Scots wind themselves like serpents into every situation; and we must keep up this catching cry of the birthright of citizens, and the mysterious fate of Lucas, that we may put these intruders down."—"Thou hast spoken but the truth," replied Elias; "I shall join thee gladly in it,—and Elisha, and Abner, and Growingrace, and Abednego, will unite with us in maintaining the glory of the pure American blood. At present Washington and his warriors are too strong for us. But when George is with his army and Paul's foot on shipboard, we will agitate the matter anew." Their conversation wandered willingly away into the debateable land of liberty and slavery;—they disputed, dissented, and dispersed.

CHAPTER IX.

> Did that God
> Form thee for peace when slaughter is abroad,
> When her brooks run with blood, and rape and murder
> Stalk through her flaming towns?
>
> SOUTHEY.

THE spirit of adventure seems as natural to the sons of Caledonia as flight is to a bird. In every land they strike root, and flourish like the native offspring of the soil. But the spirit of an Englishman droops and pines in foreign lands; he seems created for his island; he leaves it with sorrow and returns to it in joy. England, that populous hive, cannot shed off her swarms,—her numbers oppress her,—she is half-devoured with her own teeth, and she welcomes war as a kind friend who carries off, like a waste-pipe, the foaming and over-boiling natures which she produces. With a Scotchman for my hero, I have the wide world for a stage to display him on; but I am the slave of truth, and wish not to write fiction, but history.

Look on yon armed ship; her sails are filled by a stiff breeze, and she goes snoring gladsomely through the foaming element with all her mariners on board. With her my story goes; and, though her canvass swells to the wind of a distant clime, and her anchor is about to be dropt in a remote bay, she bears the hero of my history. That sea is the Liman,—those are the Turkish towers of Oczakow; and the flag under which Paul Jones draws his sword bears no longer the stripes and stars of America, but the black eagle of all the Russias. What change of fortune and sentiment can have turned the lover of liberty and the warrior for human freedom into a servant of the Russian? What can have induced him to forsake the banner of independence, and fight in aid of a barbarous despotism? Alas! a restless, a vehement, an ambitious man is seldom consistent. His chief desire is fame,—his love is to fill the world's eye and ear, and he is seldom anxious about the means if the end can be obtained.

But let me do Paul justice. France pleased him with fine promises; he ate baked meats and drank spiced wine with the princes and princesses of the land, and was dismissed with low bows and looks of cold civility. America profited by his valour; she owed her naval power to his skill—her maritime laurels were all of his winning; but she was too poor in purse, or in spirit, to reward her benefactor. She threw suspicion on his integrity, that she might put the pension which he merited in her pocket. The protection of Franklin was indeed effectual while he lived,—but Washington, and the generous Jefferson, sought in vain to find him a place amongst the worthies who planned and perfected American freedom.

The curse which those men deserve and find who fight against their country fell upon Paul. While the war raged, and hot blood was on men's brows, he was called a patriot, because he was brave, and a hero, for he was ever victorious; but peace brought soberer thoughts and more scrupulous judgments. He was looked suspiciously on by a people jealous of all foreign talent; and it was profitable to the government to slight

a meritorious servant, since the post which he deserved could secure the affection of a man American born. The Americans, too, of Scottish extraction entertained scruples respecting the propriety of Paul's hostility to his native country; they tried him by their own hearts, and condemned him as an undutiful child. When the war closed he was thrown carelessly aside, like one of the weapons which helped to achieve liberty, to be consumed by neglect and rust.

Paul hoped, by a change of scene, to find men of a milder or less scrupulous nature. His haughty temper was soured by disappointment; his fiery impetuosity was not at all cooled by his intercourse with the world; and he found that a surly republican and a smooth courtier are the same in heart, though their vizards were different. His enthusiastic notions of philanthropy began to be sobered down,—universal citizenship haunted his dreams, but endured not his examination awake. Liberty lost some of the stars from her tiara; and in the visions of the night he no longer trampled over the thrones of the earth. To his native country, too, his thoughts frequently wandered; and even now, while he stands on the deck of his ship, and looks on the towers of Oczakow, and on the bay filled with a grove of masts, he is thinking in his heart that the green shores of cold Caledonia are lovelier,—his native mountains and castles are crowding fast into the landscape, and imagination triumphs in spite of the crescent floating on the Turkish towers, and the glittering of polished corslets and scimitars.

A hand unceremoniously laid on Paul's shoulder dispelled the agreeable vision. The voice of Macgubb broke out with an introductory laugh, hoarse and startling. "Now, his name be lauded, this is a sight for a Christian's eye! In all my warrings, I have aye had some sma' pang of contrition or remorse; and I have cursed my cruel trade, when I saw the life's blood forsaking some weel-faured face that had newly come frae its mother's bosom, and was langed for at hame, and hame would never see mair. But here be heathens to kill, and it is our duty as warriors and Christians to

smite them and slay them. Yet I'll warrant, poor blinded creatures, many of them have cozie hames, tender mithers, and lasses with locks as brown as a berry, to care for them too. The sight of a Frenchman makes me clench my teeth; but the look of a Turk gaurs my blood boil and all my flesh grue. I think I could dine on an unbeliever's head, like rough King Richard in the daft rhyme-book."

"Captain Macgubb," replied Paul with a smile, "you are now a person of rank,—you must learn to speak more elegant language, and observe the etiquette of your station. These claps on the shoulder, these bursts of laughter, and homely speeches, will be remarked by men who cannot estimate the excellence of your character as a man and friend. When alone, Robin Macgubb and John Paul are the best and kindliest names we can know each other by,—in the presence of the Russians it must be Captain Macgubb and Admiral Jones."

"Fair fall ye, Admiral Jones," said the Galwegian; "for, even in the hastiest word ye say to me, there's something kind and brotherly,—something that tastes as sweetly of kindly auld Galloway as a kame of Borgue-honey. But elegant language!—I speak the wale of language; and, rather than be obliged to demean myself and speak southland English, I'll cast Captain frae me and turn Turk,—only it would be a sin to scatter the pearls of Scottish speech afore heathen swine."

"Why really now, Captain Macgubb," answered Paul, "you are elevating your language to suit your station,—you rise into metaphor."—"Metaphor!" exclaimed the man of the Mull, chafing his iron palms together, "I'll warrant do I. When a man forgets his mother-language he is capable of any absurdity. But will you tell me this," continued he in a whispering tone of voice; "when ye have thrashed the Turks and won the good opinion of Kate, and I am employed, like a dutiful friend, in wiping the train-oil from your imperial beard, will there be some cannie place of profit and honour for the lad of the Mull? Will I be Prince

of the Cossacks, and stew my meat as I ride; or Governor of Kamtschatka, and perfume your presence once every seventh year with a fishy smell? Come, ye maun find some handy place, even were it a hand higher than my condition,—sic a friend as I cannot be found every night in the dark."

"Why, how now, Robert, man?" said Paul; "I cannot conceive what possesses you,—some Russian wild bee buzzes in your bonnet." Macgubb laughed, leaned over the side of the ship, laid his lips within touch almost of the other's ear, and replied, "Weel now, Paul,—I'll aye call ye Paul privately, though Admiral has a bonnie sound,—setting the case that bowls row right, and ye gain the imperial lug,—please the imperial eye,—spend an hour of daffin in the imperial chamber, and men cry prince or highness after ye, are you sure that ye will be able to maintain your rule! Are you not afraid lest some able-bodied sodger, a weighty sab of a man, like John Geddes of Glensone, will come and glitter in Kate's ee, and cast ye to the kites or the Cossacks to be picked or eaten?" Paul smiled and said, "Robin, you must bridle your unruly tongue; our mistress is a modest empress, and may deliver such a reviler as you to the double-knout, or to be suspended by one of the ribs on an iron hook on the banks of the Volga."

"If Mistress Kate," replied the Galwegian, "give such preferment to all who tell merry stories of her, there will be a sad inlake of her subjects. But I'll take care and weigh my words sae wisely, that none shall ken whether I think her as pure as December's first snow-drift, or as wanton as Nanse Kingan's kitten, that killed itself running after its tail. But stay—bout ship—haul taught—here they come—one, two, three, four—a whole navy, by the twisted hemp and the crooked oak! And Russians, I'll be sworn; you may nose a Russian ship three miles to windward. Feel,—the whole sea is fragrant with fried oil and the odour of old tallow. The unction of one of Kate's ships would funk a Frenchman into a fever."

Paul stood and fixed his glass on the coming squa-

dron. It was the fleet of Russia, crowded with troops, and commanded by one of the imperial favourites of the hour, the Prince Nassau, whose greener judgment was put under the riper skill of Rear-Admiral Dalzell. It was not without some emotion that Paul saw the fleet approach; he knew that the Prince had won his command by the comeliness of his person, and he despised him for his want of maritime experience, for the merits by which he climbed into reputation, and, I wish to disguise nothing, envied him a little for his good fortune. Paul had served under Washington, and had obeyed Franklin, men whose genius and virtues were alike eminent; he had now to make trial of servitude under one whose person he scorned and whose judgment he despised. The moment of trial, too, was at hand; a signal was hung out from the Prince's ship for Paul to go on board, and, dressed in a Russian rear-admiral's uniform, decked with the Bourbon cross of military merit, and with the sword at his side the gift of Louis, he stood on the deck of the Czar, of one hundred guns, by the side of Prince Nassau.

The Prince, who had known Paul in France, bowed low to his salutation, took him by the hand, and turning to an old officer with a dark decisive eye and a grim weather-beaten countenance, said, "Let me have the honour of introducing Admiral Dalzell to my gallant Rear-Admiral Jones, who is come to instruct me in the art of conquering infidels." The swarthy veteran moved neither foot nor hand, but returned the bow of Paul with a stiff inclination of the head, and, without uttering a word glanced an eye on him haughty and menacing.

"Admiral Dalzell," said Paul, "I am proud of this moment; your maritime fame has long ago reached the ears of we sailors of the south, and I am pleased at having an opportunity of perfecting my knowledge in the company of so experienced a mariner."—"Upon my soul, man," answered Dalzell, with a tone which sounded of old Scotland like a strathspey; "you do me undeserved honour. I have fought some seventy odd battles with Turks and Swedes in my day, of which

my body bears some tokens; but for fame, what fame can be gained by beating an ignorant Swede or a Turkish hound? Had it been James Dalzell's good fortune to have warred with the French, the Dutch, the Spaniards, or even with these renegade Americans, he might have had a name. But, weary fa' the auld house of Stuart! I maun die far from the bonnie banks of Nith, and lay my banes amang aliens." And the old warrior leaned over the vessel's side, and looked sorrowfully down.

"His country and his home are at his heart," said the Prince; "but you, my good Rear-Admiral, are a citizen of the world at large, your home is the wide earth, and all men are your brothers. The Empress is fortunate in finding a servant of such liberal feelings; you are the friend of the fair, too, fame says,—but truce with Cupid,—what says Mars? See Suwarrow stands in his trenches before Oczakow, and yonder flies his signal inviting me ashore. Let us go, Rear-Admiral Jones. Stay, what grim and rough resemblance of thee is this? A faithful follower, I'll warrant,—a man of few words and many blows,—he has a name, I presume?"

Macgubb, as ready for speech as for a blow, and regardless of all etiquette, save that of honest nature, exclaimed, "A name! ay, and a capital name too! Robert Macgubb, born in the Mull, in the year of grace seventeen hundred and fifty, and sailor, man and boy, for eighteen years. Now fighting for my ain hand, next for some state or kingdom, and latterly following my friend, Admiral Paul Jones, like his shadow, snapping my pistol when he holds out his, and boarding when he boards. For, lord, Sir, I like him as simmer likes the sun, and though he's captious at times, and scorns gude counsel, if there's a right gude fellow atween Moscow and the Mull, it's John Paul—I mean the Admiral here."

Admiral Dalzell drank in the Galwegian's words as a thirsty land drinks rain. "Give me thy hand, my rough right-hearted countryman," said the veteran; "it does my heart gude to hear thy homely speech. I

have not heard such heartsome kindly Scotch since, in a luckless hour, I left the links of Nith and the windings of Ae."—"Nith and Ae! streams that I ken both," shouted the Galwegian; "I have dooked in the tane, and groped trouts in the tither. They are bonnie streams baith, bonnie streams baith, yet duck-dubs compared to the Dee; it has water that ye might frame for a looking-glass, and the sound on't as it runs is something sweeter than music." "There are not three such streams to my fancy in the wide world," said Dalzell. "If ye say't, I'lt swear't," said Macgubb; "and I have seen the Tweed, the Thames, the Seine, the Delaware, the Ohio, and the Mississippi,—a quart of water to a pound of mud,—gude enough for ducks to swim in, but ane canna get a mouthful of crystal water from the head to the mouth."

As Prince Nassau, Paul, and their companions, went towards land, the whole sea trembled and the shore shook with the discharge of several hundred pieces of artillery. All around Oczakow a torrent of smoke and flame was seen to rush from the batteries; while from the city itself the balls flew in one unremitting shower, and in a few minutes the city and sea were covered as with a shroud. They landed, and were escorted to the presence of the Russian commander. They found Suwarrow seated on the ground eating a soldier's hasty meal; the flesh which he ate from his hand was neither very fresh nor very well cooked; while from a little leathern bottle he took frequent sips, to hasten the descent of the food he was swallowing rather than eating. He held out one greasy hand to the Prince, wiped his lips with the other, and, starting to his feet, exclaimed, "Suwarrow welcomes Prince Nassau! I have hailed thy arrival by shooting at those heathen hounds,—blank shot is no honour to a warrior, and is, besides, a waste of powder,—so I have welcomed my maritime friend, and done damage to the dogs of the Crescent at the same time."

"It is done like Suwarrow," said the Prince, "but what is this?—why the enemy's shot drop upon your position."—"Ay, ay," answered the Russian, "I

would rather see a thirteen-inch shell casting up its sulphury mound at my foot than see a mole-hill ; I would rather see a cannon-shot plough the lea over which I rode than see the share draw its smoothest furrow. Our Empress loves the lighted palace and the gallant assembly, and is pleased with the presence of the young princes of the earth ; but Suwarrow loves the flash of musketry and the music of artillery, and would rather set the blood of her enemies a running, than drink the red wine presented by her white hand." His fierce grey eye flashed, he looked towards the beleaguered city, and stretched his hand as if he meant to clutch it.

Suwarrow took the arm of the Prince, and, motioning Paul to follow, walked slowly along from battery to battery, commending one engineer, reproving another, depressing a cannon here, elevating one there, and endeavouring to impress on all the necessity of firing with precision and rapidity. While the balls flew over their heads and the shells burst around them, Suwarrow walked on like one unconscious of danger, Paul like one to whom it was familiar, and Macgubb as one who deemed it a point of discipline to follow example and obey orders. But Prince Nassau, though he said nothing, and showed neither impatience nor reluctance, acknowledged, by his blanched cheek and intimidated eye, that the court was more pleasant than the camp.

On one of the principle towers which flanked the gate of the city the standard of the Sultan was displayed, and from this tower thirty pieces of cannon strewed the Russian batteries with dead and dying. Suwarrow looked for a moment, and muttered, "Seventy feet high,—it cannot well be scaled,—the masonry seems too solid to be readily breached, by the soul of the Czar Peter, its infidels are expert gunners, and are worthy of defending yon gallant pennon,—let me try to strike it,—a shot at the Crescent is the duty of a Christian soldier." He loaded a thirty-two pound piece as he spoke,—directed it with his own eye,—and applying a lighted match, a torrent of smoke and flame streamed towards the tower, and the globe of solid iron, glanc-

ing upwards from the parapet, passed so close to the flag-staff, that the Crescent quivered as if touched by a momentary breeze. The warrior shook his head, and said, "I must capture yon pennon the regular way." As he spoke, he fixed his eye on Paul, considered him for a moment, and exclaimed, "What! wouldst thou try conclusions with the Crescent?—thou wouldst hit the moon herself as soon—a steady hand and skilful eye never came from the sea,—but thou shalt try, if thou wilt."

"Marshal Suwarrow," answered Paul, "you have read my looks aright; even on sea, unstable as it is, I have hit as minute a mark."—He said no more, but loaded the cannon, pointed it, and applied the match; the soldiers leaped in scores upon the batteries, and Suwarrow himself held his hand over his eyes and looked towards the tower. Just as the cannon flashed, the Bashaw of Ismael, a young officer of great courage, laid his hand on the staff of the colours, leaned over the parapet, and gazed on the Russian commander. The ball flew with an aim so true and so fatal, that it passed through the body of the young officer, cut the shaft of the standard asunder, and precipitated both body and pennon into the ditch below. "By St. Anne." shouted Suwarrow, seizing Paul's hand, and shaking it heartily, "I would give my marshal's staff for such an eye and hand; we are brothers from this moment. Admiral Jones, I must submit to your consideration my whole plan of attack, and if you can help me to take Oczakow one second sooner than I have reckoned, I shall place you on my right hand."

Suwarrow, as he said this, took the arm of Paul and walked slowly along, coversing with him upon the principles and practice of gunnery, and explaining at large the reasons which induced him to plan and arrange the various batteries around Oczakow. They came to the space which extends between the city and the sea. Paul stood, and looked first at the wall and then at the water, and nodded his head and muttered to himself—"Ah, Admiral!" said the Russian, "I see thou hast a battery in thine eye; say but the word, and

I shall plant it though it should cost me six thousand men."—"The battery," replied Paul, "which I mean to recommend is a wooden one. On this side the enemy has few cannon, you have none; and the walls need no defenders, since they have no assailants. Now here I would propose, when your fire is at the hottest, and the breaches are nearly practicable, to lay the broad sides of a dozen men of war against that wall; moor them close to the shore, for it is bold, and the bay floats a first-rate, and thus pour upon your enemy the unexpected and distracting fire of three hundred fresh cannon."

"Now Oczakow is mine!" exclaimed Suwarrow, stamping in ecstacy. "Here, Nassau,—Prince what's your name?—you command the fleet of our mistress; you must desire our friend here to do this piece of good service, and give him cable enough—are you seaman sufficient to understand the phrase?" Prince Nassau turned his back on the Marshal, and answered not a word. "Come, come, Prince," exclaimed the rough warrior, "we understand each other. You head the fleet, for you are come to have the stamp of war put upon your name in the next court-gazette, that your person may pass current with a martial people; but this man, a pest on his name! this engineer here, he is the fighting admiral; Kate can choose a man as well for the camp as for the chamber, so let him do this needful piece of service. St. Anne! but you seem not to comprehend me. Hearken, when the balls hurl along the streets of Oczakow in dozens, send my friend the Admiral here with a dozen of your heaviest ships into the bosom of the bay—he knows what to do."

"'Tis a service, Sir," said the Prince Nassau haughtily, "which cannot be rendered. I am too faithful a servant of our great Empress to expose her navy to certain destruction."—"O, Kate the Great will forgive you, Nassau," said Suwarrow, "if you should lose a few ships. I know Kate, and Kate knows that Oczakow lies like a serpent in her path to Constantinople; she would give all her navy to the flames to draw such a living rampart of brave Russians round the City of

the Crescent for a single month, with my friend here firing on the mosques from the bay."—"We shall have work of our own to do, Marshal Suwarrow," said Paul, "for yonder comes the Turkish ships; see how gloriously they shine in the sun!—it is a gallant sight to behold so many warlike castles moving on the deep,—Prince, it is time and more than time that we were on board." A Cossack came at the spur, and put a small slip of paper, soiled with gunpowder, into Suwarrow's hand. He crumpled it up, and exclaimed, "I am right glad on't!—the bowstring has been busy, and here comes a new Vizier to lead the Faithful,—a man worthy of my arms, young, brave, and skilful, whose pride is surpassed only by his courage, and his courage is directed by skill and wisdom." And he looked towards the hills which bound in the distance the plains of Oczakow; a cloud of dust ascended from the trampling march of the Turkish cavalry, and the rattle of their cannon-wheels fell distinctly on his ear.

Suwarrow accompanied Paul to the barge, which lay ready to convey the Prince on board. "Now, my fighting admiral," said the soldier, "one word in thy ear. This Prince Nassau of thine is but a chamber-worrior, so never mind him; sink as many of the Turkish ships as thou canst, but forget not to drop into the bight of the bay, and throw an iron hurrican on these obdurate dogs. Thy success will justify thy disobedience, and Suwarrow shall bear thee out were it in the face of Kate herself. This Prince, I tell thee, is but a thing of plumes and perfume." Paul nodded and looked assent, and the commanders were instantly put on board the fleet. Nor was this done a moment to soon. The Turkish Armada, in three divisions, commanded by the Captain Pacha, sailed boldly into the bay, and, out numbering the Russians, advanced with the hope of vanquishing and capturing the whole. Prince Nassau seemed confounded by the boldness of his adversaries, and, like all indecisive leaders, stood looking on, allowing the Turks to choose their own position, and make unmolested their dispositions for battle.

"Prince," said Paul, "let us move forward to meet

them before they deprive us of every advantage. Their divisions are too far separated to sustain one another. Let me push my ships in between their first and second divisions, and ten sail at least shall be ours."—"That is truth if Belzebub spoke it," said Admiral Dalzell; "every minute's delay will cost us ten lives."—"Gentlemen," replied the Prince, "their navy is numerous, they have expert musketeers on board, and it is even rumoured that they are armed with the Greek fire; let us therefore await their attack here, and resist it the best way we can."

"Prince," said Paul, "let us not abide the attack of an enemy where there is not room to work our ships. And as for the Greek fire, what is it but flame?—we will give them in exchange both flame and shot,—here I shall not abide, for destruction will surely find us."—"And that's truth again," muttered Dalzell; "thou renegade, I am beginning to endure the."—"Rear-Admiral Jones," exclaimed the Prince, "I command this fleet, I command you, and here I command you to abide."—"Prince, when you command me wisely I shall obey; but I abide not here," exclaimed Paul, his brow reddening, his eye sparkling, and stamping fiercely with his foot and drawing his sword.—"It shall never be told of Paul Jones, that he commanded part of a mighty fleet, and had neither the sense to fly nor the courage to fight, but lay still in a nook till he was captured." So saying, he gave the signal for his division to weigh anchor and engage. The Prince, stung into motion by the enthusiasm of Paul, exclaimed, "Stay!—I command you, abide my signal!—I proceed with the other divisions against the enemy;—move not till I bid you."—And, putting his ships in motion, he bore down upon the Pacha under a press of sail.

But the wily unbeliever, under the pretence of retreating, decoyed the Prince after him, and, when he had succeeded in interposing one-half of his fleet between the Russian divisions, moved suddenly round, and commenced the attack. The Prince, though unskilled in maritime warfare, was not deficient in brave-

ry; he gave battle without hesitation, and his men fought with the most furious obstinacy. At the same moment the Turks, led by the new Vizier, advanced to attack Suwarrow. The sound of their martial music, the streaming of their innumerable banners, and the rushing of their multitudes of horsemen,—were lost to the ear and eye in the unremitting roar of artillery, and in the thick smoke which choked the air and hid the sun. The loud screaming of a flock of vultures came down at times from the cloud.

Paul stuck his pistols in his belt, and, without awaiting the promised signal, ordered his division to the attack. He received without returning the fire of the van of the Turkish fleet, which lay scattered between him and the Prince, and, hastening forward under a press of sail, threw himself upon the division conducted by the Captain Pacha. The Amurath, of a hundred guns, was singled out by this new and unexpected adversary, and received Paul's first broadside within half pistol-shot. The cannon, large of calibre and double-shotted, threw in their terrible discharge upon one point; and as the masses of solid iron went crashing through every impediment, the ship quivered from stem to stern, her masts trembled like reeds, and the sea rushing in at the breach, she sunk suddenly from the sight, leaving the yell of a thousand men in the air behind her.

The Pacha, who in person had succeeded in silencing the guns of the Czar, commanded by Prince Nassau, was now summoned to the contest by a far fiercer foe, and he assailed the ship of Paul with great bravery and some nautical skill. But the rapid, close, and destructive broadsides which he experienced soon heaped his decks with dead, and disabled his vessel; and, leaving the flag-ship of the Turkish commander lying like a wreck on the water, Paul hastened to relieve the other ships, and restore order and inspire confidence. The Turks,—a brave, and, in many respects, a noble people, —fought with great obstinacy; but they brought not the skill which they have on the battle-field to the boarded deck, and their hearts died within them when

they beheld three of their best ships sunk and six others taken. A new spirit seemed at once to have inspired the Russian navy;—their fire, from being slow and distant, had become close, quick, and destructive, and the Turks trimmed as well as they could their shattered sails, and stood out to sea.

Paul paused for a moment, he saw the sea covered with the wreck of the enemy,—their remaining ships in confusion and flight, and victory fairly won.—He addressed the chief admiral, whose ship was alongside. —"Prince Nassau, take these prizes into your care,—you are in no condition to conduct a successful chase after the enemy. I go to aid Suwarrow;" and, without awaiting a reply, he hastened, with the ten ships which composed his own division, into the bight of the bay. He moored his ships with their broadsides close to the beach,—he exhorted his men, as he passed from deck to deck, to load quick and take a true aim. So well was he obeyed, that the balls flew in scores at once to the wall of Oczakow, which began to yield to the tremendous storm of iron which rushed against it.

This aid came at a fortunate moment. The Turkish Vizier,—a man of action and capacity,—had disciplined with care the various hordes which he led to battle; and despising the sluggish and blind valour of the Russians, expected, by the rapid evolutions of his numerous cavalry, to confound and subdue them. But he had to encounter no ordinary warrior.—Suwarrow never despised an enemy; and had prepared himself accordingly for this contest with the Turkish chivalry. The Vizier, leaving his cannon to follow on his flanks, and placing his infantry as a reserve behind, led his horse, in three squadrons, against the Russians at a smart trot. He halted within musquet-shot of their lines,—laid his bridle on his horse's neck, and rode quietly and leisurely along, surveying the disposition which his adversary had made. He then hastened back,—ordered his infantry and cannon up,—changed his whole plan of attack with extraordinary quickness and good order, and gave the signal for the charge.

"Now, this Vizier and half his army are ours!" exclaimed Suwarrow;—"I thought that our front ranks of pikes would make him turn his bridles about. He is a man of mettle, and I am glad that we have found a general worthy of us; but what means he now? A mingled attack of horse, foot, and artillery;—well, let the storm fall, we shall abide it." The storm fell, and many a gallant Russian fell before it. The artillery fired quick and deadly, the musqueteers maintained a heavy and murderous discharge; while, like an eagle watching the moment to pounce on his prey, the Vizier sat at the head of his horsemen, their horse-tails waving in the wind and their scimitars gleaming in the sun. At once they dashed the spurs in their horses' flanks, and, leaning forward, shouting their war-shout of "Allah! Allah! rushed upon the Russian foot at a place where the artillery had hewn them away. So close and deadly was the charge, that, before the advance of the second line, the first line of Russians was swept away like dust, and the victorious Moslems, their bridles dripping with foam and their scimitars dyed in blood, rushed on the reserve. But here their career was checked;—a double line of spears projected against them, while over the heads of their pikemen the musketeers took sure aim, and the Turkish saddles were emptied in hundreds at once.

In the midst of this murderous contest the conduct of the commanders was conspicuous. Suwarrow, without bustle, glided from post to post, humming a snatch of a Russian war-song, or pausing amidst the hottest fire, to show an unpractised soldier how to aim his musket. He snatched the pike from the hand of a youth, in the very moment of a charge of Turkish cavalry, and said, in a kind and instructive tone, "Mark this, young man, if you wish to be a general!" and, striking an officer through the bosom, and hurling him from his horse, restored the lance, and resumed his progress. The commander of the Turks seemed animated and inspired by the glittering of the swords, the rushing of the horses, and the thunder of the artillery.

He charged repeatedly in person at full gallop,—he headed every attack,—he singled out every active soldier who opposed him, and no one escaped with life from his tremendous stroke. His enthusiasm and example animated his whole army, and they thought themselves capable of performing any deed to which he directed them. Yet, different as Suwarrow and the Vizier seemed in their natures, they resembled each other in their total disregard of human life,—the former coolly sacrificed men as a matter of military calculation, the latter devoted his men and risked himself in attempts to storm impregnable positions, and, alike matched in courage and obstinacy, the combat was bloody and desperate.

The interposition of Paul changed the fortune of the day. The garrison of Oczakow was drawn up behind the gate, ready to throw it open and rush on the besiegers, when word came that the Russian fleet had anchored under the wall, and was shaking it to the foundation. To drag some heavy cannon to the breach, and to line the shattered wall with veterans, to resist the expected attack, was, to practised warriors, the work of a few minutes. But these few minutes decided the fate of the army and the city. When he heard the first burst of the sea-artillery, Suwarrow exclaimed, "Well done, my fighting admiral!—Oczakow, thou art mine!"—and, ordering up the Russian reserve, he charged the centre of the Turkish position. Covered with dust, and dappled with powder and blood, he led his warriors to the charge; whilst the Turkish leader, gory from plume to spur, resisted with the flower of the Turkish soldiers. The fire of the Russians at length forced their enemies back; and so eager was the contest, that the battle rolled half-way round the beleaguered city, till they came where the broadsides of Paul swept the beach and shattered the wall.

Here the final strife took place. From the torrent of balls which flew from the Russian fleet the Turkish chivalry recoiled, and even their leader seemed daunted; they turned their bridles about, and threw them-

selves on their pursuers. But they failed in breaking the close compact order of the Russians; and thus, hemmed in by the city, the sea, and Surwarrow, they fought the fight of despair, and cost the enemy many a gallant warrior. The Vizier himself seemed to entertain no thoughts of surrendering, though most of his companions were slain or wounded; and the Russians, exasperated by the deadly resistance, rushed on him with bayonet and pike.—His horse sunk,—he sprung from the saddle,—twenty hands were on him at once, and the shout of "Save him! save him!" from Suwarrow, was heard above the tumult of the battle. A dozen of bayonets and pikes were stopt by the well-known voice; and the Vizier, surrendering himself, was conducted by two soldiers to the tent of his conqueror. As he passed onward he heard the fierce admonition of Suwarrow:—"Follow and spare not,—cumber not yourselves with prisoners. Pursue one mile, and return; for this city must be mine to-night;" and away they flew to fulfil an order so congenial to the fierce nature of the Russian soldiery.

Suwarrow, with all the tokens of a well-fought field of battle emblazoned on him,—his hands bloody,—his gun black with powder at lock and muzzle,—with sweat on his brow, and blood on his cheek, from a ball which grazed it,—walked into his tent, and stood before the Vizier. The follower of Mahomet eyed his conqueror with the most perfect composure, nor seemed at all downcast by his ill success; while the Russian was at a loss how to behave to one who appeared either above or below his fortune. "Vizier," said Suwarrow, "have I conquered you or not?"—"Marshal Suwarrow," replied the other with a smile, "were I master here for one minute's space, I would order water to wash my face and hands, request a cupful of wine to refresh me after so fierce a fight, and desire the presence of a faithful friend, whose wound, received in my defence, I wish to examine and dress.

"By the glory of Peter the Great!" exclaimed Suwarrow, "Turk, thou shalt have them all,—I love

thee for thy bravery and frankness. Come, cheer thee, Vizier,—thou may'st beat me some other time,—though, by my faith, man, I doubt it. Ho! Woronzow!—a stoup of wine, a ewer of water, and, hark thee, some bread the whitest thou canst get. And stay!—let the wounded Turkish officer who slew Colonel Sholtegroll be brought hither. Carry him, if he be weak; and if he be seriously hurt, why we shall even move our tent near him,—Suwarrow loves a brave man, and this Turk is one." In a few minutes the Vizier was enabled to purify his face and hands, to drink an eager draught of wine, and eat a mouthful of bread. His companion came into the tent accompanied by Woronzow. The Vizier took him kindly by the hand, asked anxiously how he did, examined his wounded shoulder, bathed it and dressed it, and, throwing his own robe softly over him, gave him one mouthful of wine and as much bread, and seated him in his own seat.

"Vizier," said Suwarrow, filling a large cupful of wine to himself, another to his captive, and seating himself on an old knapsack, "Vizier, I drink thy health, and better fortune to thy sword whenever it pleases Heaven. There's my hand,—I love thee much for thy courage and thy kindly qualities; come, drink, man,—never mind the Alcoran,—I have a spare dispensation for sin in my pocket,—the name a blank,—we shall put thine in it, Vizier,—so sin in wine if thou wilt. I have a man too of thine own stamp, to whom I must make thee known,—a maritime warrior, who helped thee in thy downfall. Woronzow, hie thee, and bring my admiral hither."—"Admiral the Prince Nassau?" inquired the officer. "Prince Devil!" said the Marshal, stamping; no;—he is fit only for a painted chamber when the cittern sounds.—I mean Admiral —a plague on these unrememberable English names!—the fighting Admiral,—you know him now." The officer hastened to the shore, and soon Paul, followed by Macgubb, entered the tent.

Paul looked upon the Turkish commander with eyes

which shone with a light more intense than what is kindled by curiosity. "Vizier," said Suwarrow, "know my friend, Admiral Paul Jones,—Admiral, know my gallant Turk.—But how is this?—by the Apostles and St. Anne to boot, you know each other!" "John Paul!" exclaimed the Vizier, throwing back his turban from his brow,—and "Lord Dalveen," exclaimed Paul; and they stood face to face, and gazed on each other, nor interchanged farther greeting with tongue or hand. "It is thus," cried Macgubb, "that Scotchmen should meet in a far foreign land.—I must welcome as much as auld Galloway claims in this moustached infidel here.—Knowest thou not thy cousin?" and clasping Wulik in his arms, he exclaimed, "Lord! how like an unbeliever ye look!—Come, welcome me with words, man,—give me a text of the Koran, if ye canna mind a mouthful of Scotch." Wulik sprang to his feet, regardless of his wound, and returned, with a murmur of joy little short of a scream, the embrace of his cousin.

Suwarrow smiled, and said, "I like to see nature taking men into her own hands; how becoming this outburst of affection is. I have ever observed that strong emotion has something of elegance either of action or expression about it. So my Moslem enemy is become a Christian,—I like him not the worse, though I have conquered but a lord instead of a Vizier,"—"Suwarrow," said Lord Dalveen, "the meanest of my house is nobler than the highest slave in Constantinople, and I would rather be, as I am, the prisoner of a fierce brave man, than rule, as I have done, over serfs and eunuchs."

"Lord!" said Macgubb with a laugh, "I wotna which is worst,—a Russian barbarian or a Turkish slave? Here am I Christian born, and weel educated, —for I penetrated into Dilworth as far as notation,—here am I, half-choked on horse-flesh and half-suffocated in train-oil, fighting for cannie Katherine. Then here again,—saw ye ever sic a sight?—a gallant chief of Scotland, ane of the auldest, bauldest names in the

land, making a world's-wonder of himself, with his turban and mustaches, and a text of the Koran atween his teeth." Suwarrow smiled, pinched the ear of the Galwegian, and said, "Well, well, be seated; Vizier, push the wine about; drink, drink, my good Admiral, and get rid of these dark looks; taste, my merry mariner, and thou too, Wulik; wine is the sovereign salve, that sinks to a soldier's sore;—drink, drink; I shall be back in the bursting of a shell." And, slinging his sword over his shoulder, he hastened from the tent.

Lord Dalveen looked steadfastly at Paul, and said in a mild and kindly tone, "By what strange chances human actions are directed! and how mutable is human passion! My folly drove you from Scotland, where you would never have risen higher than a man before the mast, and your own good sense and well-directed bravery have raised you to eminence and renown. My folly was to be the foundation of your fame;—there is a fate in all things which nothing can control. Here I find you in high rank and command, with something of sorrow and forgiveness in your looks for one who has deeply wronged you."

"Lord Dalveen," said Paul gravely, "my looks express my feelings. I have long since ceased to think of you but with something like sorrow of heart,—for who can control the course to which they are fated? and it is wisest to sail with the current as smoothly as we can. Fate has, however, been in a frolicsome mood when she put you in a vizier's turban."—"My story is a common one and soon told," replied Dalveen:—"I was found at sea by a rover,—I fought our ship to the last spar,—was made captive,—was thought handsome by the Bashaw of Imlack's lady,—was found to be brave by her lord,—cut my way with my scimitar amongst the Russians to the notice of the Vizier,—obtained a small command—was victorious with that,—obtained a larger—was victorious with that too,—the soldiers began to love me,—the janizaries refused to follow any other leader,—the Vizier wished to reward my courage with the bowstring,—he experienced the

Turkish necklace himself, curiously applied by the hands of two Walachians,—his command was given to me,—luck's all,—the battle's lost, and I am a captive. So there have I given you a full and succinct history of the rise and fall of Vizier Dalveen."

As he concluded his story, Suwarrow entered the tent, threw his sword on the floor, and taking out a piece of paper soiled with gunpowder, held a pen dipt in ink over it, and muttered,—"Well, Oczakow has cost me a three-months' siege;—let me see, let me see,—sat down with seventy thousand men,—re-enforcements thirty thousand,—slain outright in the siege, before the storming, fifteen thousand three hundred and odd, those heathen hounds are good gunners. Wounded and since dead six thousand seven hundred and sixty-three; my doctors are unskilful,—a lecture from the knout would be beneficial. Then the slaughter in this bloody brush to-day, say ten thousand,—not one body less;—add to that the storming just now,—the breaches are wide, so the resistance may cost but a thousand,—how much in all, how much in all?"—He pondered a little with a confused brow, and exclaimed,—"Confound arithmetic, and those who invented it!—'The Turks are defeated, and Oczakow, is yours;'—that will do, that will do."—And these were the opening words of Suwarrow's despatch to the Empress of Russia.

CHAPTER X.

> They call me Katherine that do talk of me.
> You lie in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
> And bonnie Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

The sound of battle had for some time ceased, and nothing was heard save the groan of the wounded when

the roar of a hundred pieces of artillery shook sea and land, and startled all who were present except Suwarrow himself. "Nay, Vizier," said the Marshal, "this is no new battle, thy Turks are too well beaten for that; it is but the concluding flourish of the trumpet to the labours of the day. Oczakow is about to change masters. The petticoat has conquered the turban; the Russian Kate will keep the good town in spite of all the crooked swords, crescents, and caponised captains, that the seed of Mahomet can muster!" "Marshal," replied the Vizier, "win it and wear it. Fame reports your Empress to be no admirer of those gentlemen of the haram with the sweet and delicate voices, and that she loves the laugh of a roguish eye and the company of a handsome courtier. I commend her taste, and the spirit with which she displays it."

"What, Kate my mistress?" said the Russian;—"ay, she loves the brave in heart and the noble in look,—the decisive head and the quick hand. I am but her poor servant, a taker of towns and a winner of battles, and it becomes not me to hear her name mentioned lightly."—"Her name," replied Dalveen, "has won the wonder of the earth. The sagacity with which she chooses her counsellors, and the wisdom with which she selects her generals, can only be equalled by the liberality of her love, which extends from the marshal's gilt baton to the corporal's humble staff."—"Say no more, thou circumcised dog!" exclaimed the Russian fiercely; "for such words, in my more fiery days, I would have exacted a bloody account. Woronzoff, why linger those soldiers of mine?—spare your powder, and rush to the breach, and plant the Northern Eagle on Oczakow in one hour's space. Men were born but to die, and can they die in a better cause?" The officer bowed, and hastened to attempt the fulfilment of his instructions.

The cannonade ended at once, a shrill trumpet was blown, and in close compact columns the flower of the Russian army advanced to the assault. The firing, too, of the besieged had ceased, and for ten minutes' space

there was a stillness which seemed ominous to those acquainted with the thrilling sounds of battle. The sun had been for some time set, the air was keen and cold, the stars glimmered faintly in the firmament, and the yet unrisen moon announced her coming by a quivering gleam of amber light which gushed up from behind the distant hills, colouring sky and cloud. Even to Suwarrow the pause and silence felt painful. His frame shook in the eager enthusiasm of his martial nature,—he listened with intense eagerness,—and, springing to his feet and rushing out of the tent, cried with a voice like a trumpet, "Advance, Russians, advance!" The thick and heavy trampling of multitudes of feet upon the frozen ground announced that his will was obeyed. Before him rose the palaces, and towers, and mosques of the Turkish city, showing a dark outline against a brightening sky; behind him lay the sea covered with the fleet of his mistress, and wafting slowly to the beach many a bloody and mangled corse; and between him and Oczakow lay ten thousand men yet warm in their blood, over whose bodies a mass of twenty thousand Russians rushed on an errand of carnage and death.

The Turks roused all their spirit to resist this last and desperate attack. They planted the breaches with cannon, they filled them with chosen men, and awaited the approaching enemy with a resolution to save the city or die. In three dark and solid masses the assailants moved onwards to as many parts, where their cannon had breached the defences. They were within a hundred paces of the wall, when Oczakow threw up a thousand streams of living fire into the middle air; and underneath the blazing canopy, the city, the camp, and the fleet, the assailants and the assailed, were visible as at mid-day. This was but the vision of a minute; the smoke of three hundred pieces of cannon from wall and breach filled all the air; and with such fatal accuracy came the torrents of iron, that the lines of living men who rushed to the attack seemed swallowed up by the earth. Suwarrow laid his hand on

the shoulder of Paul, and exclaimed, "See, see! there is not one man in all these masses who would not willingly pour out his heart's-blood for me! St. Peter! with what precision those idolaters fire!—their shots cut down my men as a scythe cuts grass!—Cursed city, thou wilt be a bloody purchase!"

Paul looked intently on the work of death; he had never seen destruction on so grand a scale before. The Russians fell in hundreds before they reached the breach, and those who struggled up the uneven and dusty acclivity of stones and rubbish were hewn down in a moment. Hundred followed hundred, and thousand succeeded thousand, to meet with the same fate; yet, blind with enthusiasm and devoted to their leader, they swarmed to the attack, though certain of destruction. Paul clenched his hands, his colour went and came, and he muttered unconsciously, "What blind bravery! what blind bravery!" Suwarrow turned quickly round, and said sharply, "Would thy Americans, ay, or thy vaunted English, do this?"—"Suwarrow," replied Paul, "you know not the men of whom you speak. Through those deadly breaches, where your bravest die, I could pour ten thousand English in the time your Russians take to reach the foot of the wall."—"Saint Katherine!" exclaimed Suwarrow,—"only think that these solid masses of men are your islanders, and let me see how thou would'st contrive to pour them into Oczakow. Suwarrow is not above advice, nor too obstinate to scorn good counsel."

"I shall try, Marshal," answered Paul;—"recall your men from the breach,—place them in the hollow between the batteries, and the wall,—renew the fire of your artillery, making your balls strike the defenders with their cannon in the breaches. When you have cleared your way, elevate your guns a little, so that the grenadiers may advance safely under the flight-line of shot to the foot of the breaches,—then cease your fire,—let the soldiers rush to the storming, and the place is yours."—"Ah! my good Admiral," said the Russian, "you imagine that my men can fire with your accura-

cy. But I will try your plan,—such an improvement in the art of taking cities is worth ten thousand men."

The Russians, obeying the signal of their leader, retired from the contest; while over their heads the batteries poured a fierce and constant fire upon the breaches, which swept away the defenders, and dismounted their cannon. The assailants, advancing under cover of the artillery, stood ready to rush to the attack; the firing ceased at once, and the Russians mounted in a moment, bayoneted the defenders who had escaped the shot, and Oczakow was taken. "By Saint Anne, Admiral!" exclaimed the Russian, "thou art good at land as well as at sea. So now let us go into my tent; my poor fellows must have a few hours' leisure to make them happy. I want neither silver, nor gold, nor fine robes, nor fair woman, nor aught the city can give me, but her walls and her towers."

They lingered for a few minutes at the tent-door; the uninterrupted knell of musketry began to subside; the resistance of the Turks became fainter and fainter, and the shouts of the conquerors were mingled with yells and shrieks. "Hear!" said Suwarrow, a fierce smile curling his lip as he spoke, "how my poor fellows are amusing themselves. The toils of a soldier are harassing and manifold; in a land of unbelievers they must show their scorn of men who are not Christians,—they must cleave the heads of the worshippers of the camel-driver of Mecca, and caress, with the hasty affection of a soldier, their dark-eyed daughters. They will have some well-fought fields before they hang the Russian eagle over the towers of Constantinople."—"Marshal Suwarrow," answered Lord Dalveen, "before you reach the gates of Constantinople you will have outdone Attila in blood. For, know you not that every stroke which a Turk strikes a Christian will save him one knock of the ten thousand which he has to give at the gate of Paradise?"

"Why then, Vizier," said the Russian, with a smile, "my fellows must be content with the pleasure

of fighting. I shall not spare them a moment for any light indulgence till the city of the Sultan be taken."—"By the beard of Mahomet," replied the Vizier, "Marshal, thou wilt not, under such privation, conquer a single city. What, wouldest thou dispense with the pleasant practice of war? There is not a dame in Oczakow but thinks the present hour is the pleasantest of her life. No, no, Marshal, invent some quicker mode of blood-spilling, if thou wilt, but bereave not our pretty handmaidens of the enjoyments of invasion and conquest."—"By sweet St. Katherine," said Suwarrow, "Mahometan, thou art right."—"Ay," answered Dalveen, "even sweet Saint Kate herself, you know, was a liberal lady, who experienced in her own person the kindness of many a martial horde. As she is the patroness of the dames who follow the drum, with reverence shall her name be spoken. Let therefore, I beseech you, the shriek and scream be the chorus and accompaniment of taking a place by storm."

A sudden light, slender and feeble at first, but soon bursting into eight bright and waving columns of flame, appeared in the bay, and uniting with the clearer splendour of the new-risen moon, illuminated city and sea. "Here is another of the Vizier's accompaniments of battle and siege," said Suwarrow to Paul; "you sea-warriors are a less fortunate race than we are who rule by land. There are no merry shrieks and pleasant screams where those flames are raging." Paul looked on the conflagration; the sides, the prows, and the masts of vessels were distinctly visible amid the glaring light. "They are Turkish ships!" he exclaimed; "I see the Crescent flag,—my eight prizes are burning. What treachery hath done this?"—"There is no treachery, Admiral Jones, in the matter,"—replied Suwarrow with a flushed brow; "Prince Nassau has a taste for the picturesque,—he knows Oczakow is taken, and, willing to show that he rejoices in my prosperity, he makes this naval illumination. I thank him for his thoughtfulness."—"They are the ships which I conquered with

my division." said Paul; "and the Prince lends you light in honour of your victory at my expense He never captured a ship in his life; and it is thus that he rewards me for gaining a victory and saving him from destruction."

"Be patient my friend," said Suwarrow in an admonishing tone: "be patient and prudent. This is neither England nor America, and no warm words from inferiors to princes will be permitted here. Our Empress resents an affront offered to a favourite. She has wheels and racks, and dungeons good store, and a frozen prison, called Siberia, where the untranquil men who embroil her state, or smile at the scanty longitude of her petticoat, are sent till they cool themselves and come to the years of discretion. You understand me?" Paul paced to and fro in the tent with short quick steps as he was accustomed to do on the deck during an action. "I understand you well, Marshall Suwarrow." answered he; "but my nature will not carry me through a course of severe humiliation. Here's a fellow—or Prince, since you like the sound better—whose sole merit is a smooth look and a well-made leg, who knows no more how to command a fleet than sail round the moon, yet he comes in at the close of a well-fought day,—picks up the merit of the exploit, and then claps his fire-brand to eight as good ships as ever breasted the billows. By the heaven above me, were every house in Russia a prison, every tree a rack, the Empress one of the Furies, and Siberia seven times hotter than perdition, I will speak to this Prince,—and here in good time he comes.

"Friend Admiral, friend Admiral, think of what you say and do," said Suwarrow in a low soothing tone; "I have won three victories and taken seven cities, yet must I choose my words to the favourites of my mistress."

Prince Nassau, followed by a number of naval officers, now came to Suwarrow, who stood looking towards Oczakow, where shots, and shouts, and shrieks, still told of

the fierce license of war. "Marshal," said the Prince "I bless God that our Empress has won a two-fold victory to-day. My conquest is complete,—thine is not wholly achieved, I hear,"—"Why not wholly, Prince Nassau," said Suwarrow; "for darkness overtook us in our work. I thank your Highness for giving us light to finish it. These Turkish ships burn brightly. Did they fight as bravely as they burn?"—"They fought long and well, Suwarrow," said the other; "but, when three were sunk and eight taken, the remainder crowded their sails and fled."—"Ha! three sunk and eight taken, —by St. Anne, Prince, this is a gallant day's work!" answered Suwarrow. "I too have done somewhat,—won a battle, and taken a vizier and a fair city. But I must not wrong my gallant Admiral here in telling my story; his broadsides helped me to achieve my victory, my Empress must know the merits of such a servant." —"A battle, a city, and a vizier, too, Suwarrow," replied Prince Nassau,—"these are golden trophies. A vizier is a prize indeed,—old Galitzin himself never caught one of those birds of the Mahometan paradise. The Empress would ride through a hundred miles of snow to see a live one."

Suwarrow took a step or two, fixed his eye on the Prince, and said, "Eight good ships of the line are worth a dozen viziers,—creatures created, like dukes and princes, by the Sultan's breath and bowstring. What reason has your Highness to give for burning the captured fleet?—I have asked my friend, Admiral Jones here, but he is silent; he knows that his commander-in-chief carries away all the praise, and he may be anxious to have the blame to his share."—"Trouble not yourself about a circumstance so slight, my good Marshal," answered the Prince; "whatever praise is to be given, and whatever blame is to come, I must receive it all. No one shall share with me in either glory or blame whilst I command the fleet."

"St. Anne?" exclaimed the Marshal with a shrug of his shoulder, "Prince, you are as great a monopolist of fame as old Galitzin himself. I have seen the day

when, simple soldier as I stand here, with ten thousand good Russians at my back, I have foiled the flower of the Turkish army without any one else giving advice or snapping a single flint; yet it somehow happened that Suwarrow's name failed to find its way into the Petersburgh gazette, and Galitzin got all the praise. But patience is a good soldier. I had patience, and now I have a little gazette of my own, with a corner in it for my friend the Admiral here."—" All this means then," said the Prince, with the most courtly composure, " that the Rear-Admiral here—I forget his name—defeated the Turkish fleet, took eight ships, and sunk three, and that Prince Nausau will put his own head in the way of the laurel, and monopolize the fame and honour?"

Suwarrow's temper was somewhat shaken by the courtly loftiness of the Prince; he gave a loud laugh,—glanced at his own dress soiled with smoke and blood,—laid his hand on Paul's shoulder, and said sharply, " Prince Nausau, there are two ways of winning fame; one by the open and honourable perils of war, and the other by keeping aloof from sword, and pike, and shot; but, when the victory is won and the trumpet sounding, to come, and, with unsoiled hands, pick up the rewards of valour.——Does your highness understand me?" " O! perfectly, Marshal Suwarrow," said the Prince with matchless composure and courtesy of manner. " But to fight like a wild beast,—to come dappled with blood from the shock of battle like a tiger from the forest,—to rush blindly and ferociously forward, sparing neither the weakness of woman, nor the grey hairs of old age,—to burn, ravage, and destroy,—and then sit down and congratulate myself on my honourable mode of warfare, is not my way. I leave it to the fierce Suwarrow, or to some hired desperado thrown out by his country as unworthy of her bosom, to give such example to the world,—it becomes not Prince Nassau," —" Prince," said the Vizier, " you speak plain good words, and I love you for it. You have hit my friend the Marshal sorely on the hip, and Paul too may pick a useful lesson from your speech."

Paul trembled with anger,—laid his hand on his sword and said, "Wert thou Prince thrice told thy station should not shield thee. I saved them from captivity,—I conquered the enemy for thee,—I drew up my division, and struck down the sea-wall of Oczakow so flat that fifty blind men may enter the city without stumbling; yet of all this have I said not one word till now. See then the wrong thou has done, burnt the ships which I took, and insulted me about my native land. If I am unworthy of my country's bosom, I am still thy equal,—a freeman is peer at least to a titled slave. He stept one pace back, and bared his sword in an instant. "Upon my soul," said Lord Dalveen, "I will second thee, Paul. Suwarrow, pick up the Prince and let us have a handsome civil war of our own."

Prince Nassau lost neither his self-possession nor his prudence. "Put up your sword, Admiral Jones," he said, with a wave of his hand; "a prince cannot contend with one of your birth and station; and you, too, Suwarrow,—a man exalted to his present command by the favour of my Empress, am I to have haughty looks and high words from you?"—"Prince," said the Marshal, "if I thought your courage equalled your presumption, I would give you an opportunity of trying the merits of those gay pistols, or the metal of that gold-hilted sword. But you are Prince of the private chamber, and like to hear no sound sharper than that of a cithern, and the rustling of lady's silk robe, or see no sight more warlike than the waving of an empress' hand. Look on this little blade now;" and he drew his sword, and glanced at it as it lay over his left arm. "The blade is short, nor is the weapon heavy, yet it has been dimmed by brave men's blood, whilst thou wert leading the dance or toying with court ladies. It will be found as ready to chastise the insolence of a Christian as the fierceness of a Turk." And he returned it to the scabbard with a clang which made the Prince start.

Though strong internal anger made Suwarrow lower his eyebrows, compress his lips, grind his teeth, and

clench his hands so closely that the knuckles seemed starting through the skin, yet all this had no influence on Prince Nassau, who seemed resolved to be moved by neither menace nor reproach. He stood perfectly collected, and apparently indifferent,—the dawn of a smile was on his lips, and the light of satisfaction in his eye. "All this is very ludicrous and very amusing, Marshal Suwarrow," said the Prince, "and I could not have believed that a warrior, who has braved so many perils, would have shown such an indifferent example of obedience to thy followers. But the land for thee, and the wave for me; my pleasure is in the gallant ship, the well-fought battle, and the shout of victory in the rough and welcome voice of the Russians. So farewell, Marshal Suwarrow. Rear-Admiral Jones, you will have the goodness to remain on shore. I intend you to have the honour of laying my account of the victory in the Liman sea at the feet of the Empress." And, retiring as he spoke, he entered his barge and returned to the fleet.

"Now, may Providence, in his own good time and way," said Lord Dalveen, "send the commodity of prudence to my conqueror here and to Admiral Paul, also a little touch of courage to this precious Prince, for full sorely do they want them." Paul paced along the shore thoughtful and agitated; his looks as he moved became more serene, and from the Russian's brow the storm passed away as clouds go from the moon. "I believe, friend Vizier," said Suwarrow, "thou art in the right. Yet who could have imagined that Nassau, while he lacked courage to fight, had yet the courage to stand cool and unmoved? A fellow might face an exploding shell who could brave two powdery natures such as ours. But here comes Woronzow, to tell me that the Russian eagle has Oczakow in its clutch. Admiral Jones, will you bear my despatch to our Empress along with that of the Prince?—mine, in truth, is already written, and Nassau, having little to say of his own valour, will be brief too; so you may begone on your errand with the morning light."

"I wish I had been spared this journey," said Paul; "for I can foresee that it will end in nothing to my good. I am unacquainted with the forms and observances of your court, and the man whose despatches I bear has proven himself my enemy. But I care not for the length of a way, nor the inclement season, and why should I fear the fraud or folly of man? I shall go about it boldly."

"You have said well, my good Admiral," answered the Russian; "it is our duty to be bold and obedient. Now, Vizier, you shall see my Empress. I promised her a present of the first fowl I should catch of your feather, and you will be a pleasant comrade to my fighting Admiral. Nay, if you go not of free will, I must send you in irons."—"Suwarrow, replied Dalveen," I long to see your mistress, and I will go more pleasantly as her friend than ever I went against her Marshal as an enemy."—"Tis frankly spoken," answered the Russian; but a word in thine ear. Thou art cool when thou wilt, and hast a head and heart inventive and bold; thou art a soldier in quest of fortune, reckless on religious points, and every way fitted for being a comrade of mine. I shall possess the Empress of this, and it will be thine own fault if I have thee not by my bridle-rein during the war. Thou art a handsome fellow too, and Kate has an eye;—go to, thy rise is certain." Suwarrow then laid his hand on Paul's arm, took him into a little recess in his tent, and said, in a sorrowful, but kindly tone of voice,—

"Admiral Paul Jones, I am sorry for you,—not because of this coxcomb prince, whose word will weigh little in the balance compared with mine,—nor from fear of the frowns of the Empress,—she knows how needful genius is, and that Russia will never be great without it,—but I grieve because you will find powerful and implacable enemies here. You islanders are a bold and enterprising race; our court, and army, and navy, are filled with them, and though they cling to each other like bees, they are scrupulous about the character of any newcomer. Your commission as Rear-Admiral has caused much commotion, and the Empress is in

danger of losing some of her most useful officers through your advancement. The disregard of some national punctilio, too nice for my frozen brain to comprehend correctly, is the fault they allege against you. The Scotch and English, who agree in nothing else in the Russian court, unite in this, and you will find the navy too hot for you. It would be wise in you to join the army, and by the bridle-rein of your friend Suwarrow you will be safe from all swords save those of the Turks."

Paul answered with a faltering voice, "They do me most intolerable wrong. I was oppressed, imprisoned, and banished; I raised the standard of American liberty on the sea, and asserted the freedom of the human race; and now that I have revenged this wrong, and made the name of Paul Jones a terror to their cities and ships, they persecute me, and brand me with the name of traitor wheresoever I go. But, by Him who rules the waves, the man who breathes that word and my name together shall not be safe with the snows of Siberia between us."

"All this warmth, my good Admiral," said Suwarrow, is very natural, but it gives cool designing people advantage over you,—you will have leisure on your frozen road to school down this fierce impatience of nature. So boune thee for the journey till I write a private word or two to my Empress. By the activity of Woronzow and Macgubb all necessary preparations for the march were made, and, well-armed, well clad in garments lined with costly furs, their purses replenished with gold, an order in their pockets for all good Russians to speed and cherish the messengers of the Empress, and their little, strong, rough, and active Cossack horses saddled and bridled, they were ready by break of day to begone. The sun was yet unrisen, when Suwarrow, who with his own hand held the bridle of Paul's horse till he mounted, thus addressed him in a low whispering voice:

"Begone, and St. Anne speed you. Heed not the silence of Prince Nassau concerning your share in the victory,—heed as little the violence of your own coun-

trymen. Keep near the Empress when she speaks to you, answer with freedom, for she loves frank speech; but as you regard your own life, be mute about her love for a handsome leg; you had better at once praise the medical skill of your countryman. Mounsey helped her to the throne, and among her courtiers she finds some consolation for the loss of the Emperor. God speed you, your journey may yet be short and happy."

Paul, as he spurred onward, thought little of the inclement season or the lengthened perils of the way, so much was he absorbed in meditating on his own situation. Deeply did he curse the hour that he confided in the promises of this Empress of semi-barbarians; but those feelings gradually subsided; vanity and pride of heart came to his aid, and he looked up with brightness on his brow, as in imagination he attained the supreme command of the Russian navy. He was now aware, probably for the first time, that Lord Dalveen, clothed in fur from head to heel, with his companion Wulik, a Russian guide, and an equally important personage, Robert Macgubb, were riding beside him; the latter ready to burst with the fulness of words, even as a shell when the fuse is burnt down within a hair's-breadth of the powder.

He rode but a little way till he was admonished of the inclemency of the season, and of the presence of his companions. The path lay along the northern bank of the Dnieper; an intense frost rendered the ground as hard as stone, and made it ring to the horses' hoofs as if they trode on a pavement of iron; while a powdering of the purest snow, as dry as meal, made hill and dale of a dazzling whiteness as far as the eye could reach. The frost had set in suddenly, staying some of the labours of man, and the operations of nature, with the decision of a thunder-bolt. The plough stood frozen in the half-drawn furrow, the brook was arrested in ice as it ran, the leaps of the little rills hung in fantastic and glittering streamers, the hare was frozen underneath the fern, and the song-bird sat shivering on the forest-bough. The river, along the margin of which Paul rode, seemed alone too mighty for the ri-

gour of the season, and continued to pour its flood, deep and broad, carrying on its surface a rustling mass of crumbling ice, which the agitation of the current prevented from forming a bridge in a single night strong enough to bear the march of an army. The thick hoar frost of the morning covered Paul's cloak as if it had been snowed upon, and his horse kept his feet with difficulty along a line of road broken and uneven.

"This river now," said Macgubb, "reminds me much of the Dee, only the links of the Dee are bonnier than the crooks of the Dnieper, its waters mair pure and wholesome, and where it meets the sea it can float a man-of-war. But on this idle stream there's neither a ship, a boat, nor a mill." To this sally no answer was made; Paul and Dalveen rode silently side by side, neither exchanging words nor looks; and Wulik, wrapt in his furs, followed close behind, neither looking right nor left. They came to a deep brook of sluggish water, which had yielded to the season, and lay one solid mass of ice, with all its fish visible at the bottom.

"There now," said the Galwegian, "that's the only neat bit of madam Nature's handy work I have seen in this country. Only it's far finer to stand on some simmer morning on the banks of the Orr, and look at the mottled trouts and silver salmon gaun darting alang, starting here and starting there, ferlying at a white chuckie-stane in ae place, and louping a yard aboon the water in mere wantonness at another." No notice was taken of this speech, which Macgubb imagined capable of extracting words from two blocks of Galloway granite, he tried his companions on another tack.

"Aweel, I cannot deny but we have something resembling a Scottish winter here, only I miss the joy and gladness which the season brings to the people of auld Caledonia. As soon as the first flight of snow comes, there's naught but mirth frae the Mull to Maxwelltown. The farmer flings down the spade, quits the plough, and gies his horses an extra mouthful of corn; the souter's wax grows hard, the weaver's dressing freezes, the mason's mortar becomes harder than whinstone, and there's naught to be heard from Dan to

Beersheba but the sound of the fiddle, the din of the dance, the smacking of willing lips, and the yellochin of daft young queans from night till morn. The very cry of the wild geese sounds like a reel tune. But see yon flock of wild swans with outstretched neck, and full spread wing; they seek some silent and open lake; but there's not a cry of gladness belongs to them. And see that herd of deer how they stand at gaze, tossing high many a noble head of horns,—now away they bound to seek some green valley in the south; but never a cry of joy have they to gladden a traveller—what a lusty belle our Galloway bucks would have given—but these are spiritless creatures." No one regarded his words, and he muttered in conclusion, "The Russian air has frozen the bird on the tree, the trout in the stream, and the tongue between the lips of my frank friend John Paul." They continued their journey in silence.

On the second day of their march they entered an immense forest. The trees were lofty and old, the hillocks of leaves lay brown and dry, while through amongst their shafts the wind came whistling so sharp and so keen as nearly to daunt the most hardy rider. At length they reached a more sheltered part of the Russian wilderness; the wind was moderate, and the sun, in its mid-day warmth, mitigated the sharp chillness of the air. A bugle was blown, the report of fire-arms made the woods ring, and the eager cry of hounds, and a huge bear, his jaws churning a crimson foam, the blood trickling from his flanks, and a couple of large fierce dogs close upon him, came crashing through the brushwood. At the same instant, a lady, mounted on a small nimble horse, with a boar-spear in her hand, and a pistol and dagger in her jewelled girdle, confronted the savage animal, and struck him on the shoulder with her spear.

The monster of the wilderness, on being pierced by this soft assailant, uttered a deep growl, and sprung at her with the dogs hanging by his throat. The lady seemed nowise alarmed, withdrew her lance in a moment, and, touching her bridle, her horse sprung against the bosom of the bear, while she transfixed him through

the neck with her lance. The enraged animal turned short, snapped the lance asunder like a reed, and the fair huntress would have been in extreme peril, had not Paul and his fellow-travellers sprung to her assistance. A well-placed thrust laid the animal dead, while Dalveen received the lady in his arms, as her horse was overthrown in the encounter. Two armed huntsmen, and two ladies mounted on white palfreys, now came up, and rejoiced to find their mistress (for so the lady proved to be) rescued from such imminent peril.

The huntress shook her disordered tresses, regained her saddle, and said to her deliverers, "Gentlemen, I thank you for saving a life, which, poor as I may seem, is yet of value to some."—"Lady," answered Paul, "we dare not accept thanks for saving you; your lance had made two good thrusts, and your pistol was ready to interpose, when we completed the work you had so gallantly begun. We have no claim to the name now of your deliverers."—"That is very courteously spoken," replied the lady; "a good blunt Russian would have owned the imputed service at once. You are gentlemen of a foreign country?"—"We are even as you suppose, lady," said Lord Dalveen; "and as we have a long journey before us, we shall be thankful if our solitary way is liable to be so agreeably relieved as by slaying a bear and receiving the thanks of a fair and noble lady." —"My good travellers," said the huntress with a smile, "you may commence courtiers when you please. This seems the forest of Arden, so well painted by the English Shakspeare, and I have had the good fortune to discover the prime minister and the chief captain of the fugitive court."—"Though this is a Russian desert," replied Lord Dalveen, "yet its Princess has met with something quite as marvellous as was found in the forest by Rosalind. This demure gentleman on my left hand here is what I call a maritime miracle, one of your sea-kings, a dragon of the wave, who has humbled old England's navy, and carries the Turkish fleet in his pocket. And I, simple as I seem, was, and, for aught I know, is, Ibraham Vizier, the Commander of

the Faithful, one who cuts Russian throats per order of the Sublime Porte."

The Lady of the Forest regarded them with a searching eye, and said, "A sea-king and dragon of the wave? you may be right; but for the Leader of the Faithful, a certain good soldier called Suwarrow stands between the Moslem and I."—"O!" answered Dalveen, "let not so small a matter darken your pleasant looks. I met Suwarrow face to face, had a sharp and dubious fight, and had nearly prevailed against him, when this gentleman here threw the broadsides of some ships of the line into the balance, and made me a captive."—"Sir Traveller," said the lady, with a haughty glance, "I like no idle jesting, and were it not that you have done me a service, I might introduce you to the company of some creatures as fierce as our black adversary, there where he lies."—"There's no jest meant, my queen of the desert," answered Dalveen. "A Scottish seaman defeated the Turkish fleet on the Liman sea, whilst Prince Nassau sat looking at his handsome leg and perfuming himself with civet, and ten thousand unbelievers lie dead before Oczakow,—the city itself is taken by storm,—with a great onslaught of men and a very sufficient caressing of ladies. The Russians are men of laborious habits both ways."

The huntress smiled gravely, and said, "Our Empress will be pleased with the news. A courier came here last night, announcing that Katherine is on her way to Cherson, with ten thousand horsemen, and all the ambassadors of Europe in her train, and I have been out with my poor followers, in the hope of pulling down a deer to pleasure her as she rides past. Come with me; you shall have food and drink, and see our Empress also, since it seems you are bearers of despatches to court."—"Lady," said Paul, "how can I be assured that the Empress will pass this way?—I bear a message from the commander of the Imperial fleet."—"Easily," answered the lady; "look here!—by this Imperial signet I know that my august mistress will be here to-night—so far have I been honoured with her confidence." Paul pressed the signet to his lips, and saluted at the

same time, the hand of the huntress herself. "Thou art over bold," said the lady, "to dare to kiss the signet-ring of our august Empress without my permission, unless thou didst intend to propitiate me by that salute so awkwardly given to our own hand."—"Bold, said you, lady?" replied Dalveen, "had the kiss been impressed on the lips of the Empress there would have been some reason for your words; and, with awe be it spoken, the Empress has a soul to forgive such a flight of enthusiam. I honour her, Turk as I am. Three ladies has this world produced whom I could freely love,—Christina of the Three Kingdoms, Bess of the Little Island, and Kate of all the Russias. The first was a thought too austere,—the second had a sharp tongue and a heavy hand,—but the third is more to my mind.—She loves a bold fellow, and would forgive a salute devoutly given with a condescension so sweet, that a man might be tempted to repeat the offence."

"St. Anne, Vizier," replied the huntress, "thou speakest boldly and frankly;—thou didst ill in allowing thyself to be defeated and taken, since the storming of a city seems so nicely suited to thy taste,—there, by thy account, the ladies await the experiences of war with humbleness and resignation."—"Lady," answered Dalveen, "you speak truly; but, alas! for the Turks,—they capture no towns, so their service has none of those sweet experiences. Had I led a Russian army, such a blessing might have happened."—"Vizier," said the Lady of the Forest, "you must wait,—the dark-eyed ladies of your prophet will not disappoint you.—Had you been wise, you would have given your throat to the sword of my friend Suwarrow, and gone at once to revel in the luxuries of your Mahometan paradise."—"I have been a lover in my day, lady," said Dalveen; "but I never thought of cutting my throat by way of prolonging the enjoyment." The huntress laughed, threw back a long white veil from her brow, showing a face far from the bloom of youth, but still eminently lovely, and, glancing two dark expressive eyes on Lord Dalveen, she said,—

"I will use my power as Lady of this Forest to command your company till our Empress comes. Meanwhile, follow me to my hunting-lodge, where you will find the accommodation plain and the fare homely; but, as good warriors by sea and land, and courteous gentlemen, you are bound to praise as well as eat."—"O, I shall praise before I eat," replied Dalveen, putting his horse in motion, and riding close by the lady's bridle; "nothing but what is good can come from so white a hand. But, lady, will you describe to we poor foreigners,—one an unbelieving Turk, and the other, I fear me, but an indifferent Christian,—in what manner we may best demean ourselves in the presence of our Imperial mistress?—Fame tells it in Turkey, that she is of great beauty, has much majesty of appearance, and that Europe has learned to admire her talents, but that though sometimes so gracious as to smile on her poor servants, she has shown that she can be severe—I must not say cruel. Now, having escaped the Sultan's bowstring, I wish not to brave the Russian axe."

The huntress, with a smile which lightened up her dark eyes like a gleam of sunshine, answered,—"Who would imagine that a bold leader, a soldier tried, and one whose religion teaches him that the reward of valour is beauty, would feel any fear in the presence of a woman? The Empress condescending though I know her to be, can maintain her state, and rule the most presumptuous,—and can rebuke forward pretension as well as single out and reward merit."—"Ah! my fair huntress," said Dalveen, "have mercy on your poor servant and captive; yet I own it is passing pleasant to hear even one's failings descanted on by such sweet lips. Truly, I feel little fear for woman's presence, and were I even to meet our Empress under the moon, or in a lonesome place, her beauty might make me forget her rank, and approach those dread lips which shook the Sultan, when they said, "Cherson is my way to Constantinople."

The Lady of the Forest glanced her eye proudly, advanced her spear as if a wild bear had broke cover, and, stroking the neck of her horse, which neighed and

tossed its mane, saying, "Soh, soh, Sultan!" looked like an amazon of old on the edge of battle. She laid her bridle on her horse's neck, and said smiling, "Do all errant ladies, who meet the Commander of the Faithful in wild woods or under the cloud of night, find him so gallant and charitable as he says?" Her words were not well uttered till Dalveen threw his arm round her neck, and bestowed a kiss with such right good-will that it smacked in the ears of the hindmost of her train. He then bowed his head, crossed his hands over his bosom, and looked like one who submits to receive sentence. "Fellow, fellow!" exclaimed the lady, blushing with resentment and readjusting her hunting-cymar, "how dared you, how dared you behave so boldly, and in such presence too? By St. Anne, varlet, one wave of this hand, and thy limbs would feast the wolves and ravens! Vizier," she continued in less ireful mood, "look up, thou art forgiven. I'll warrant thee thy hand is not half so lusty as thy lip."

Lord Dalveen sat upright in his saddle, took off his turban, shook down a profusion of dark clustering hair, and said with a low and supplicating voice, "Lady, if to run at your bridle-rein, to watch while you sleep, to ward you when the stag turns to bay, or the wild boar braves the spears, will gain my pardon, smile, and it shall be as a spell to me. Saint Katherine be my protectress, and preserve me in future from such temptation, and such acts of involuntary rudeness!"—"Vizier," said the lady in a voice far from stern, "no Russian saint shall protect thy presumption; if thou makest such a mistake again, the black-eyed daughters of thy prophet's paradise will have thee in the twitch of a bowstring. Beware."

But she addressed her warning to one not easily daunted. "Lady," he replied, "with your permission, I would rather abide in this little nook called earth, and content myself with the homely pleasures it affords, than try the strange air of paradise. I am an humble man of moderate wishes and of a self-denying nature, save when a pair of sweet lips, which might grace an empress, come so close to my cheek as to breathe in-

fection into me."—"Well, Vizier," replied the Lady of the Forest, "abide on earth then. I do believe thou wouldst not fit a purer place. But I warn thee, there are such places as Siberia, and such things as the rack and the wheel, for those who know not how to command themselves amid temptation." She uttered this with a stern voice,—then spoke to her palfrey, and the little animal, as white as the winter snow, and as nimble as the wind, went rapidly through the glades of the forest.

CHAPTER XI.

O hame, hame, hame,
Hame fain would I be;
O hame, hame, hame,
In my ain countree.

The Lady of the Forest, accompanied by Paul and Lord Dalveen, rode through the wood a little way till she came to a handsome lodge amid an encampment of tents and huts, the whole enclosed by a rustic palisade. She threw her bridle to a groom, spoke a few words in Russian to her chief attendant, and, motioning with her hand to Paul to proceed to the lodge, vanished among the huts. The porch of this palace in the wilderness was emblazoned with the arms of Russia, and on its summit the Imperial banner was unfurled. "Now," whispered Paul to Lord Thomas, "we will see our Imperial Mistress, and find out an acquaintance. Our Lady of the Forest, when she is charmed into an Empress, will, I hope, remember only what was pleasant and grateful,—her likings were openly discussed, and her person very freely approached."—"I give you joy, Admiral Jones," said Lord Thomas, "of the tardiness of your apprehension. I knew it was Katherine herself before seven words had passed between us, and I knew little of woman if she remembers our freedom to our injury."

They now entered the lodge, and found it filled with the noble youths of Russia,—with ladies of the court and the Imperial officers. They were conducted into a hall of audience, and there sat their Lady of the Forest —the Empress Katherine—on a couch covered with leopard-skins, with a footstool under her feet overlaid with gold. Her look was noble, her high white forehead was shaded with luxuriant tresses, and her eye seemed to look through one. A jewelled robe was thrown with careful negligence over her person,—the crown of her empire lay at her feet, and on her right hand and on her left stood two young noblemen, their hands placed on the crosses of their sheathed swords, with pistols of the costliest workmanship at their belts. All around were the counsellors and state-officers of her vast empire. They made way for Paul and Dalveen, who approached and acknowledged the presence of the Empress.

"Strangers," said Katherine with a commanding voice and a glance of dignity "what would ye with the Empress of all the Russias? Come ye to offer her service, or come ye as suppliants? Katherine loves brave men,—she rewards genius, and encourages enterprise; but she punishes those who insult the majesty of her throne or wrong the lowliest of her subjects. Speak!" —Paul rose and said, "To the Empress of Russia I am the bearer of good news. The Turkish fleet is defeated in the Liman sea. The Turkish army is routed, and Oczakow taken by storm. These despatches from Prince Nassau and from Marshal Suwarrow will confirm all I have said." A secretary undid the seals of the despatches, and the Empress read them with an eye beaming in delight.

"Ah, my gallant Nassau!" she said aloud, "this deed of thine is valiantly done and right modestly related. Saint Peter be praised, the fury of those Mahometan hounds has not harmed thee? And thou too, my rough and martial Russian,—my winner of battles and taker of cities,—thou hast conquered this new Vizier, and taken the fair city of Oczakow. What say the counsellors of Katherine?—the best tokens of our

love shall be sent to this brave young Prince; nor shall our gallant Captain-General be forgotten.—Even this messenger shall taste our bounty, and know that the Empress rewards all degrees of merit. Thou wouldst fain speak, I see,—what wouldst thou say?—But first let me know thy name."

"Empress of Russia," said Paul, speaking slowly and in a low tone, "my name would not be unknown if the victory over the Turkish fleet were told with a tongue of truth. Has the Prince Nassau named no name but his own?"—"A right bold question," replied Katherine;—"but we forgive thy freedom, seeing thou art of foreign birth. Prince Nassau has added no name to his own in his account of his victory,"—"Then," answered Paul, "Prince Nassau has abused the ear of his Imperial Mistress, and done me a great wrong,—a wrong rendered more galling by making me the bearer of a deliberate falsehood."—"Thou art a forward fellow," said the Empress, incensed at his freedom;—"what is thy name?—a question I asked before."—"My name is a humble one,—John Paul Jones. May I ask, since the Prince has dressed himself in the deed which I have done, what course has the Marshal pursued? Has the fierce sincere soldier forgot the walls of Oczakow and the broadsides of my squadron?"—"Admiral Paul Jones, Katherine of Russia is glad to see you,—she is no stranger to your fame as a mariner,—and, since her chief admiral has overlooked your merit, the Empress will acknowledge your worth herself. Fierce sincere Suwarrow, as you truly called him, has not forgot you; to his fighting Scotchman he attributes much of his success. Kneel down." Paul knelt at her feet, and with her own hand she decorated him with the star of the order of St. Anne. "Round the neck," said the Empress with a smile, "where the fair dames of France wound their arms, I have placed the order most revered in my empire.—Arise, Admiral Jones, and let me have some talk with thy companion here." She motioned with her hands and Lord Dalveen stood before her.

"Vizier," said the Empress, "your scimitar has not

proved so sharp as my Suwarrow's sword; but you are captive to one who respects the misfortunes of the brave. Will you abide with Katharine, or return to Turkey, and prove the merit of the Walachian bow-string?"—"Empress of all the Russias," replied Dalveen, with a graceful composure of manner, while the manly beauty of his person was adorned rather than concealed by the richness of his Eastern costume, "I have no such love to Turkey that I should prefer it to life. A prisoner and a slave I was dragged to Constantinople, and, in labouring for my own deliverance, fortune was so much my friend as to raise me to the station of Vizier. Suwarrow's despatch has told the rest."—"Ay," replied the Empress, "the Russian bayonets proved too sharp for your steel-breasted riders, and their Arabian horses. But, Vizier, were I to find you some employment near our person, we are afraid that the free way in which you have lived among the dark-eyed beauties of the Sublime Porte, would make you forget the modest propriety of a palace where a feeble woman sits on the throne, and trusts to the mercy and kindness of her subjects."

"Empress," answered Dalveen, "let me not seek to conceal what your sagacity would so soon discover. I have been strict with the strict, devout with the devout, and froward with the froward. I have lived in liberal France, in slavish Turkey, in free and happy England, and enjoyed them all after their own spirit. In the full license of a conquering army have I partaken, and tasted of the fierce pleasures which a city yields when taken by storm. I cannot, therefore, and shall not say, that I am a strict observer of the pure proprieties of either city or palace; but I know enough of human nature to know in whose presence I ought to be meek, and with whom I may be more forward."—"Vizier," said the Empress colouring, for she thought of his freedom in the forest, "your Eastern education is to blame for teaching you to speak so audaciously. The ladies of our colder regions will fail to captivate a cavalier whose experience lies mostly among the dames

of more glowing climates. Our beauty, too, wants the gaiety of those expert ladies to recommend it."

"Truly; Empress of Russia," answered Lord Dalveen, "the power of enslaving men's hearts is common to the ladies of all countries. Every land accomplishes its wishes in its own peculiar way. A lady of France smiles one into love,—a dame of Spain sighs one into love,—a dame of England looks one into love,—a dame of Turkey, by acts of kindness and humility, woos one into love,—while a lady of Russia unites all those captivating qualities, and makes men love her whether they will or no."—"I am afraid, Vizier," answered Katherine, "that you have gained the dangerous distinction of Commander of the Army of the Faithful by flattery as well as by valour. How have you contrived so soon to discover the character of the ladies of Russia?—your experience among them is little."

"The character of the Russian ladies," answered Lord Thomas, "is matter of history.—Russia, in a half century, has owned the rule of three mighty female spirits. Katherine the First, a conqueror both in field and cabinet, still maintains her influence as a saint; her daughter Elizabeth was loved and feared in Europe and Asia; and the present Katharine has taken cruelty from Russian law, and left it all its justice, has befriended genius at home and rewarded it abroad,—has civilized the semi-barbarians of her vast empire, and wielded the martial energies of the land with wisdom and good fortune."

Katherine strove in vain to conceal the pleasure those words gave her under a look of grave dignity. She motioned Dalveen to her side; the young nobleman took his place, laying one arm on her couch, while his cheek, inclined towards the Empress, felt her glowing breath, as she said,—"You have spoken well and truly, Sir; and Katharine is glad to tell you in your ear, that, amid some levity of manner, you conceal noble and commanding qualities. Of some of these my iron man Suwarrow has made me sensible, and I have learned a little myself. Katherine will remember that she owed her life to your intrepidity,—she is woman enough not

to resent as Empress your forwardness in the forest,—and she has wisdom enough to wish to have a servant of such qualities. Will you be a Russian?"

"Gladly, and with my whole heart," answered Dalveen; "by Suwarrow's side I care not to assist in making a way for my Empress to the gates of Constantinople. With Britain you have no quarrel, and can have none. I am free to fight against all the earth, my native isle excepted."—"What!" exclaimed the Empress, her face glowing and expanding with joy, "are you one of my glorious islanders?"—"I am of the Scottish part of Britain," said Dalveen,— "the last of an ancient and noble family."—"To the men of that little isle," continued the Empress, "Russia owes half the power which it possesses amongst nations. To the Gordon we owe our military might, to Napier we owe our science, to Dalzell we owe much of our maritime power, and to Mounsey ——" She made a full pause, a deadly paleness came over her face, and her whole frame shook. But the feeling and associations which that name evoked were gone in a moment,—it was, however, a moment of agony,—and the young nobleman, who knew the secret history of the Imperial court, stood silent and embarrassed."

During this brief conversation, Discord, whom the Empress imagined had been left at St. Petersburgh, had followed invisibly in her train, and now vindicated her ancient right of way at court. When Paul retired from the Imperial presence, a courtier with a grave and martial look addressed him. "So it is Admiral Jones's opinion that Prince Nassau haswronged him by omitting his name in the account of the victory in the Liman sea? I could show Admiral Jones that it was kindly meant, and, in fact, an understood measure of tenderness and policy. Step a little this way."

"Say on," said Paul, "I am all attention;—it is Prince Romanzow who does me this honour, I believe?"—"You judge right," was the answer; "such is my name. It cannot be unknown to you, that in the service, both military and naval, of Russia there are many of the sons of Scotland. They are all n—n dis-

tinguished by their bravery, and, singly or united, have great influence; but will you believe it?—when it was known that we had obtained the aid of your services, three hundred commissions were tendered by your countrymen in one day. I had an interview with them myself,—they acknowledged your merit and praised your bravery; but I must be candid,—they said you were a traitor to your native land,—had joined America and France against your own home, and burned cities and sunk ships within sight of your mother's house. I was compelled to dissemble,—and they retired with the belief that you would not be employed; so this exonerates the Prince from the charge of not having blazoned your deeds as they deserve. But why he should have sent you publicly to court, unless for the special purpose of doing you a mischief, I cannot for my soul imagine."

"Prince Romanzow," replied Paul, with heart and soul burning in his face, "of my country's conduct towards me, and the manner in which I have avenged it, I say nothing; but am I to be robbed of the fame and name of my own deeds, that Prince Nassau may become a hero in the eyes of Europe? Had I been told that such impediments were in the way, I would have refused to enter the Russian service. But, for the sake of a few nameless wanderers, you have wronged and insulted an officer whose services you courted! —I demand that justice be done to my name in the public account of my victory in the Liman sea." What answer Prince Romanzow would have returned to Paul cannot be known,—a more fiery temper interposed.

"So Paul Jones," said an old officer haughtily, in a strong Scottish accent, "whose father was a menial where mine was a laird, gives himself gentle airs, and takes the crown of the causeway from men of birth and breeding.—I will give Katherine of Russia leave to hang Hugh Glendinning up to feed her ravens if he endures it." Paul was about to make answer, when a young officer, with a fierce blue eye, an aquiline nose, and hair the colour of sea-sand, addressed him,—"You are a good sailor, and have borne yourself boldly in

battle, so I praise you,—you are of humble birth, and scorn all rank and station which come not from talents, so far I honour you; but you are a Scotchman born and educated,—you joined your country's enemies, and became her scourge,—for that I hate and despise you; and, a word in your ear, if you will walk with me into the forest, I shall try to tell you with my sword how imprudent it is for you to come where honourable me are."

Paul bowed to his fiery countryman, to show hi readiness to meet him, when he was plucked by th sleeve, and one whispered in his ear,—"Never min Glendinning and Herries;—what right have they t interpose, when men better born and as well known a themselves are here to maintain the honour of ol Scotland? So smooth your brow, be silent, and mee me at moonrise with pistol or sword,—the sword's th silent friend and the surest. I will then satisfy you that, if Galloway sends out men whose conduct dis graces her, she also sends others who can avenge he amply,—my name is Adam Gordon."—"And wha right has a Gordon to challenge him for his country' honour and a Hamilton here?" exclaimed another offi cer, pressing forward. "And a Hamilton ought t know," cried another, "that the Hay is of mor ancient descent;—this quarrel is mine."—"And nei ther Glendinning nor Herries, nor Gordon nor Ha milton, nor Hay," cried a bold and forward youth "shall have precedence on a point of national honou when the Douglas is grown to be a man."—And would have all my gallant countrymen to know," sai an old officer, with a head as white as the snow of Si beria and eyes as dark as a Russian storm, "that th royal name of Stuart is keeper of the honour of ol Scotland." A fierce veteran, covered with the scars o many a well-fought field, and with the honours which rewarded them, interposed with a laugh,—"Rob Roole of Ruthwell cares neither for gentle blood nor princely blood,—a' blood's alike, if it be healthy, and for nae sic fee-fa-fums wad he fight at a'; but it shall never be said that green Criffel had a knave born at his foot who

made the bonnie mountain a by-word for baseness, and that a man was born within sight of its summit who wadna draw a sword for its sake. While Nith runs clear and Criffel grows green, they'll aye have bairns to maintain their good name in the world." He pressed forward to Paul as he spoke, and his sword was half-drawn in his hand, when the Empress, starting from her seat, commanded attention in a voice which sounded like a call to battle or to judgment.

"Peace, Peace!—Gentlemen of Scotland, Katherine must be judge in this matter;—she loves you, and esteems you,—you have established her dominion and embellished her reign.—But the Empress is no respecter of persons or countries,—merit, merit alone, is the balance in which her favours are weighed; and who in merit, in maritime genius, or in such qualities as distinguish a worthy leader, surpasses, nay equals, our Rear-Admiral Jones? Katherine condemns no man on mere clamour? what have ye to urge against her for employing your gallant countryman?" An officer of great age, the commander of the Imperial Guard, took a steel helmet from his brows, and said,—"Fair and mighty Empress, we acknowledge the valour of this man, and own that in bravery he is surpassed by none; but he hates our native Scotland,—he has carried fire and sword along her coasts,—is a traitor to his native land, and cannot come where honest men are. Employ him, and three hundred commissions of brave men will be thrown at your feet." Katherine, in the calm determined voice of the commander of her Imperial Guard, heard the united resolutions of all the Scottish officers;—she took her measures in a moment. "Colonel Kirkpatrick," she said, "this requires consideration.—The Empress respects your feelings, and you shall be satisfied. Have the goodness to retire till we consult our council."

Lord Dalveen rose hastily, threw his turban at his feet, and said, "Through Thomas Lord Dalveen has this gallant man endured but too much wrong already, and cursed be my name if I be silent now. Oppressed, insulted, and injured, I permitted him to be driven

from the bosom of Scotland when my word would have amended all, and ill would it become me to see him suffer for my folly in a far land, and not interpose to save him. I say, Scotland threw him unjustly from her bosom; who says he did wrong in resenting it?"—All gazed on the bold speaker, and a murmur like applause was heard for a moment. Colonel Kirkpatrick answered, "This is a palliation, but no excuse,—the wrong was the work of one man, the vengeance of Paul Jones has fallen on all. Lord Thomas Dalveen has, in this accusation against himself, given ample reasons why he should not be welcomed among us, nor confidence be placed in his prudence or his wisdom; but surely no reason has been assigned why we should not do even as our country has done, eject Paul Jones from our bosom."

The face of the Empress reddened; she stamped her foot, and exclaimed, "Begone, Sir! begone! Let all save my council and the two strangers retire." She paused a few minutes, and proceeded: "Admiral Jones, Katherine owes to you her triumph over the Turkish navy, and some of her success by land. Your skill and courage have swept the Black Sea of all her enemies. To appease your resentment, Prince Nassau is recalled, and the command of the Imperial fleet on that station is conferred upon you. Go to your command."—"And to show our gallant Admiral," said Prince Romanzow, "how kindly our august Mistress feels respecting him, and how anxious we are all for his safety, he is informed that the Turks have sued for peace, and will obtain it; he will have leisure for poetry on that peaceful and romantic station."

Paul's looks darkened down; he answered calmly, "I thank the Empress of Russia for this mark of her favour, and I also thank Prince Romanzow for the courtesy of his speech, though it seems more insulting than consoling. The Black Sea without enemies is not the post of honour. I come not here to eat the bread of idleness. That command has hitherto been the punishment of officers who had not the good fortune to keep Imperial favour. To such command I

may not, nay I shall not go." The Empress, a consummate dissembler, seemed much moved by his speech; she pressed her forehead for a while with her hand, and said, "My good Admiral, your life has been spent on the battle deck,—you have warred bravely for my friends in America, and well and valiantly for me and my people. We wish not to let such warlike metal rust in inglorious idleness, neither wish we to wear it away by using it for common purposes. We are now at peace with the Porte; our navy will be laid up, and we shall not need you to lead forth our fleet till it pleases the saints to punish us with a new war. Katherine gives you leave, therefore, to retire from her court; the air of France will be favourable for your health, and your principles will no longer alarm your sensitive countrymen in my service. Accept this signet-ring as a mark of my admiration of your bravery. Your pay as an admiral will be regularly remitted. One word more, Chevalier, write to Katherine of Russia, and write in verse, in which I hear you excel. We may soon be blest with a war, and Admiral Jones may yet bear the Black Eagle into the harbour of Constantinople. Farewell." She retired, leaving Paul and Prince Romanzow together.

"Has Prince Romanzow any commands for the civilized part of Europe?" inquired Paul with calm bitterness. "I depart now."—"None," replied the Russian warrior, "which Admiral Paul Jones could with propriety execute. You go to France?"—"Yes, Prince, I go to the land where men are masters at least of the civilities of speech, where no courtier will be permitted to rob an officer of the merit of his own actions, in order that some prince of the private chamber may seem a hero."—The Prince smiled and answered, "One parting word; I love your valour, but I think marvellously light of your prudence. If France be your destination, you will find the Bourbon on a tottering throne; the fierce democratic multitude will want leaders of a fiery and unscrupulous nature, and Chevalier Paul Jones may thrive. Goes the Turk, I mean Lord Dalveen, with you?" They were now in front of the

Imperial lodge, and the wild forest, powdered with hoar-frost, lay around them, steeped in bright moonlight. "Prince," said Paul, throwing his cloak about him, and laying his hand on his horse's mane, "I leave you in Lord Dalveen a spirit as bold, as intractable, and as intriguing as your own; one who has a heart that dreads no danger,—has a hand that can quell your bravest,—and a tongue which has prevailed wherever woman with her beauty and her vanity breathes. Farewell to Russia."—He sprang into his saddle, and with Macgubb, and several attendants whom the courtesy of the Empress spared him, sought out the bank of the Dnieper. The Russian veteran looked after him, and muttered, "Go, thou weak—vain—brave man,—thou weapon with which the wily and the wise win their victories. Go, thou knight-errant of liberty, and fight for slaves, —go sigh for the gilt gingerbread with which kings and queens feed the fools who crowd their courts." He smiled in scorn, and retired.

The vessel in which Paul and his faithful companion Macgubb embarked for France had to touch at no intermediate country; and as there was a general peace among the nations, the mariners held on their way without dread of other enemies than the tempest, the sunken rock, and the quicksand. A tempest however, found them; the sailors dropt on their knees, and each pressed a wooden crucifix to his bosom; while the captain, whose mind and education had removed him above the influence of superstition, strengthened his fortitude with brandy. The vessel bounded forward on her career; her sails were rent to ribbons, and her masts shivered like loch-reeds. Paul seemed indifferent from what quarter of the sky the tempest came; and Macgubb had some hope that Chance, who had now fairly taken the management of the vessel into her own hands, would indulge him with at least a passing glance at the Mull of Galloway.

The storm lasted long, and the vessel was driven far from her course. At last the wind dropped at once, the clouds rolled rapidly away, the setting sun shone brightly out, and the agitated ocean alone, rolling its

huge waves in multitudes and throwing its foam upon the loftiest cliffs, continued in Macgubb's eye an image of the storm. The sailors rose from their knees, and named gratefully the name of their patron-saint; the captain resumed his courage, resigned the brandy-cup, and set his vessel in order to meet the serene evening, with all the alacrity of a man who braves calmly the vicissitudes of the ocean.

The stormy shroud was swept from sea and land, and the sun glanced on the green hill-tops within three cable-length of the ship. Macgubb stood on the deck and gazed,—the crimson of joy was visible in his iron-brown visage. "Be gracious unto us!" he exclaimed, "but this is a grand vision! That land on the left looks like the Ross of Kirkcudbright, and that isle looks like the Isle of man. I maun have passed the Mull inthe tempest; and now I think I did feel a pang of gladness shoot through me as we came driving endlang in the mirk. God be near my wits, but it's my ain dear native place! O for an hour of the blessed Mull! O for ae minute of Criffel tap!—Paul, man, wherefore break ye not out into voluntary song? I have heard ye praise, in gude rhyme, the cheek of a quean who looked mair grim and auld than the tower of Kirkcudbright."

Paul leaned over the vessel's side, put his hand over his eyes, and seemed too absorbed in thought to heed even the stormy rapture of his companion. "One hour, one evening hour only," he muttered, "among the homely unsophisticated peasantry of my native land, that I may learn how their hearts are towards me! If I stand condemned in their speech, Scotland and I must separate for ever." The ship cast anchor in a small cove,—a boat was lowered, and Paul, in the costume of a Russian Admiral, with his naval cloak thrown around him, set his foot once more on the coast of his native country.

He came to two fishermen drawing their nets; he stood beside them for a moment. "Four clean fish and a prickled skate, a noble haul, Jamie, lad," said the elder of the two; "maybe his honour there," looking

at Paul, "will be a customer,—he'll belang to a country where folk have a tender conscience and a strong stomach for fish on Fridays."—"Him!" said the younger, "he'll never do a kind turn in his life, else he shames likeness,—saving that he's mair thin and sorrowful, he's as like Jock Paul, our country's curse, as a fluke's like a flounder. I wonder on what far-away tree the traitor's hung; no that I care a salmon scale about the matter, only the folk of Wigtonshire say he's hung in plain hemp, and the folk of Kirkcudbright vow that he's disposed of on an iron gibbet. I say gibbet, because he's of our county, and should be honoured."

Paul passed onward, and overtook an old man with a basket of ballads and tales. "A new ballad, your honour," cried the mendicant; "a braw new ballad, written on the battle of Bunker's Hill, by Hughie Magget of Minnilaw, the best poet in the Stewartry. Or would your honour prefer a sang made by the schoolmaster of Minnigaff, about pirate Paul Jones;—it begins,—

'Ye have heard of John Paul Jones;
'Have ye not, have ye not?'

It tells of his dubious parentage and evil deeds,—how he herried our houses and burnt our towns."—Paul threw down a piece of gold, took the ballads from the old man's basket, snapt a pistol over them, and, as the flame subsided, he trode down the ashes with the heel of his boot.

Paul walked slowly on. A mother sat at her door instructing her child. "You have three things to love, Francie,—your God, your parents, and your country. If you love not your parents, you will not love your country; and, if you love not both, your service to God can neither be pure nor acceptable. Those who love their country will fight for her, and, if needs be, die for her, like William Wallace of old, and those who hate her will betray her saviours, and spill her best blood, like Monteath of old and Paul Jones now."

The eyes of the child glistened, and he said, "Mother, make me a man, and I will take my father's sword and kill them both." She stroked his curled head and smiled. "Thou wilt not need; their country's curse is on them, and in the speech of Scotland they daily die a thousand deaths." Paul laid his hand on her son's head and said, "If thou but livest far from the shadow of the oppressor's house and the reach of his hand, thou wilt be an honour to Scotland." A piece of gold fell at the child's feet, and Paul walked on.

He came to the door of an inn,—there the curlers, having forsaken their slippery pastime, were seated round a smoking bowl of punch, recounting their labours. One drew a tee-long shot,—another won the game by the dexterous use of his besom and the license of his tongue,—a third ran a narrow port which an evil spirit could hardly have threaded,—a fourth ventured a hogg,—and a fifth struck out seven stones at one blow; all talked loud, and all talked together. "I'll tell ye what," said a brawny peasant, striking the table with his fist till he made the glasses ring, "our parish will play eighteen a side against the pick of Siddick and Colvend both."—"Your parish!" said a peasant opposite with a look of scorn, "when did your parish grow famous for aught but a bousing parson and pirate Paul? Can ye compare your parish with sweet Colvend, that produces naught worse than good elders for the kirk and faithful sailors for the country?" Paul drew his cloak closer, and listened with the hope of hearing a milder opinion expressed of his conduct,—the controversy took a religious turn; and he hastened on.

He approached a little lonesome cottage,—its owner a matron, grey with age and bent and infirm, knelt under the bourtree hedge which enclosed her garden,—she prayed anxiously and audibly. "And, oh, my ae boy, who guides his bark on thy unruly deep, may thy favour fill his sails, and mayest thou keep him from falling into the tempter's snare as well as from sinking in the sea. Send him home, if such be thy will, a blessing to his mother, and no a curse like the son of Pru-

dence Paul, whose name is a reproach to the Solway side, and whose latter end will be fearful."

Paul went on, and there came an old man leading an ass laden with commodities suitable for the rustic market. The animal was moderately burdened, but, full of the restive obstinacy of its nature, it gave its master as much trouble and brought as much pain to itself as it well could. It ran round like a mill-wheel,—started to one side,—bolted suddenly forward,—threw its heels into the air,—then planted its fore-feet, stood stock-still, and set up a cry, long, loud, and dolorous. "Paul, my bonnie man,—Paul, my poor fallow," said the owner stroking the neck and long ears of his servant,—"come hame, and ye shall have fresh hay and a mouthfu' of winnowed corn." But the ass seemed to have a mind of its own in all matters of convenience or labour, and stood as fast as if it had been hewn out of stone. "Confound thee and all thy race for a pack of born gomerals!" exclaimed the owner, "ye kenna what's good for ye! There, take admonition frae my pike-staff, for ye have nae sense to swallow wholesome advice till it comes in the shape of a blow. Paul did I call thee?—Paul Jones was a knave like thee, for thou tookest other men's scorn,—an ungrateful fool like thee, for rebelling against an indulgent master;—but Paul never was the gowk yet to reest up in the middle of a road for the mere pleasure of being diligently beaten."

The ass, thus admonished by tongue and staff, began to move forward, and the owner, somewhat molified, said, "And yet, I trow, Paul was waur than thee, my poor dumb servant! for the shot frae his accursed ship slew my ae son in the howe of the sea, and left me childless to seek my bread through a cauld and a scornfu' world." Paul drew his hat over his eyes, put money into the old man's hand, and hurried onwards. "I wonder now who that liberal stranger may be?" muttered the rustic to himself, as he balanced the money piece by piece, and put it safe into the recess of a leathern wallet,—"I wonder wha he can be?—but fair fa'

his hand, for it's a frank ane,—five gowd pieces nae less! But wherefore need I ferlie?—the man has a seafaring look,—a sailor's only wise in five fathom of water,—and I'll warrant the gowd's no owre honestly come by, else he wadna have flung it frae him sae daftly."

The evening stars now began to glimmer, angry gusts of wind rushed from the sea, and the dark pine-grove into which Paul entered was shaken violently, and shed its withered cones around him. Before him the tower of Dalveen rose huge and gray,—behind him the sea of Solway murmured surly and dark,—he advanced with a hesitating step and a throbbing heart. He entered a little avenue shaded with holly; Lady Phemie Dalzell was walking there closely mantled from the winter cold, and wearing a little hat and slouching feather, from beneath which descended her glittering locks in thick and curling masses. Paul did not see her without emotion; she lifted up her eyes, looked on him for a moment, and with a low and sorrowful voice, said, "Paul, I am grieved though not surprised to see you here; estranged as your heart is from your native land, bitter and bloody as your hatred has been against it, you cannot blot from your heart the memory of early days, nor cease to feel that with it your thoughts must till death be interwoven. I shall not wrong you so much as to suppose that you have not hours of bitterness of heart for the insane and ungenerous part you have acted; but in the same breath that I tell you this,—in the same moment that I own you have done your deeds of baseness bravely, and that you have abused the fairest gifts of Heaven, I command you to leave my presence,—to go from this land;—your foot is no longer worthy of touching Scottish ground, nor can any one hold speech with you without degradation. Farewell." She turned coldly and sadly away.

"Hear me, lady," said Paul, "hear me for the last time!—if you will not hear me, who will?"—"Sir," she said, turning half-round, "Can the head clear you

when the heart condemns you?—the heart, the heart, Paul, of Scotland is against you; and God be judge between your country and you." She waved him from her, and slowly disappeared. Paul stood awed and overpowered; he clenched his hands closely, then expanded them, and looked down the little overgrown and unpruned avenue like one who seemed to expect an apparition to appear. With folded arms and downcast looks he approached the tower of Dalveen.

The tower, at the entrance of which Paul now stood and knocked, seemed older by a hundred years than it looked in his youth. Flowers, weeds, and shrubs, in united luxuriance, had, in summer-time, half-choked the garden walks,—the late tempest had struck to the ground two stately trees which sheltered the castle from the full sweep of the northern blast, and there they lay encumbering the road; while from the tower, neglect, though unable to sap the solid masonry, had taken that cheerful and habitable look which the presence of man bestows on a building. The gate was opened by an aged domestic; and Paul, on inquiring for Lady Emeline, was shown into a room where she had prepared the dinner-table for many guests. Nearly blind with age and sorrow, she sat at the head of the table, and sat alone.

Lady Emeline heard the sound of approaching feet. —"Come, Lord Thomas, my child," said the aged lady, for her mind was become as wavering as her sight was infirm; "come hither and sit on my right hand.—And where is Archibald?—will he never cease practising with the sword and the pistol?—alas! the brave and the noble cannot sustain their dignity now by deeds of daring done for their country!—And William, —my fair-haired William,—where is he?—But why need I inquire?—wherever the poor and the needy, the widow and the orphan are, there he is doing deeds of mercy that might win blessings on our falling house. And where is my Walter?—alas the deep plot and dark intrigue are not for thee,—the saddled war-horse and the trumpet's call suit better thy bold and generous na-

ture." She arose as she uttered this, tottered round the table, looked on each silver plate as it faced an empty chair, started, wrung her hands, and said, in a voice half-smothered with sobs,—"They are all dead and gone, and my wildered fancy imposes on my heart, —yet surely I heard a man's steps." She looked suddenly up, fixed her faded eye on Paul, the colour rushed to her face, and, with a stately step, a withering look, and words that quivered in his heart and marrow, she approached him.

"I know you sir, so name not yourself;—I marvel at your presumption in thus approaching me. Begone: —a fool's word wronged you, a wise person's word would have righted you; but your fierce nature thirsted for revenge. Our sinking ships and burning cities prove your hatred,—our weeping widows and fatherless babes witness your thirst for blood. Go, base peasant, —carry thy vain and sordid spirit into the market where the vile and the mercenary find purchasers. Away, thou bird of prey;—thy fellow-ravens are flocking together, to feast on all that is ancient and noble on the Seine, the Garonne, and the Loire."—"Of myself, Lady Emeline," said Paul, with a faltering voice, "I come not to speak. I come hither to say, noble lady, that Lord Thomas is in Russia,—I saw him and conversed with him.—He has won the smiles of the Empress and the hatred of all her Princes."—"Alas! my unhappy child," said Lady Emeline, "thou wilt find no resting-place, save in the gaping grave! The smiles of an Empress, alas! what are they?—they are lavished often on the mean and the worthless; and he who puts trust in princes lies down to sleep in the lion's den,—pillows his head on the serpent's coil. Come home, my child;—the headsman's axe is sharp in the north, and favourites have felt its edge during the reign of a fierce and lascivious Empress. I must go to my knees for thee, my unhappy child." She passed into a little chamber, and Paul left the tower of Dalveen.

Paul turned his face towards his mother's house The night was cold, streamers were dancing in the

northern sky, the howl of the fox came at times from the distant mountain, and a thin misty vapour curled slowly from the valleys half-way up the hills. He came to the bank of a little stream, where stood of old a Saxon cross of solid stone, with a thistle intertwined round the shaft, and terminating in a virgin and child on one side, and a kneeling warrior on the other. The stone, thrown from its pedestal and broken in two, lay impeding the current; he set his foot upon it to aid him in leaping over the stream, when the mist which curled on the surface seemed touched by fire, and a shape dim and indistinct appeared before him. Paul gazed on the form, if form it could be called, which seemed fashioned out of a dark vapour, and which might belong rather to the imagination than to the spiritual world. Some such belief at first seemed to be Paul's,—he drew his sword and thrust it before him,—he imagined that the blade quivered to the hilt, and though he felt nothing, a tremor like the touch of electricity was communicated to his flesh. It was then that terror fairly mastered him, and the form, which till now remained dim and dimensionless, assumed the shape of a man and the port of a warrior, and waxed of more than human height. Paul put up his sword, and said, "What art thou, and what is thy will?"—A faint low reply came to his ear like the murmur of a brook. "I am the evil spirit which follows thy footsteps. On the bloody deck, on the dancing floor, in the royal hall,—I am with thee."

Paul quivered in every limb. "False and subtle spirit," he said, "I defy thee!—the God in whom I trust will deliver me from thy presence." The shape sunk suddenly away, the stars ceased shining, a blood-crow started with a croak from a neighbouring pine, and a wild blue light ran trembling from bank to bank of the rivulet. He went to his mother's house,—the door stood open,—a faint light glimmered from a cruse; his mother was kneeling in prayer, she looked up, gave a low shriek of joy, and fainted in his arms. She recovered soon, looked on her son, shook her head, and smiled, whilst the tears dropt fast from her eyes.

"Mother, dearest mother! what ails you, are you not rejoiced to see your son?" She pressed him closer to her bosom, and said, "O! welcome back, my son, to the bosom which warmed you and to the arms which fondled you when you were but a babe. But what ails my child?—a deadly paleness is on his brow, and his eyes see something which I see not."—"I have braved all earthly terrors," answered Paul, "and now I have to brave those of hell, or imagination, which is worse. A shape, an evil shape, met me on my way to-night; but it matters little,—hell has more power here than dotards dream of, else fancy makes fools of the bravest." —"O! what shape did it come in, Paul, my child? in whose form did thine evil spirit appear?" inquired Prudence with an agitated look. "At first it was undefined in its form," replied Paul; "but when I spoke, it assumed a shape which I knew well,—the image of the late Lord Dalveen; its parting words were, 'I shall find thee again in France.'" "Then God of heaven have mercy on my child! he has seen the spirit of his fa——." She did not complete the sentence, but fell lifeless on the floor.

CHAPTER XII.

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they both be damn'd together.
BURNS.

It was midnight when Paul returned to his ship silent and melancholy. He hastened below as if unwilling to look again on the land he was now leaving for ever; while the seamen, expanding their canvass again to the breeze, the ship darted rapidly out of the frith, and soon left the shores of old Scotland behind. Macgubb, the faithful companion of his fortunes, stood beside him; but his attempts to cheer him were for a time unavailing.

"Hame's aye hame, the Mull's the Mull, and the Nith's the Nith," said the trusty Galwegian in a voice resembling the satisfied growl of a she-bear over her cubs; "hame's aye hame be it ever sae hamely,—there's nae Scripture truer than that. But then folk maun dree their weird be it for good or evil; sae ye see, since it is our destiny to leave broad Scotland, there's nae place half sae hamely to us as the sea itself. We fix our dwelling on the billows, we launch our timber-habitation on the great deep; sae we cannot be said to be unfriendly to our country, since, like auld Hugh Paisley the fiddler, if we gang nae to the kirk, we gang nae where else. I jalouse now by that shake of the head that on the deep ye mean nae to abide. Weel, we maun even make France serve our turn; and if ye would just take my advice, and use it as Davie Dempster did the deil, for yere ain gude purposes, by my faith I'll back ye. And, speaking of France, here it is. But we maun try our fortunes warily; for they say there has been wild wark there since we left it,—cracking of coronets,

crushing of mitres, and kicking of crowns. Liberty sits half-drunk and half-naked stridelegs o'er the Louvre, and gives royalty perilous knocks. A pleasant land and a right merry people!"

The ship dropped anchor in the mouth of the Seine, and Paul set his foot again in France, after an eventful absence. He entered Havre-de-Grace. The Bourbon flag was struck on harbour and battery, and there floated in its stead the tri-coloured standard. He looked anxiously on it; it was spotted with blood, rent with ball and sabre, and beneath it lay a pile of ghastly heads, dropping with gore, and blackening in the morning sun. As he stood, like a thing grown to the ground, and marvelling what all this might mean, he heard the approaching sound of a drum, and a shouting as if an ungovernable mob was rolling towards him. He walked slowly along the principal street;—Macgubb whispered, "Carry your caams fair;—look,—what think you of that?" Paul looked, and saw the threshold of a church splashed with new-spilt blood, the kennel running with gore, and handfuls of human hair scattered about. A sudden shout drew his eyes to another scene. An unsummable multitude of men and women, many half-mad and more half-drunk, came swarming along the street, bearing a pole, on which was hung a bloody shirt surmounted by a mob-cap, whereon was written "Liberty and Equality," while cries of "Long live the republic, one, and indivisible," rent the air.

Paul retired to the portico of a house which he had formerly known to be the residence of a nobleman,—it seemed his wish that this tumultuous and dangerous inundation should flow past without noticing him,—in this he was not to be indulged. A young woman, with blue eyes, golden tresses, and a form of nature's happiest workmanship, who, with a dozen more of the same sex, preceded the crowd, dancing and singing *Ca Ira*, turned suddenly upon him with a cry of "For king or people?" In her right hand she held a sword; her arms were naked and her locks unbound. Fury was in her eyes, foam upon her lip, and on her naked bosom

there was one spot of blood, which seemed newly drawn from some unhappy victim of popular madness.

Paul answered not; and indeed this revolutionary amazon gave him little leisure for reply. "Sisters and brothers!" she exclaimed, "this man is a stranger in our land,—of the sacred cup of freedom he has never tasted,—he has been nursed under the raven wings of despotism, and knows not perhaps that Heaven has sent down Liberty to France. Let me question him therefore before ye strike: Art thou for the despot king or the sovereign people?"—"Lady," replied Paul, "I know not well what you mean. The country of which I am a citizen owns no king but the law, and obeys no man but the chief magistrate."

The heroine of Havre-de-Grace stamped with her foot, and exclaimed, "Slave, and son of a slave, for these words thou deservest to die! We the Sovereign People own no law—no lord—no authority. The crown, the mitre, and the coronet, are under our feet, and rank, precedence, law, religion, state, bond, contract, and treaty, are dissolved as snow melts in the Seine. Into the limited lap of marriage the new philosophy of human nature is poured, and woman no longer confines her noble wishes and her love by the canon of some cunning priest. Even I, Louisa Lorance, born in the sin of French nobility, have renounced father, mother, bridegroom, and altar. My father and mother are my own free-will, my bridegroom is the people, and my marriage-chamber is under the greenwood tree." The concluding words she uttered with a faltering voice, her brow grew pale, she dropped her sword, and clasped her hands like one suffering in mental agony.

"Thou art a sweet girl, Louisa," exclaimed a brawny sister heroine, with eyes swimming in intoxication, locks as coarse as meadow-rushes, and her naked arm brandishing a short steel pike,—"thou art a sweet but a weak girl, Louisa, and stabbed Denis Gisors for indulging in a silly freedom with thee not an hour ago. Thou art a silly girl, but I love thee, and shall play thy

part till thy hour of weakness flies." She brandished her half-pike before Paul, and exclaimed, "Slave, who art thou?"—Paul felt that a direct answer was wisest, and he was not sure that any answer was safe. "Ladies and gentlemen of Havre-de-Grace," he said,—he was allowed to say no more. "Wretch!" shouted the female querist, "speak the language of men. We are the people—the sovereign people—the men and women of the great nation of citizens!—Ladies and gentlemen! they are words worthy of death!"—and she held her pike to Paul's bosom.

"Stay, Phillipa," said a citizen, laying his hand on the levelled pike,—"stay, girl; thou art about to do liberty a deadly wrong. The stranger is one of freedom's firmest friends. Mindest thou not, girl, when he came triumphant into Havre, dappled with the blood of those island tyrants? This is the gallant citizen John Jones,—off caps, therefore,—in good and lucky hour he comes." And he threw his cap into the air, shouting, —"Welcome to France, Citizen Paul Jones!" Thousands of caps and coifs followed, accompanied by a loud shout, and for a minute's space the air was fragrant with brandy.

Phillipa, a buxom citizeness, very brown and prodigal of her charms, dashed her weapon on the ground, and cried, "The fraternal embrace!"—She flew on Paul, and clasped him in her arms with such an overflow of good-will, that it was with difficulty he refrained from repelling her. "Citizen Paul Jones," she said, releasing him from her arms, "you are wise, brave, and experienced,—a proven son of freedom,—a true citizen, who spares not the sword when public safety calls for blood. The sovereign people of Havre hail your arrival, and bestow on you a mark of their affection. The man who was member for us in the National Convention betrayed his trust,—his head is now stuck on the barriers of Paris,—and see! there is his bloody shirt with the emblem of human liberty over it. Take thou his place." The general acclamation of ten thousand tongues confirmed the nomination, and the citizeness proceeded:—

"Paul Jones, chosen by the people of Havre-de-Grace to represent them in the National Convention, your duty is plain and straight-forward. Maintain the sovereignty of the people,—extinguish every spark of that old chivalrous fire which burns only to solder more surely our chains,—turn the church into an arsenal,—let men preach up superstition no more,—spread the freedom of France and the terror and glory of the name of citizen from the Seine to the Dnieper,—and obtain a monopoly of brandy for the brave people of Havre. What sayest thou, Citizen Paul Jones?"

Paul, shocked and disgusted with the scene before him, abashed in the presence of Liberty so wild in her attire, so fierce of speech, and so cruel indeed, he wist not what to say. Macgubb stept forward and said, "Sovereign women and men of Havre, Paul is dumb from a sense of the honour with which you have loaded him. We revere your principles, we admire your sense of freedom, and we have warred well and worthily against crowns and mitres. We hung the besom of Equality at our topmast to sweep all distinctions away. Judge ye therefore of our joy on coming amongst you, and finding that you had raised lords into men and princes of the blood into citizens. Farewell therefore, citizens of Havre,—we go to Paris to represent the most lovely women and the wisest men on earth!" Two masculine heroines rushed at once upon the Galwegian and nearly smothered him with caresses. "Go," they cried, "brave men,—go, worthy citizens!"—Horses were speedily obtained, and Paul rode out of Havre with something of the same delight that a traveller escapes from a forest where he sees the fresh bones of men and hears the growl of tigers.

As he proceeded on his way he observed the terrible changes which had taken place. All marks of the monarchy were carefully obliterated,—the Bourbon banner was supplanted by the tri-coloured flag,—the statues of the long line of French kings were cast down and broken,—the churches were turned into barracks,—and the processions of monks had given place to wild mobs

of both sexes, half-armed, half-drunk, and revelling in all the license of unrestrained passion. The rich and gorgeous dresses of the old nobility and officers of the army were vanished, and all men wore one costume,—a plain coat with a standing collar, a cocked hat, and a military cravat. The months of the year had obtained names descriptive of the season, all titles were abolished, and every man had sunk or ascended (as royalists or republicans spoke) into citizens. Law, religion, and authority, were disregarded. Each little town, each petty district, boasted their own vision of a commonwealth, and their patriots of the hour; and the dagger and the guillotine were daily called to the aid of universal citizenship and philosophy. Ancient descent and honours bestowed by the monarchy were circumstances exciting suspicion, suspicion was followed by imprisonment, imprisonment by death, and the fiend which tyranny had conjured up seemed unwilling to be soothed or laid without the blood of half the human race.

But in one thing France had undergone no change. In the days of her kings she thirsted passionately for military glory, and her chivalrous nobles had led with success the martial strength of the people against the neighbouring nations. To the sound of the democratic drum, and the unfurling of the tri-coloured banner, France poured out, with an increase of enthusiasm, her martial population, and the cannon, the carbine, and the bayonet, were to be the means of instructing the nations of the earth in the sacred principles of liberty and equality.

It was nigh the twilight when Paul approached Paris. An old man covered with rags laid his hand on his bridle-rein, and said,—"Turn, Admiral Jones; for that city to-night is a vast slaughter-house;—turn, and seek some far land, for here neither gentle blood nor semple blood is safe." Ere Paul could reply, the old man quitted his hold, and hastened along the way. "It is old Earl de Winton," said the Galwegian; "and, believe me, there is wisdom in his counsel; but, ride ye or bide ye, it's a' ane to Robin Macgubb." Paul answered not;

but rode slowly forward, looking with a serious eye on the changes the Revolution had wrought. The Bastile had vanished, and left a bloody mark behind,—the prisons bore the external tokens of having been repeatedly broken open,—in the streets, entrenchments thrown hastily up presented a sensible image of war,—the churches had submitted to the new order of things,—the altars and images were overturned, and virgin and saint had given place to the Goddess of Reason and the Genius of Philosophy.

As Paul contemplated the vacant site of the Bastile, he was suddenly surrounded by a band of citizens, their faces inflamed with unsatisfied revenge, and their hands filled with weapons, which seemed newly used. "Take thy last look of it, friend," said a leader of this ferocious band; "for the heads of fifteen hundred enemies of France must this night be struck off by the guillotine, and thou must needs be one, since thou lookest on that cursed spot with sorrow."—"Enough said, Jacques!" exclaimed another leader; "let us carry him before the Committee of Public Safety,—it is but right he should have the form of a trial in this free country."

Paul submitted in silence, glad to escape from vulgar hands into the company of men of education and rank, whose natures were made merciful by knowledge. As he passed along with his friends, his guards, or his executioners, he had reason to thank them for their moderation; for he saw many figures in naval and military uniforms hurried to execution, amidst the most wanton insults and the most unfeeling indignities. In a large square through which he passed, a ferocious mob rent the air with shouts, while a sharp and active guillotine swallowed up whole and living bodies of men like a thrashing-mill, and sent them out headless trunks. A man bent with years, a young lady meek and fair, and a youth of fourteen years old, were conducted to the fatal engine. A wretch, whose person was spotted over with human gore, laid his hand on the bloody instrument, and cried with a loud voice,—

"In these three victims the nation will find safety.

Thanks to this noble sickle, which reaps so rapidly the thick harvest of traitors. This is the goddess who presides over the fortunes of France. The living offerings at her altar are those who rebel against the sovereign people, and the blood which gladdens her is that of tyrants and slaves."—"She is a good goddess," said Paul, "if she works but the welfare of mankind; but she wars with feeble old age, with woman's beauty, and with helpless youth.—Why should their blood be shed?" —"It is the will of the people!" exclaimed a stern voice, "and, by St. Denis, who art thou that dares to doubt?" —"Speak low," said one of Paul's conductors, "or rather be silent; this is not the deck of the Bon Homme Richard,—a wrong word here is like a pistol snapped in a powder-room,—you will find friends,—I am one, Louis Groset,—be but silent."

Thus admonished, Paul allowed them to conduct him into the presence of the Committee of Public Safety. The chamber where those conservators of the infant republic were seated had once owned painted ceilings, gilded cornices, walls hung with paintings, and niches adorned with statues. But those trappings had been swept away by the brutal fury of the mob; and all that remained of the original splendour of this ducal palace was a figure of one of the Furies, who, with dishevelled hair, a flaming torch, a bloody sword, and eyes gleaming for vengeance, presided over a scene every way worthy of her presence.

Around a large table sat some fifteen of those rulers of the hour, men advanced alone by the revolutionary fervour, for the fiercest are ever foremost. Those transitory bubbles upon the whirlpool of democratic fury were lighted by torches, and their fierce looks and gloomy natures shook the courage of all who boasted but common firmness. Sentinels as fierce as themselves stood thick around, armed with carbines and swords. Beside the window blood had been recently spilt,—it dyed the sentinel's shoes,—it sprinkled part of the wall, and on the bundles of papers with which the table was loaded the grasp of bloody fingers was visible.

An old man, wrapt in a military cloak, with the order of St. Louis on his bosom, stood before this unsparing conclave. A soldier on each side held his hand; and as Paul entered his examination closed. "Marquis of Longueville," said the president; "your grey head is full of treason, and your heart full of rebellion against the republic. The sentence upon you is this,—Thou art to be taken instantly to the place of execution, and thy head stricken from thy body.—Bring in another." —"So please you, Citizen Couthon," said one of the sentinels, "this is not the Marquis of Longueville,—he has blue eyes, this man has black,—he is short, and this man is tall."—"Do as thou art bid, Citizen Mouton," said the president. "This man, be he who he will, is a proven traitor to the republic—remove him."

The prisoner clasped his hands, and said, "I am not the Marquis of Longueville,—but it matters not,—work your wills,—I am as guilty as he is,—guilty of being nobly born—guilty of having a fair estate—guilty of loving my religion—guilty of loving my king—and doubly guilty, because I love the virtuous glory of France, and wish to see her freed from the detestable ruffians who rule her."—A member of the committee turned hastily round, and struck his sword through the old nobleman, who dropped at his feet, and murmured, "May God not visit my blood on my unhappy country."—"He raised himself faintly on his left hand, stretched out his right arm, and said, "Beware, ye men of blood, for you the sword is whetted and the carbine loaded. I behold you stricken to the ground, spit upon, and dragged triumphantly through the streets by the hand of men as fierce as yourselves. I see an armed Figure arise from amongst you, who will tread on your necks, who will moisten the fields of Spain and Germany with your blood, and strew the deserts of Russia with the bones of your first-born. From you he will spring, this full and ample avenger of all our wrongs; one whose ambition will know no bounds,—one whose tyranny will deliver you into the hands of the drunken Germans, the barbarous Russians, and the slavish Spa-

niards. Britain will come from her ocean, set her foot on your necks, make and unmake your rulers at her pleasure, and stable her conquering steeds in your Hall of Convention." He dropped and expired.

Paul stood with his right hand on the hilt of his sword, which crept, inch by inch, from the sheath, as the old man spoke. The president fixed his eyes sternly on him, and said, "Art thou a prophet too?" The dauntlessness of Paul's nature triumphed over prudence, he regarded not the whisper of Macgubb, "Speak cautiously, God! the guillotine's gleg among men's thrapples," but confronted the spokesman, and said, "I am no prophet, but a faithful citizen; yet it needs no inspiration to foretell, that violent death is the sure reward for such a deed as I have just now witnessed." He was interrupted by an armed amazon, who, on hearing his voice, forced her way into the chamber, exclaiming, "Citizen Paul Jones, in a happy hour thou art come! Despots have leagued against us, and England, that old tyrant of the sea, is about to thunder on our shores again."

The president's look changed, and he exclaimed eagerly, "Art thou indeed Citizen Paul Jones? Then welcome to the republic; thou art, indeed, come in a happy hour, as our sister Gabrielle says;" and he held out his hand. Paul was about to hold out his, when he observed streaks of fresh blood on his palm and coat sleeve,—he folded his arms and bowed. The president laughed, and said, "Citizen Jones, thou art over nice, —a blood spiller thyself, thou shouldst not blench at the sight of a harmless drop or two. Thou art grown dainty and precise,—a less fastidious seaman must lead our fleet."—"Sir," replied Paul, "to stand bathed in hostile blood when the battle rages is one thing,—to dip one's hand deliberately and coolly in a brother's blood is another thing,—your comparison is incorrect."

"Comparisons are quicksilvery matters, as I can soon show you," answered the president. "Have I not seen you, British-born as you are, dappled in your country's

blood—painted from head to heel in the heart's-blood of your brethren? I know you Paul; so seek not to play the man of tender nature with us. Are you not that pirate Paul Jones, whom the calculating Americans scorned, and the brute Russians despised?"—Paul's forbearance was unequal to the endurance of these ungracious and severe taunts. But he was saved the trouble and the danger of vindication with either tongue or hand. A sudden tumult was heard in the street; pistol-shots and the clashing of swords succeeded. The guard of the Committee of Public Safety was mastered,—in poured a torrent of armed and infuriated citizens. Some members who leaped out at the window were slain in the street,—others were seized and dragged to the guillotine, the president alone resisted, and, with an energy worthy of a purer character, beat down two of the assailants. A young citizen, just condemned to die, and whose locks had been shorn preparatory for the guillotine, one whom the mob had rescued, sprang upon the table, and thrust the president thrice through, saying at each thrust, "For my father—my brother—myself!"

"Citizen Paul Jones," exclaimed the leader of this daring band, "we have avenged the blood of two thousand freeborn men, whom these monsters condemned to the guillotine. Thou art free, thou art one of us, to thy good hand we owe the glorious regeneration of France; for with America and thee liberty began. So come with us,—we have pulled down the tyranny of kings and priests,—we have restored human nature to its original state, and religion to its primitive purity." And with a hundred flambeaux, loaded carbines, and drawn swords, they hurried Paul along the streets he knew not whither. "I'll tell ye what," whispered Macgubb in Paul's ear, "this liberty may be a brave thing since sae mony bawl about it, but it's a cup we are never likely to haud to our lips." He was stopped by a young woman who seemed wild with joy. "Come all and dance," she cried, "ye whose locks were shorn for the descent of the guillotine, our tyrants are fallen;

and come all ye and dance also, from whose arms the guillotine has taken husband, brother, father, or lover, our tyrants are no more." She was soon joined by hundreds, and the music and the dance began, and rung through street and square.

Paul was hurried along to the entrance of a cathedral, —innumerable torches gleamed in the moonlight, and the building was filled by a wild and ungovernable multitude, from whose wearied bodies a hot steam rose up to the vaulted roof. He was conducted into the centre of the edifice by a private way; the saints were cast from their niches, the flags won in foreign wars were trodden under foot; in the middle stood an altar, and on it sat a young lady of extraordinary beauty, with no other covering but a large white veil and a clustering luxuriance of tresses, beneath which her ivory shoulders showed like snow under the wings of a raven. A man came forward, and cried with a loud voice, "Citizens and fellow-republicans, the superstition of priests is abolished, the religion of nature is established! Behold the fairest of her works, come ye therefore and worship."

The veil as he spoke was withdrawn, and there sat the Goddess of Nature in unattired loveliness. Some shouted, some bowed, some smiled, more sneered, and a sturdy peasant from the suburbs exclaimed, "Fairest of nature's works! the goddess we must worship! Guillotine me, then, if I make a goddess of Joan Marcel; she's a sweet girl, but her kisses are as cheap as cauliflowers." A loud laugh showed that even the volatile people of the city were in no mood to admire a worship so gross and indelicate.

"Confound nature!" exclaimed the brawny follower of another inventor of public gods, "confound nature, and let us worship reason! By reason have we conquered tyranny,—by reason have we vanquished our enemies,—by reason have we overthrown priestcraft,—and by reason the sovereign people rule the nation. Reason alone is worthy of being worshipped."—"And what is reason without nature?" cried a naked-naturite.

"Nature is the most lovely of all things,—nature is the beginning and the end of all things,—from nature we come, and to nature we go. Can reason create? No. Can reason give light? No. Nature alone, lovely in her nakedness, is worthy of our worship."—Nature is a gross and sensual thing," cried the apostle of reason; "let us worship what is pure, unalterable, and immortal. Thy typical Joan is one of the willing damosels of Paris."—"Then I love her for that," shouted a soldier, waving his sword; "she deserves to be worshipped for scorning the control of a single tyrant, and giving her love to the republic at large."

Paul observed the darkening tumult, and endeavoured to retire by the way which he came. A voice near him exclaimed, "A plague on all those who wish to set up that pitiful plaything woman for a goddess!"—"Take that, thou relic of manhood," said a Parisian dame, snatching up her iron-heeled slipper from her foot, and striking the reasonite on the crown till the blood followed the blow.—Thus Discord crept in. Her voice, slow at first, grew loud and louder,—the strife of tongues was followed by that of weapons, and the followers of Nature and Reason vindicated their affections with such success that the marble floor was slippery with blood, and the rival creeds found many martyrs.

Disgusted and shocked, Paul escaped from this scene of folly and of guilt; but for one who had once dipped his foot in the revolutionary stream there was no longer peace or safety. A drum was heard, a trumpet was blown, and Paris poured forth her terrible mobs, riotous and thirsting for plunder and blood. To encourage or allay the fury of the people, and to lament or rejoice over the extinction of that formidable club of murderers, called the Committee of Public Safety, a secret meeting of the Convention was suddenly called; and Paul to his surprise, was summoned as member for Havre-de-Grace. The meeting was numerous; and though it was held at an unusual hour, nothing could be more public. The streets leading to the Hall of Convention were crowded with an armed and infuriated

populace, and the deliberations of the meeting were overlooked and overawed by the fierce demagogues of the galleries.

"Citizens!" said one of the members for Paris, forcibly seizing on the tribune, "we have begun gloriously,—we have thinned the ranks of our rapacious nobles,—we have abolished the ambitious priesthood,—we have conferred the fraternal embrace on the nations who border on France,—and Louis and his wife tremble at our deliberations. Let us go on fearlessly. All men are brothers, and equal by nature; and it is the duty of Frenchmen, whose hearts are as ample as the universe, and whose sentiments are those of concord and philosophy, to wrest the iron rods from the princes of Europe, and set their people free."

A loud shout from the galleries welcomed these sentiments, and emboldened the member who next ascended the tribune. It was Legendre, the other member for Paris. "I call human liberty," he exclaimed, "a circle, the centre of which is Paris, and its circumference the extremities of the earth. But liberty is a severe and a jealous goddess. Her insulted dignity requires to be appeased. France swarms with traitors and tyrants; we are too tender-natured, too fearful of blood; yet blood must be shed, the public safety demands it, the victims are bound, and let the axe strike." The gallery rung with acclamations.

Prince Egalté ascended the tribune,—a silence ensued so intense, that the fall of a pin would have been heard. "Citizens," he said, "I hail the progress of regeneration. Nursed in the bosom of despotism, I knew not that I was a man till the light of liberty penetrated to the throne, and revealed to me the hideous aspect of tyranny. Go on, therefore; let tyrants learn to tremble; the man who respects ties of kindred, or scruples to shed the blood of his family for France, is its enemy. For me, I have no kindred save the people, and no home save the wide world; and, I say again, spare no blood which the welfare of France demands." "Wretched man," said a youthful member, "do you call the birds

of prey to feast on the princes and peers of France? Your dark words are not mistaken,—already Louis of Bourbon is on his way to this stern tribunal, from which man departs but to the gullotine." The murmur which succeeded this short address had hardly subsided, when Louis was conducted into the Hall of Convention.

Paul looked on the Monarch of France, and the tear started in his eye. He had left him surrounded by the princes and the beauties of his kingdom, when all was gladsome as a bridal-feast. He found him courted and caressed no more,—the servile statellites of the court were gone; he was environed by a fierce people, clamorous for his blood, and impeached by the National Convention, who were but the weapons of the multitude. Many members rose and bowed; but many more sat sullenly and fiercely still. Louis was not a moment at the bar before a member rose to accuse him.

"Louis of Bourbon, commonly called King of France, you stand accused of insulting the majesty of the people, with wantonly spilling the blood of faithful citizens, and with seeking to subvert the glorious structure of the republic."—"He is guilty of all he is charged with, and much more!" exclaimed a member seated beside him; "all trial is needless."—"He deserves to die and not to live!" exclaimed another, plucking from the tribune the impeaching member; "so let us give judgmet quickly."—"He merits death," said another member; "so let him die, were it but by way of lesson to the kings of the earth. Pleasant to the sight of the free is the blood of tyrants!"—"Behead him! behead him!" screamed a lady from the galleries; "I never saw a king beheaded in my life." More mild and more merciful men interposed, and appealed to the justice and generosity of the French nation in behalf of their unfortunate Prince. But all seemed in vain; the mild and timid were silenced by the numbers and ferocity of their republican colleagues, while the armed galleries overawed the bold, and made the loyal tremble.

In the midst of this confusion, Prince Egalté possessed himself of the tribune; the galleries welcomed him

with cheers. To the galleries this wretched demagogue addressed himself, though his face was to the president's chair. "Men of France, do nothing rashly; let your judgments be ripely considered, and be slow to strike. From the accusation and defence of Louis of Bourbon you may gather how much his guilt or his innocence divide conscientious citizens. One says his hands are red with blood, another that they are purer than snow; one says he is the object of public hate, another that he is the object of the nation's love. I give no opinion. My motion is, that he be dismissed harmless and unguarded, in order that he may prove his people's affection in his own capital. If this be deemed too merciful, let others move."—"Too merciful, good Egalité! not a bit, not a bit!" shouted the galleries; "let Louis prove his people's love, and we will go and look on." A clatter of arms was heard, and many rushed into the street, expecting the royal victim.

Paul sought to interpose, and, as he ascended the tribune, there was a general cry of "Hear him! hear him!"—"Gentlemen of France," he said, "it was not thus that America triumphed. Why act ye not in the spirit of true freedom which ye have so boldly achieved? Why proscribe ye princes and nobles? Why reek your scaffolds with brother's blood? To be great you must indeed be free,—to be the first of nations your liberty must be well established. But what is national freedom without individual safety? and what is the glory of your arms if the domestic hearths are to stream with blood? Look at America. Has one drop of native blood been spilt, save what was shed by enemies' swords? And look at Britain. She renounced tyranny for freedom, yet neither spilt the blood of her king, nor harmed priest nor noble."—"Name not America to the citizens of France!" exclaimed a member; "they are the last of men, and we are the first of people."—"For daring to compare the freemen of France to the slaves of England he deserves to die," said another. "Turn him out with the tyrant Louis!" yelled

fifty armed miscreants in the galleries; "turn them out to experience the people's love,—we seek no better boon. Move, move, good Egalité!"

The good Egalité was about to propose his infamous motion, when the new member for Cherbourg pulled him from the tribune, and with a voice which startled many, and none more than Paul, exclaimed, "And wherefore, men of France, should not England be named?—answer me that. England uses freedom, and France misuses it. England employs it, as wise men use fire, to warm and comfort her. France allows it to burn idly, or to consume and destroy. To England it is a blessing,—to France it is a curse. Would ye know where true freedom is to be found? I have wandered over the earth,—I have seen and studied the nations,—I shall tell you. Where true freedom is, genius rises as freely as light shines,—Justice is unaccompanied with violence, and Mercy is her companion. Where true freedom is there are no bands of armed men to overawe public opinion, and no opinion is forbidden save what disturbs the national happiness. Where true freedom is the life of the peasant is as sacred as that of the peer,—no man's life is taken away by a midnight tribunal—all is open as the mid-day. Where true freedom is the voice of the mob is unheeded and unfelt. The cry of 'Blood, blood!' is not heard in the land, and all men obey, not from slavish instinct, but from principle,—not from fear, but love. Who knows the land where freedom is? Is it France? No; her prisons are crowded with the innocent,—her streets are reeking with blood unjustly shed, and the wail of her fatherless children is heard incessantly in her palaces and vineyards. Is it Spain? No; the demon of superstition presides in her high places. Is it Germany? No; there man is a slave, and his blood is sold to be shed in foreign wars. Is it Russia? No; there a bold lascivious woman rules her hordes of martial barbarians, and her sceptre is stained with blood. But it is Britain, that sea-eagle's nest in the centre of the ocean—let France profit by her example—imitate her

constitution, and be saved from slavery." A dozen hands pulled this bold speaker from the tribune, and the president said, "Citizen Thomas Dalveen, called by the English Lord Dalveen, hast thou escaped, and hardly escaped from the fierce tigress of Russia, to come and brave the Convention of the French republic? Seize him, citizens; he has spoken treasonably." Paul knew the voice, but better the lifted hand, the gleaming eyes, the dark indignant looks, and noble face of Lord Dalveen. In this moment of peril and dismay his wrongs were forgotten, and he pressed forward to save him or to share his fate. All the members sprang to their feet, —some drew their swords to assail or defend,—the lights were extinguished, and, after a fierce contest, in which the national guard interposed along with many armed citizens, the Hall of the Convention was cleared and the doors locked.

The fiercer members of the Convention, baulked of their royal victim, formed themselves into a club, and held their meeting in one of the public squares. The guillotine, the labours of which had ceased with the Committee of Public Safety, stood idle behind them, whilst round it danced a tumultuous mob uttering wild yells and chanting songs of joy. A fierce demagogue, whose career of guilt had its beginning that morning and closed for ever that night, was voted president, and he began his reign with ordering all the members of the Convention to be brought before him who had leaned to the side of mercy and justice in the attempted impeachment of the King. Their examinations were short,—their sentences were sudden,—the judge sat with his minister, the guillotine, behind him, and there was no escape.

Paul, when he passed from the Hall of Convention into the street, found his faithful companion Maccubb at his side; he walked along, neither seeming to shun nor seek the remorseless partisans of the wild democracy, who ruled the midnight hour. He reached unmolested the square where those "Friends of the People" sat;—he found them impeaching and condemning,

—the prisons were emptying, for the guillotine was busy. He saw Lord Dalveen stand guarded before them. The charge against him was already made,—the defence was heard or interrupted,—and sentence was nearly passed. Paul heard the concluding words —"From this presence you are now to be dragged to the guillotine, and your head severed from your body."

Lord Dalveen stood with his arms folded on his bosom,—his faithful Wulik was close behind him,—his eyes glimmering in wrath like those of a chafed panther. "Behold," said Lord Thomas, "this is the hand which yesterday threw the topmast stone from the Bastile when some of your leading spirits kept aloof,——its work is not yet done." He plucked a pistol from his bosom; the glance of the polished barrel and the flash were seen together, and the president dropped forward on the table, spurning the chair with his feet, and grasping the bloody papers with his convulsed hands. He plucked out another pistol, exclaiming, let those who are weary of life try to stay me!" and, bursting from the spot, and sundering the startled guards, seemed secure of escape. But his career was stayed by an avenger of another kind.

A young lady had been observed to follow him to the Hall of Convention, to wait till he returned, to keep close to him when he was in custody, and to regard every look and movement he made with a wild and kindled eye. She met him now, and, plunging a dagger into his breast, struck him dead to her feet. She stood over her victim with streaming hair and flowing eyes. Wulik's hand had sought his sword,—he looked in the face of the murderess, dropt his weapon, and said, "Is it thee, Louisa?—cursed be my hand if I touch thee!—but, woman, woman! a faithless deed has been most cruelly rewarded."—"Dearly did I love him!" she exclaimed, "deeply did he wrong me, and bloody has his atonement been."

"So, then, it was for thy silly self, and not for the people, that this blow was given. Young woman, you must answer it," said a citizen, seizing her arm,

"Touch her not," cried a soldier interposing,—"she is a girl of the right stamp,—she shall go with me to my quarters,—I love a handy heroine." The citizen and soldier grappled, they drew their swords, thrusts and blows were interchanged, and they fell together on the body of Lord Dalveen. Three fell, and but two arose, Louisa's arms were found linked round the body of her lover,—Wulik sought gently to unclasp them;—they were the arms of a dead woman.

Paul stood and looked on the bodies,—his tears fell fast. "And so, in a midnight broil, and by a weak hand, Lord Thomas, art thou fallen. Has wit, and bravery, and birth, and genius, come but to this?" He took his cloak and laid it over them, ordered Wulik and Macgubb to carry them to the nearest church, and then walked slowly and mournfully homewards. "So this is liberty," he said, as he saw a troop of cavalry coming down the street at the spur, the horses' fetlocks wet in blood;—"so this is freedom," he said, as he heard the working of the guillotine, and a voice crying, "Behold the head of a traitor!"—this, he said, in growing misery of heart, "is the consummation of all our toil,—the reward which those noble hearts have gained for seeking liberty in spite of chains and death. O, tree of liberty! thou bearest bitter, bitter fruit!"

An officer of the National Guard, laid his hand on Paul's shoulder, saying, "What seekest thou here, thou traitor Scot? hast thou not shed enough of the blood of thine own brethren, that thou must come here to share in the pleasure of destroying tyrants?—"A short shrift and a sharp axe for the slave," said a ruffian educated in the bosom of the church. "Let us fork him to the guillotine with our bayonets!" said a farmer from the royal demesnes. "No; let the slave walk untouched through Paris," said the leader of the party, "to see how gloriously it is governed in freedom, and how joyously it revels in philosophic liberty, compared to when he saw it groaning under the despotism of the Bourbons, and ruled by harlots and panders."

Paul uttered not a word, neither regarded he any one,

but went gloomily and thoughtfully on. The day was nigh the dawn; he retired to his chamber, and on his table found a packet carefully sealed, and addressed—'Paul Jones.'—"It was left, Sir," said a youth who attended at his call, "by a lady closely veiled, who desired me to say that "the spurs were sharp,—she was sorry they wanted wings.'" The packet contained a travelling cloak, a brace of loaded pistols, a purse of gold, and a pair of sharp spurs. They were unaccompanied by any letter, but their import could not be mistaken. "Robert," said he to Macgubb, who had just come in, "these are for you,—use them with your best wit, and God and good fortune be with you. Here I abide;—indeed whither can I fly?—the face of man I fear not,—I have found a fiercer enemy in myself. I begin to see that the light which led me from my country was not light from Heaven."—"But ony kind of light will do to flee from France with," replied the other; so rise and rin. Bloody Paris is not the wide world; and, if it were, there's the deep sea, where Monsieur daur na follow, it's our ain inheritance. With a bonnie ship, three hundred good mariners, and forty brass cannon, we would do bravely yet."

Paul looked on his follower steadfastly; light glimmered in his eyes, and he gazed for a moment in imagination over his subject sea; he dropt his hand, his look grew dark, and he said, "Robert, Robert, it may not be. I have unfurled my banner for the last time on the waters,—my cutlass will shine on deck no more,—nor shall we ever go again side by side to fight and to conquer. I forgive my country,—may Heaven forgive me, and send you a wiser and a worthier friend than John Paul." Macgubb burst into tears. Paul wrung him long and anxiously by the hand—then folded himself in his cloak,—lay down on a couch, and motioned his companion to withdraw.

It was mid-day when Macgubb awoke,—he went to the chamber where Paul lay,—he found him on the couch,—he spoke, but no answer was returned,—he shook him gently by the shoulder, but it did not waken

him,—he removed his cloak,—his looks were serene,—his hands were clasped,—but the breath of God was gone for ever. He knelt at his side, and his tears fell warm and fast.

At this moment, six members deputed by the Convention arrived; they entered, saying, "We come with a message from the people to Citizen Paul Jones; they wish to call him to the command of the navy of the republic; war with England has this morning been resolved upon."—"There he lies dead before you," said Macgubb, "who never feared the face of man. He will never rule the deck again, nor conquer an enemy more. I wish I were with him wheresoever he is bound; his presence would make any place heartsome to me. Oh! John Paul, John Paul, often have we trode the bloody decks together,—over many a bold heart have we triumphed,—but little did I think, while the cannon flashed and the flags were lowered, that I should see you die on a soft couch, in the twelfth hour of your manhood, without a shot being shot or a cutlass drawn." He knelt by Paul's side and wept.

"Why, all this is very melting, fellow-citizens," said one of the deputation; "but he is dust now, resolved into the earth from whence he sprung, and can serve the republic no more. We want a man of experience and bravery to lead our navy against those proud islanders, and where will we find one more worthy than the ancient friend of Louis Groset, even Robin de Macgubb? Come, my friend, and save twenty-five millions of the most noble and the most beautiful people on all the wide earth."—"Twenty-five millions of the most beautiful and noble people ever God made!" replied Macgubb; "I listen to your call. You are indeed a lovely and a free people, and happy is he who is called upon to lead you against the fierce islanders. But Louis, my good friend, thou knowest those men of England lay about them like so many water-devils."—"Ah! my God do I, my good Robin," said the deputy, "therefore the greater our need of your knowledge is. You are a brave man, and you speak wisely, and I give

the republic joy of such a commander. But, citizens, let us honour the dead,—look on Paul's body,—let it be covered with a silken cloak,—let it be attended to the grave by the members of the Convention, and laid by the side of those great men who planned and perfected the glorious Revolution. I wish to do his body all honour; for under a better commander I, Louis Groset, never gained a victory." The deputation then departed.

The hour appointed for Macgubb to go before the Convention regarding his maritime command came, yet he did not appear; they waited, but he did not come; they sent for him, but he was nowhere to be found. On the motion of Louis Groset, he was voted to the command of the fleet; but this accession of honour failed to produce him; they then became very impatient,—first they doubted his skill,—secondly, they suspected his fidelity,—thirdly, they voted him a traitor, and finally, set a price on his head; but, though thirst of gold and desire of blood united in the search, Macgubb could not be found.

On the second night which followed that eventful morning, a man wrapt closely in a naval cloak was seen to glide out of a thick wood which skirted the sea-coast, near the mouth of the Seine. He seized on a boat which four fishermen had newly hauled ashore, and attempted to float it. His strength, though great, seemed unequal to the task, when a man came suddenly to his side. added his whole strength to the same task, and the boat started with a plunge into the receding tide. The two strangers gazed upon each other,—they grasped each other's hands,—their faces dilated with joy,—they smiled, but spoke not, and, leaping on board, applied the oars with such skill and strength, that the boat went dancing over the waters, and the groves of France soon grew dim in the distance.

"Now, Wulik, my friend," said Macgubb, breathing as deeply as if the respiration removed a hundred-weight of lead from his lungs,—"now, Wulik, man, we *may* speak. There's no a wild beast in all the mena-

gerie called the convention dare swoom to us in twenty fathom of water; so here goes:—Curse and confound France!—and if ever I come to her but for her harm, may Legendre the butcher make my king's-hood into a cap of liberty! and may they play *Ca Ira* on a flute made of my shank-bane before the Jacobin Club!"—"And farewell to France," cried Wulik; "the boundless wilderness, the hunted bear, and the hungry panther for me, rather than the lordly cities and princely palaces of France."—"Ay! and welcome to me the bonnie Mull of Galloway," responded the other, his voice with the thoughts of home growing soft and even melodious; "for there dwells my auld mother, there smiles my ae sister, and there live my brethren three. There too shall I set up my staff,—grow douce,—gang to the kirk,—marry bonny Jenny Ewbanks when her second husband dies,—die myself,—and have engraven on my gravestone, 'Here lies Robert Macgubb, Friend and Comrade of PAUL JONES.'"

THE END.